PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

April

15¢

GIVE TO THE

RED CROSS

Jennifer Jones
By Paul Hesse

In this issue

RUNAWAY BRI

BROOKLINE MASS 46
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MRS C SLOSBERG
OV-M 2/47 3Y R

Just One Cake of Camay—and your Skin will be Softer, Smoother!

A skin that's lovelier, softer, breathtakingly smoother—it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So renounce all careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—gained a fresher, clearer-looking complexion.

MRS. ALAN FRANCIS KEITH
—the former Jean Luke of Cleveland, Ohio
Bridal portrait painted by Bolegard

THE STORY OF THE KEITHS

Rhythm and Romance for Jean and Alan—as they traced the exotic pattern of the rhumba. Between dances, Alan couldn't keep his eyes off Jean's complexion—so smooth "and most divinely fair." She credits its softer texture to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—says, "The very *first* cake of Camay helped awaken the sleeping beauty of my skin."

Honeymooning at Niagara—and the Maid of the Mist never sailed with a lovelier bride. "I'm going to help my skin stay smooth and radiant," says Jean. "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For a fresher bloom in your skin get Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation.* Follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.

Please use every bit of Camay—precious materials still go into making soap.

"April Fool?"

CUPID: Ah . . . ! A joke, huh? Plain girl gets candy from unknown suitor. But it's not candy and there's no suitor. Very funny!

GIRL: All right. *Laugh* then.

CUPID: *Me?* Excuse it, but to me it's not funny, honey. But it *should* remind you that maybe there'd be real candy and a real suitor if you'd just laugh once in a while. Smile at people! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, my pet, with my dull teeth I couldn't even glimmer! I brush 'em, but—Well . . .

CUPID: Mmmm? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

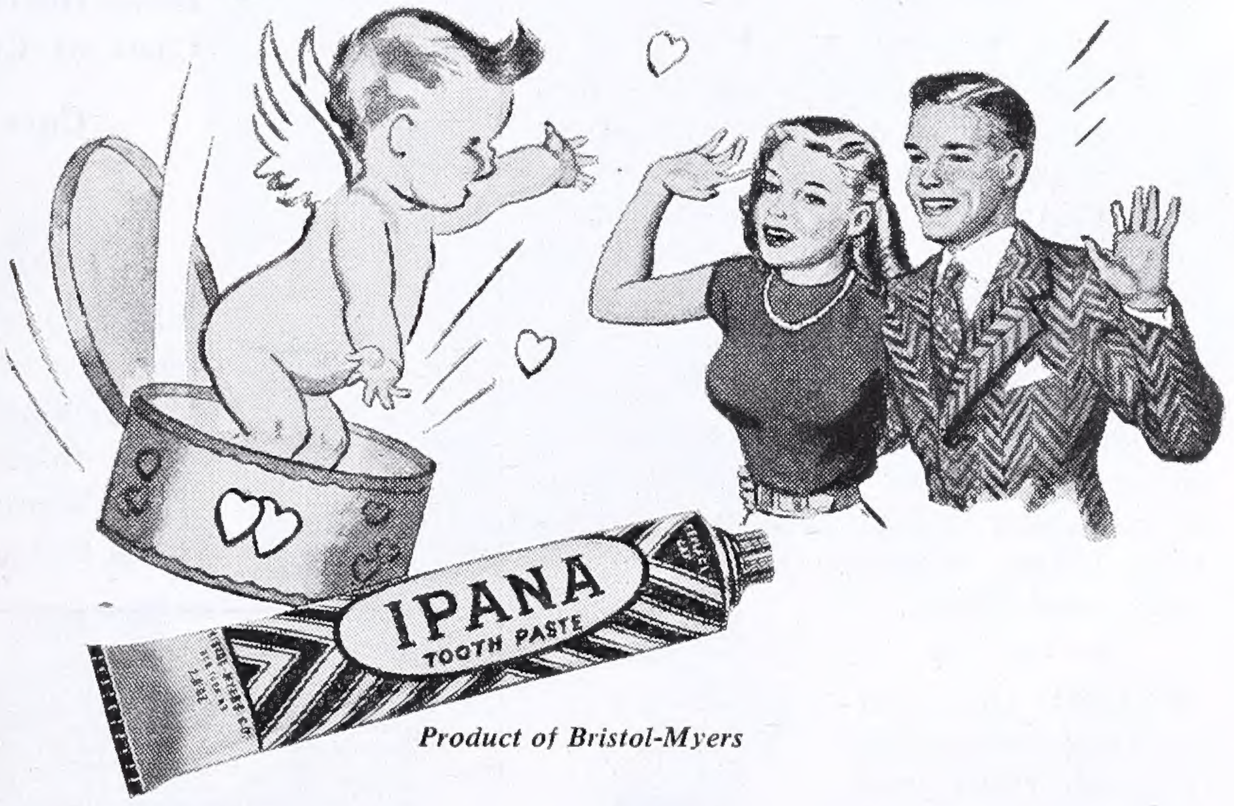
GIRL: And what if I have?

CUPID: What if I have, she says! Listen, you marshmallow-minded little idiot! That "pink's" a warning *to see your dentist!* He may find soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise.

And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And right away I start glittering like diamonds, huh? People have to wear dark glasses. I get—

CUPID: Quiet, Woman! And listen. A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll be helping yourself to healthier gums, sounder teeth . . and a prettier smile than you ever wore in your life! Now get started!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty — IPANA AND MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published In this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

Several years ago, a great novel blazed its way into America's consciousness—James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice". It was dialogue like this that held you: *"I love you, Cora. But love, when you get fear in it, isn't love any more. It's hate!"*

★ ★ ★ ★

At the time, many of us hoped it would be made into a motion picture. But the general opinion was: "Too daring... too shocking..." Remember this scene: *"Tomorrow night, if I come back, there'll be kisses... lovely ones, Frank! Kisses with dreams in them..."*

Recently, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced that it had produced "The Postman Always Rings Twice", starring Lana Turner and John Garfield. And everyone wondered how M-G-M would handle the more audacious scenes, like this one: *"We had all that love out there, that night... and we kissed and sealed it so it would be ours forever!"*

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, we have just seen the picture—and Lana Turner is breathtakingly beautiful as the temptress who is swept away by a love she can't deny. John Garfield, more vital than ever, turns in a masterful performance as the reckless young wanderer who wanted love more than he wanted life.

★ ★ ★ ★

Together, as Cora and Frank, they create one of the most memorable romances ever brought to the screen. And to match this great acting, there is a truly fine supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, Leon Ames, Audrey Totter, and Alan Reed.

★ ★ ★ ★

Congratulations are most certainly in order for Director Tay Garnett, Producer Carey Wilson, and Screenplaymen Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch.

★ ★ ★

Whether the Postman rings once, or the Postman rings twice, M-G-M has certainly rung the bell with this one.

—Leo

PHOTOPLAY
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS
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Cover: Jennifer Jones, appearing in "Duel In The Sun"
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"I had to have her love even if I hung for it!"
M-G-M presents one of the year's outstanding films, based on James M. Cain's daring novel...
JOHN
LANA TURNER • GARFIELD
in
The Postman Always Rings Twice
with
Cecil Kellaway • Hume Cronyn • Leon Ames • Audrey Totter • Alan Reed
Screen Play by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch • Based on the Novel by James Cain
Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by CAREY WILSON
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Photographs by Fink and Smith

Presentation: Greer Garson receives Photoplay's Gold Medal Award from Macfadden Publications' Vice President Rheinstrom while L. B. Mayer looks on—at Award dinner

Bing was in New York and missed the fun, but his mother and dad were there to take home his prize

WINNING EVENT: Photoplay was the host. Cal York was the impressed witness. And 368 of the industry's top bosses and stars were the guests.

It was Gold Medal Awards night, a glittering array of notables gathered at the Beverly Hills Hotel to pay tribute to the players and pictures adjudged the most popular of the year through the movie poll conducted for Photoplay by Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research.

Following a dramatization on the Lux Radio Theater, radio's leading dramatic program on the Columbia Broadcasting System, a reception was held in the Sun Room of the hotel and then dinner in the Palm Room.

After the banquet, Fred R. Sammis, Photoplay's Editorial Director, led off the proceedings with the introduction of Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President of Macfadden Publications. As master of ceremonies, Mr. Rheinstrom presented Photoplay Gold Medals to the studio, producer and director of "The Valley Of Decision" and Photoplay Certificates to the producers of the nine next most popular pictures.

To Greer Garson, he presented the Photoplay Gold Medal for winning the vote of the public as the year's most popular actress. At the table alongside Greer was a charming elderly couple, there to take the honor and glory for their son who could not be present to accept his Gold Medal as America's most popular actor. There was a gentle tear in many an eye as Bing Crosby's mother stepped up to receive her son's Gold Medal.

Cal wants to testify, in greatest sincerity, that he has never witnessed an Awards function in Hollywood that he felt was more inspiring to all of those in the film industry who want, before anything else, to (*Continued on page* 6)

GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT
BRUSH, BOYS...WE KNOW YA!

Bing Crosby
Bob Hope
Dorothy Lamour

They haven't got a cough drop to their name . . . but they're loaded with riotous entertainment in the latest and greatest "Road" Show of them all.

in Paramount's

"ROAD TO UTOPIA"

Produced by PAUL JONES
Directed by HAL WALKER
Original Screen Play by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank,

Bing sings 'em! Dottie sings 'em! Pretty soon everybody'll be singing 'em! "Personality" "Put It There, Pal" • "Welcome To My Dream" and many more.

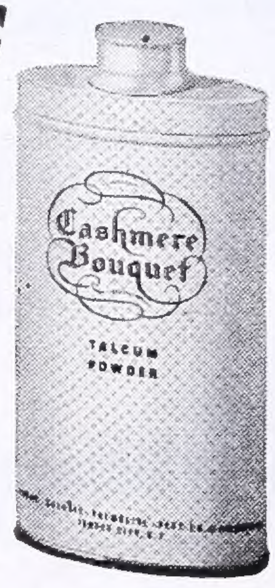
"I like to sit home and knit"

KEEP FRESH! Bathe daily. Then shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body, into every curve and ripple. It leaves you fresh, divinely dainty.

FEEL SMOOTH! Treat chafable places to *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. That gives your skin a silken sheath of protection. Makes you feel slick, smooth.

STAY DAINTY! Pamper your body often with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Hours after you use it—your skin whispers its beguiling scent . . . the *fragrance men love.*

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC



In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes

For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65¢

Congratulations, Greer—from Editorial Director Sammis and Carroll Rheinstrom

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 4) continue to make films that all of you will continue to want to go and see.

Yes, all of you who are America's movie-goers have—through Dr. Gallup's audience poll—made the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards one of the Hollywood year's most notable events.

News about Dantine: When Helmut Dantine telephoned to ask us to lunch we felt pretty sure he had news to discuss. And sure enough he had. He told us how a broadcast he'd made in his native tongue had finally been heard by a friend of his family who got in touch with Helmut through the Red Cross. All effort to reach his family in Vienna had failed up to then. His parents and brother didn't even know Helmut was an actor. "You see, my father and brother were engineers and I guess my being an actor was quite a shock," he said.

Helmut told us he would go to Washington to arrange to bring his brother to this country for a business career.

Romance Rounds: Joan Leslie's latest beau about the spots is John Howard, the tennis star. Meanwhile, John Howard, the former movie star who had such a wonderful war record, is doing a play opposite Geraldine Fitzgerald in New York called "Portrait In Black"—and it will also be made as a movie co-starring them in a few months . . . Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz see each other for just a quick ten minutes a day lately. Lucille is up at 6 A.M. to toil in front of a camera and, of course, Desi is sleeping at that point. When she gets home, he is ready to leave to conduct his band at Ciro's. Desi may be heading your way with some good jive soon—because he is planning a tour. He has a rumba wing in the band too—really hot stuff . . . Herbert Marshall gave his wife Lee a gorgeous white

(*Continued on page* 8)

Ingrid Bergman, one of five most popular stars, gets Artur Rubinstein's point

A kiss like theirs.....

ONCE IN EVERY WOMAN'S

LIFETIME—A PICTURE LIKE THIS...ONCE IN ALL

SCREEN HISTORY!

GARY COOPER

AS 'WHITE HAT,' THE MAGNIFICENT GAMBLER

INGRID BERGMAN

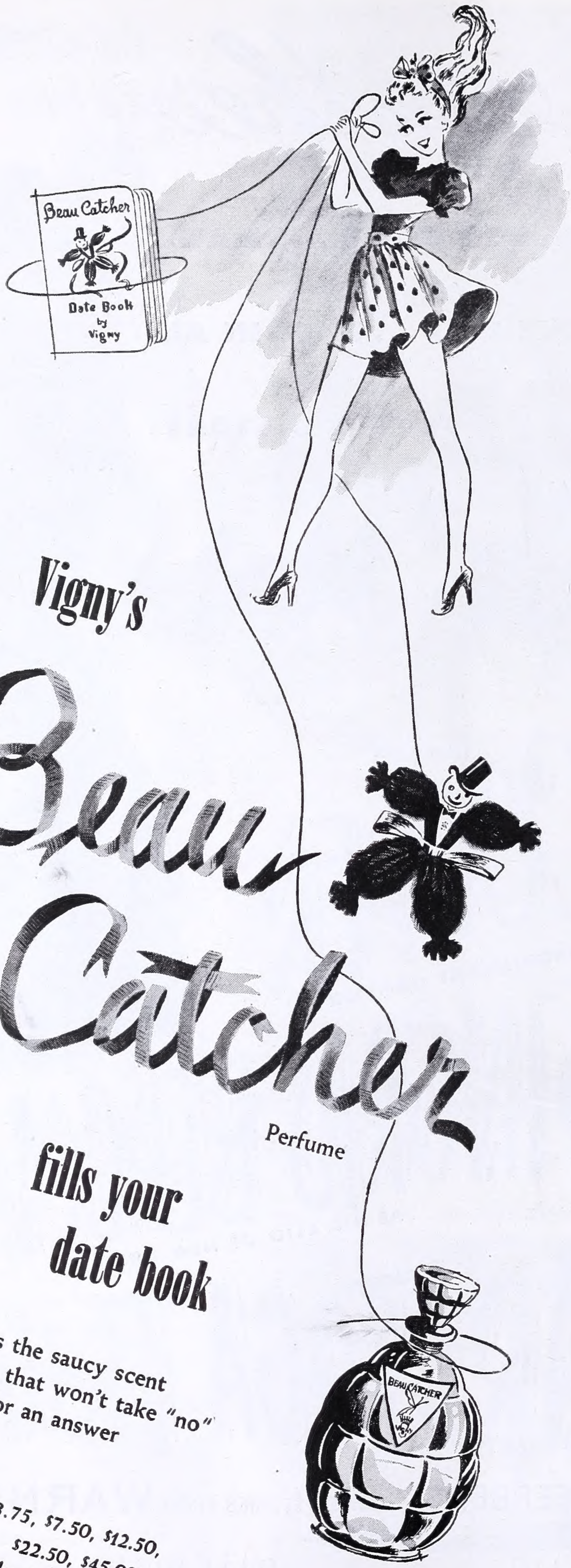
AS HIS CLIO OF NEW ORLEANS

SARATOGA TRUNK

EDNA FERBER'S STORY OF STORIES FROM **WARNERS!**

WITH FLORA ROBSON · HAL B WALLIS PRODUCTION · DIRECTED BY SAM WOOD

Screen Play by Casey Robinson
From the Novel by Edna Ferber
Music by Max Steiner



Vigny's

Beau Catcher

Perfume

fills your date book

It's the saucy scent
that won't take "no"
for an answer

$3.75, $7.50, $12.50,
$22.50, $45.00
by the dram $1.50*
(plus federal tax)

INSIDE STUFF

Songbird at Award dinner—Kathryn Grayson with husband John Shelton

(*Continued from page* 6) ermine stole and two heavy gold matching bracelets—and you see them everywhere together. But believe us, there isn't a chance of a reconciliation—and this comes straight from the horse's (or maybe we should say mare's) mouth! . . . Ginger Rogers has taken some of Jack Briggs's Marine green (now that he's out of uniform) and had herself some stunning suits made. One uniform was converted into a tiny pea-jacket and short tight skirt; another into a box-coat with slack trousers . . . Gregory Peck and his wife have taken to jive records with a vengeance—so enthusiastic you'd think they'd discovered swing music. They haunt the small cafes that feature hot rhythm bands, and are collecting a library of Basin Street tunes that would make any jive addict envious . . . Looks like Cary Grant has really found the right gal at last—one who is all for him and has no thought or desire except to be near him. We mean Betty Hensel, of course. She never leaves his side at parties; has no eyes for any other man—in fact, we've never seen such adoration. And Cary loves it. No wonder he gave her that beautiful diamond and ruby bracelet she proudly wears day and night.

Twosomes and Stuff: The minute Cal glimpsed Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman in the doctor's office late in the very quiet afternoon before a holiday, we guessed the truth. They were there for the health certificates necessary for a marriage license. The nervous, rather high-voiced way Paul talked and something in Jeanne's eyes as she looked at us gave it away. We kept very quiet about it though. Of course, the fact that Mrs. Crain so violently objected to the match didn't add any joy, but we're glad to say all is well now and Jeanne and Paul are so happy . . . The calm and collected way Myrna Loy was going about her shopping in Saks on the very morning of the (*Cont'd on page* 10)

CLOSE TO HEAVEN AS THE MILKY WAY
...DOWN TO EARTH AS THE FAMILY BUDGET!

Love-and-laugh account of that perilous period when newlyweds run out of luck, but never out of hope and humor!

JOAN FONTAINE
"From This Day Forward"

with MARK STEVENS
ROSEMARY DeCAMP • HENRY MORGAN
WALLY BROWN • ARLINE JUDGE

Produced by WILLIAM PEREIRA • Directed by JOHN BERRY
Screen Play by HUGO BUTLER

RKO RADIO PICTURES

TODAY . . . TOMORROW . . . FOREVER . . .

Will your baby have a MOVIE STAR COMPLEXION?

Claudette Colbert with George Brent
and baby Michael Ward in a scene from the International Picture
"Tomorrow Is Forever"

YOUR BABY'S TOMORROW depends on the *finest* care from the start. So, to help keep your baby's skin lovely, comfy, *glowing with health*—smooth baby's entire body with mild, soothing Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil every day. Being *antiseptic,* Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent urine irritation, many rashes, annoying chafes and prickles. Mennen-oiled babies *smell so sweet,* too. And most hospitals, doctors and nurses say that Mennen Baby Oil is *best.* Yes, to help your baby have a smooth-as-silk "movie star complexion" all over, have Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil on hand for baby's first day home.

*Nationwide surveys

BE SURE TO USE MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth! New scent makes baby smell sweet. 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be *antiseptic,* and MENNEN *is!**

INSIDE STUFF

Lana Turner looks over Gold Medal menu with help of Maitre d', Maurice

(*Continued from page* 8) wedding set Cal jittery. As it was, Myrna's chauffeur got lost in Long Beach (but then who doesn't?) and the bride was twenty minutes late meeting her nervous groom-to-be, Gene Markey, at the Navy chapel. Even Admiral Halsey, the best man, was beginning to show signs of nervousness when Myrna finally drove up . . . You just knew from the way Victor Mature looked at June Haver at the premiere of "Leave Her To Heaven" he was terribly smitten. But then, Vic's been smitten before, so we'll see . . . Diana Lynn's mother protests her eighteen-year-old daughter is too young to marry Loren Tindall and Cal hopes Diana is listening . . . Cal hears Olivia de Havilland is adopting the religion of her fiance, Major Joe McEwen, in order that they may be married in the Catholic church.

Power Party: You have never seen anyone enjoy himself like Ty Power since the day he set foot back in Hollywood. He and Annabella positively all over the place. And the big party they gave (for about two hundred) was one of the season's loveliest. They had a small, hot orchestra out on the "front porch" and the place was so crowded that Adolphe Menjou was "directing traffic" for couples trying to get out there to dance. They served a gorgeous buffet-dinner after the cocktail party and just about every star in Hollywood was there dancing far into the night. Few days later Ty and Annabella took off for New York and some sight-seeing before he starts his picture—and then they headed for Montreal, Canada, and some skiing.

At Ty's party Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda dreamed themselves up a long fishing trip in Mexican waters—but first Fonda will be making his "return picture." (*Continued on page* 12)

"I tried to be good— always!"

Benedict Bogeaus

presents

PAULETTE GODDARD

in

"Diary of a Chambermaid"

also starring

BURGESS MEREDITH
HURD HATFIELD
FRANCIS LEDERER

with

JUDITH ANDERSON • FLORENCE BATES • IRENE RYAN

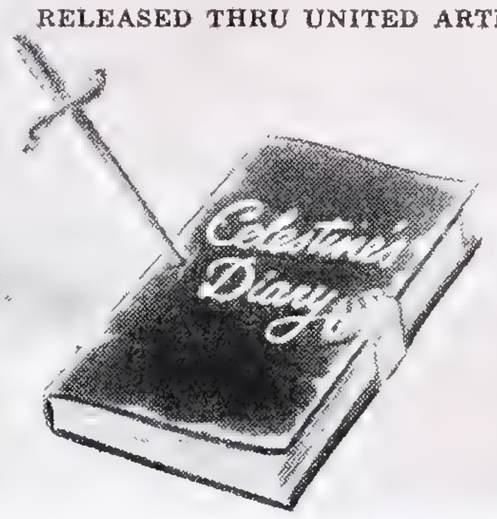
and

REGINALD OWEN

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and
BURGESS MEREDITH
Directed by JEAN RENOIR

Adapted from the novel by Octave Mirbeau
And the play by Andre Heuse
Andre De Lorde and Thielly Nores
Screenplay by Burgess Meredith

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



WHY CAN'T MARRIAGE BE LIKE THE MOVIES?

The movies usually wind up with a happy ending. But Bill and Joan *couldn't* seem to patch up their troubles. She didn't realize that their fights were *her* fault! She thought she *knew* about feminine hygiene. She didn't know, though, that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! Later, at her doctor's, she learned the truth when he warned, "Never be a *careless* wife." He recommended that she always use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching.

Like a movie romance come true—that's how their marriage is now! Joan blesses her doctor for that advice . . . uses "Lysol" in the douche always. How right the doctor was when he said "'Lysol' is a proved *germ-killer*. It cleanses *thoroughly* yet gently." Just follow directions—see how well "Lysol" works! It's far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. So easy to use, economical, too. Try it for feminine hygiene.

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of *every* woman. So, douche *thoroughly* with *correct* "Lysol" solution . . . always! **Powerful cleanser**—"Lysol's" great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic**—"Lysol" douching solution is *non-irritating*, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; *deodorizes*. **More women** use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene than any other method. (*For* **FREE** *feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*)

Copyright, 1946, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant always!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"LYSOL" is the registered trade-mark of Lehn & Fink Products Corporation and any use thereof in connection with products not made by it constitutes an infringement thereof.

Cupid note—Guy Madison, Gail Russell came as a pair—to Award dinner

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 10)

Cheering to Know: Lew Ayres, whom Cal glimpsed in Romanoff's recently, looks not at all like those distressing newspaper pictures of him that crept in from the South Seas. Fact is, Lew looks as youthful and handsome as young *Dr. Kildaire* ever did. He is about to make his first picture since his return, "The Dark Mirror."

Mickey Rooney will be home in the spring after doing a wonderful job overseas. Can't you see Mickey when he first glimpses the young son born after he went abroad?

If it's true Van Johnson is wearing a silver skating figure (gift from Sonja Henie) in his lapel instead of those two awful safety pins that held his car keys, it's cheering news to his friends who didn't want to tell him safety pins are just not for men's lapels.

Doing the Rounds: It was a party at The Club which somehow always means fun in this coziest of places. Cal and some friends went with Eddie Duchin, now on the Coast for some radio work and as pleasant a lad as ever you met. Louis Hayward with the voice that flows like liquid gold joined our group and effervescent Elaine Scott and her handsome husband Zach kept us in stitches. Across at the next table Lauren Bacall in a gold-colored tailored dinner dress sat with Bogie and friends and we noticed especially how each carried on conversations with other people instead of huddling off by themselves as other couples we could name. And what a relief to see Bogie out on a party and no fights going. Joan Crawford in a garnet satin dinner suit and a hat of bright garnet roses, didn't sit with Phil Terry, who came alone. Edward G. Robinson and his Gladys, Ray Milland, his hair long for his role in "California," and his wife Mal were just a few of the many celebrities that Cal enjoyed seeing. (*Continued on page* 14)

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rita HAYWORTH

as

Gilda

with

Glenn FORD

GEORGE MACREADY

JOSEPH CALLEIA

Screenplay by Marion Parsonnet

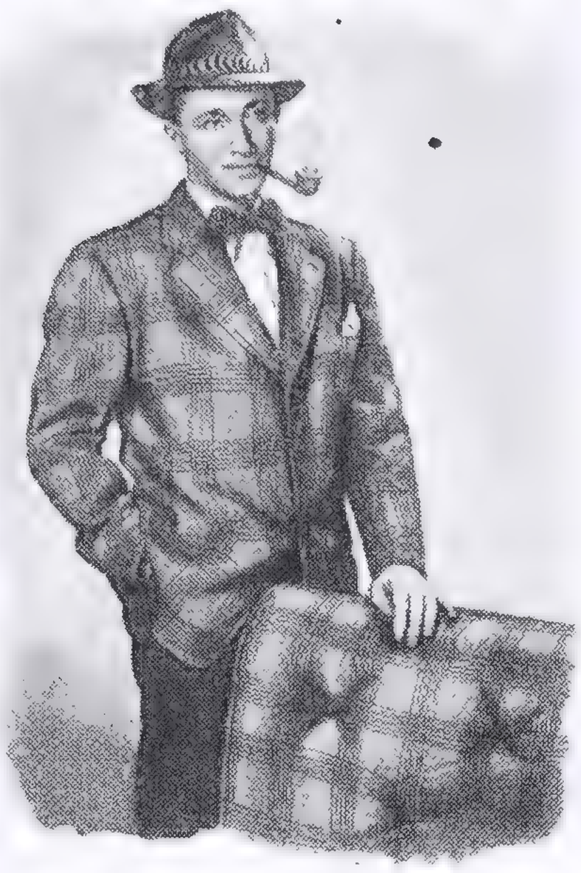
Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

"Johnny, let me go. Please let me go. I can't stand it any more..."

Great as is her powerful dramatic portrayal—great, too, is this dancing Hayworth—singing "Put the Blame on Mame"!

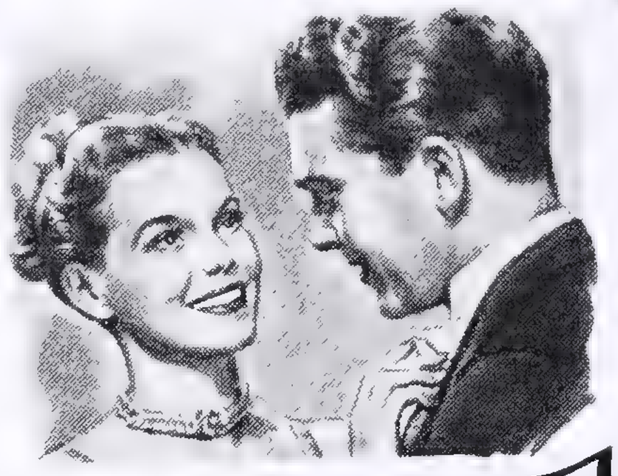
BRIGHT IDEAS from Hollywood



BING CROSBY
star of Paramount's
"ROAD TO UTOPIA"

has a chair to match his favorite sports jacket! Bing was so fond of the tweed, that he sent his upholsterer to see his tailor. Now the chair and Bing are twins!

Another Crosby custom—and a very-bright-idea one—is cleaning his teeth with Calox Tooth Powder. Calox contains five different cleansing and polishing ingredients to help remove all kinds of surface stains . . . and bring out all the natural lustre of teeth. No wonder Calox is the favorite dentifrice of many Hollywood stars!



Calox does more than cleanse and polish. It actually sweetens your breath as it brightens your teeth, leaves your mouth feeling clean and minty-fresh. For a smile of Breath-less Beauty, try Calox Tooth Powder today!

CALOX gives your smile Breath-less Beauty

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

INSIDE STUFF

Little Miss Margaret O'Brien didn't miss a trick—at the Gold Medal Award dinner

(*Continued from page* 12)

The Secret's Out: When Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob slipped off to Las Vegas and were married on January 5, they were under the quaint impression they could keep it secret until Eleanor's current picture, "Escape Me Never," had finished shooting. They did manage to hide it from everyone for over two weeks, then our own Louella Parsons found it out. Most surprised of everyone in Hollywood was Al Bloomingdale who had actually driven to Las Vegas with the couple. When they got there, Bert and Eleanor told him they wanted to do some shopping but would meet him in an hour. When they rejoined him, they were man and wife, but Bloomingdale had to read Louella's item to find out.

Eleanor had known Bert Friedlob for about a year, but only started going out with him after she broke up with Joe Kirkwood Jr. last November. It didn't take long for Bert to convince Eleanor he was the one for her and all Hollywood wishes them much luck and happiness.

The groom is a distillery executive in his middle thirties, dark, good looking, intelligent, and so much in love with his pretty bride. When Eleanor finishes her role in "Escape Me Never," they plan on a Mexico and South America honeymoon.

Around Town: Cal met Lieut. Bob Stack at a cocktail party and found him the same likable gay blade—a little heavier, perhaps, but still handsome. Over Cal's shoulder Bob spotted a blonde all done up in an unusual, low-cut gown. "Girls shouldn't wear dresses like that," Bob confided with a twinkle and sure enough ten (*Continued on page* 16)

THE COUNTESS WAS
A LADY . . . BUT
MONTE WAS AWAY!
You have enjoyed "Count of Monte Cristo," a bold story of romantic adventure. Now enjoy the thrilling adventures of the daring beauty who was his wife!
ALEXANDRE DUMAS'
Breath-Taking Adventure
FILMED FOR THE FIRST TIME
"The Wife of MONTE CRISTO"
starring
JOHN LODER
LENORE AUBERT
PRC
with CHARLES DINGLE • FRITZ KORTNER • EDUARDO CIANNELLI • MARTIN KOSLECK • FRITZ FELD
Associate Producer JACK GRANT • Directed by EDGAR G. ULMER

HOW POLLY PICKED HER PATTERN

Polly paid attention to Holmes&Edwards because it's *Sterling Inlaid* with two blocks of sterling silver at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks

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STERLING INLAID°
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ALSO FAMOUS ROGER & GALLET PERFUME
DRY PERFUME • LIP ADE • TOILET SOAP

Gold Medaler Greer Garson and Gregory Peck at Lux Radio Theater broadcast of winning picture, "The Valley Of Decision"—with William Keighley and L. B. Mayer

INSIDE STUFF

Greer with Gregory Peck, man star who made the most progress in 1945

(*Continued from page* 14) minutes later he had the young lady off in a corner. When he's out of the Navy, which should be in the spring, he's going back to Universal for more pictures. . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond together reminded Cal he's been meeting this pair at the same party year after year and each time they look a little happier. Theirs is one marriage that really took . . . All over town Cal runs into Sylvia Sidney and each time she looks more chic. Something has certainly come over Sylvia these days to acquire that "so smart" look, for Cal remembers when she wasn't . . . At Sydney Greenstreet's birthday party whom should we greet right off but Sydney's tall good-looking son John home after two years in the South Pacific. John has no inclination to be an actor. Intends to become a business man, he tells Cal . . . A yell in Cal's direction on the Twentieth lot revealed Vic Mature bearing down on us in one of those long open-topped cars. "Come and have brunch," he called, but Cal had to hurry on to another appointment. Leaner faced these days, Vic looked very well in our short meeting.

We'll have to make it a longer one soon.

Pink and Blue Ribbon Dept: The Jinx Falkenburg-Tex McCrary blessed-event date, which Cal first tipped you to and Jinx, for some unexplainable reason, denied to one and all of the press, is now an admitted fact. And what's more, she goes around beaming about it.

The same goes for Kay Kyser and his gorgeous Georgia Carroll, who will be parents come late spring. And they too refused to admit the story until they just couldn't keep it a secret any longer.

Also on the stork's list are the Jackie Coopers—and the kids are so happy about it. Jackie looks simply wonderful in his civvies—which fit just like the day he took 'em off—as he proudly showed pals at Mocambo who gathered around to take a look at his pre-war suit—plus vest!

After fifteen years the Pat O'Briens are going to have a baby—just when they'd planned to adopt a third one.

And the Bill Lundigans are going to be ma and pa soon.

The Alan Ladds are supposed to be having their second—but nobody has verified this yet.

One more prediction for the basinette brigade: Cal will bet you that Betty Hutton is officially on her way to becoming a Ma—though nothing has been admitted as yet.

About Bing: Well, there have been more rumors flying around east and west and cross-country about the one and only Bing Crosby than Garbo in her most elusive days ever managed to create. There were the exaggerated stories about the state of der Bingle's health—the rumors that he is quitting the air for keeps—the yarns that he had signed for this (*Continued on page* 19)

Painted from life by Andrew Loomis

*The World's Most Exciting Brunette

JANE RUSSELL

So thrillingly alive — she couldn't live without love! So breathlessly beautiful — she couldn't escape from men! So tensely dramatic you'll always remember her — and this great new hit!

Produced by

HUNT STROMBERG

Young Widow

Starring

JANE RUSSELL

LOUIS HAYWARD

with FAITH DOMERGUE • KENT TAYLOR
MARIE WILSON • CONNIE GILCHRIST
and
PENNY SINGLETON

Directed by Edwin L. Marin *Released thru United Artists*

Lee Garmes, A.S.C. Director of Photography

Screenplay by Richard Macaulay and Margaret Buell Wilder

Additional Dialogue by Ruth Nordli

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

For "He loves me knots," remember this:
He'll adore your topknots, curls or swirls
when your hair is Drene-lovely!
Drene your hair and it shines
with all its natural beauty.
Today's Drene with Hair Conditioning action
leaves your hair silkier, smoother, easier to manage.
"After your Drene shampoo, try a new hairdo
for Spring," says Jerry Courtney,
famous Cover Girl and Drene Girl.
"There's nothing like a becoming new hairfix
to boost your spirits any time!"
You'll love the way Drene with Hair Conditioning
action leaves your hair so beautifully behaved.
Jerry shows you these easy-to-fix Drene styles
you can try at home or ask your beauty
shop to do. First insist on Drene Shampoo
with Hair Conditioning action.
No other shampoo leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

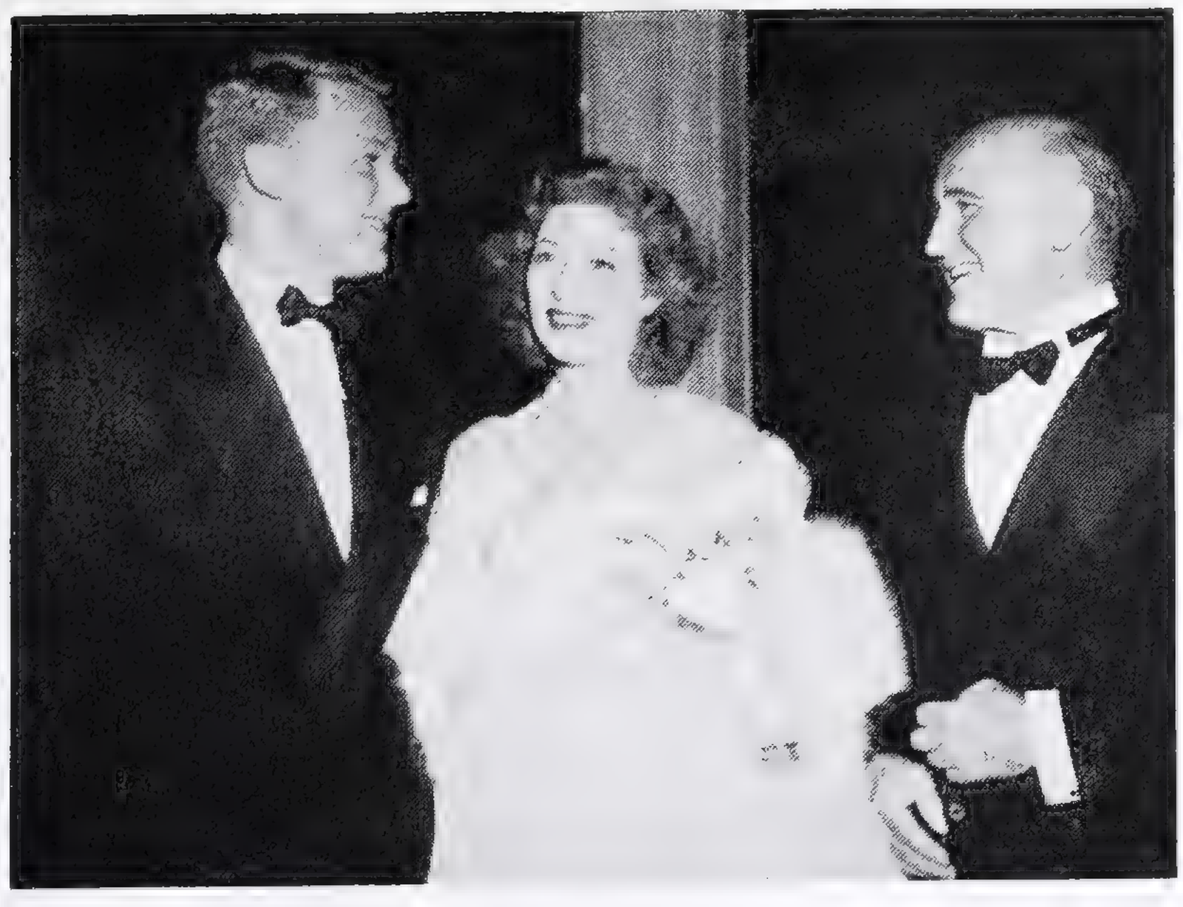
YOU DON'T NEED DAISIES to tell you he loves you . . . with your hair swept up in this tilted topknot. "See how Drene brings out all the natural sheen of my dark hair," says Jerry. As much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any drab film on hair as all soaps do. And the very first time you Drene your hair, you completely remove unsightly dandruff.

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action+

BOUQUETS TO YOU when you turn a center-part page-boy into this full chignon with just a jeweled barrette. "This hairdo is so easy to fix," Jerry explains, "right after your Drene shampoo." Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair beautifully behaved. You'll find, too, a good permanent helps keep page-boy rolls neatly in place.

INSIDE STUFF



Greer who has a pair of Gold Medals (having won the Photoplay Award last year) chats with popular Van Johnson and Donald Crisp

(*Continued from page* 16) or that new radio show and would be back on the ether soon. But the fact remains that there are no facts on the matter. Because Bing, who has been having himself a time in New York for months, is perfectly willing to go on playing indefinitely—he's still plenty tired though not really ill by any means. Too, he still has a contract with his old sponsor—and his future radio plans depend upon whether he's released from it or not. He just wants to do his shows by transcriptions—and not be tied down so much any more. And that's the rub—most sponsors don't go for that and want him right at the mike at miketime.

Welcome Home, David: We couldn't have been more pleased when Mr. Goldwyn invited us to a welcome-back luncheon for David Niven. Catered elegantly by Chasen's and served on one of the Goldwyn sound stages, the luncheon found all of David's old friends gathered round the board.

"Gretch," we heard him call to Loretta Young as he grabbed her affectionately. Cal recalled that in his first days here the English lad was so broke he had no place to live or money to live in it if he had had. So Loretta, whose real name is Gretchen of course, took him home to her mother who made him a member of the family. Cal sat next to Mrs. Nigel Bruce who has Niven now as a house guest until he can find a place for himself, wife and child who are still in England.

"He has flu, poor dear," Mrs. Bruce told us, "and like all men is positive he's much more ill than he is. Last night he came in feeling so miserable I took his temperature for him. When it registered only one degree above normal he was sure the thermometer was off."

Mr. Goldwyn told us how David tricked him into a release by faking a cable calling him back to England and

Spotlighted — Cornel Wilde and his pretty wife Pat Knight—also present

the war. And David said that after wandering among the graves of 27,000 Americans searching for the name of a boy buried there, he decided that there were 27,000 good reasons why he should keep his mouth shut about the war. And he told us, too, how he'd actually wept tears at leaving Hollywood expecting never to see it again.

And now he's back, debonair, charming but looking a bit older for his experiences, and all Hollywood is glad to have him among us again.

Open House: What started out as a quiet evening at home ended up, as it so often does, an open-house, everybody-dropping-in affair. Big Jim Davis of M-G-M, after three years in the Navy, came by to nurse a bruised heart, said heart having been injured by the lovely Cleatus Caldwell who preceded Lana Turner in Bob Hutton's affections. Zach Scott popped in without having had his dinner so Cal whipped up a turkey sandwich or two to keep him happy.

Whenever you hear a woman speak enthusiastically about Tampax, you are listening to a typical user—and it's natural for her to talk that way. This modern sanitary protection has no hampering belts and external pads. So you feel just as free on Tampax days as on any other day of the month!

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed in applicators for easy and dainty insertion. Your hands need never touch the Tampax and you are unaware of its presence when it is in place. No odor can form with Tampax. No chafing is possible. No edge-lines will show in skirts. Moreover, changing is quick and disposal is easy.

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NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

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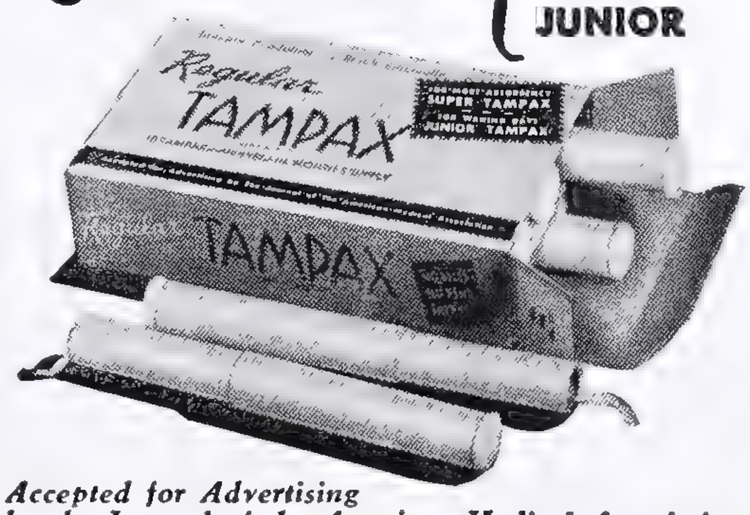

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✳ You can treat yourself to a perfect, soft, natural-looking permanent—done at home—in three hours or less with the simple, ready-to-use Crowning Glory Cold Wave Permanent Solutions . . . Simply put your hair in curlers, dampen each curl with Crowning Glory and, in less time than you believe, you have a lovely new permanent—ready to set in your own most flattering style . . . And all you need is—

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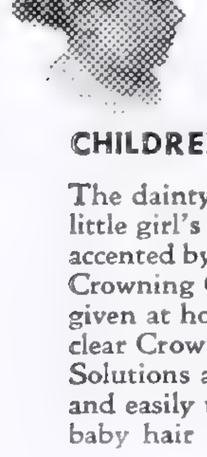

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The dainty softness of your little girl's hair will be accented by a natural-looking Crowning Glory Permanent given at home. Crystal-clear Crowning Glory Solutions are as effective and easily used on her baby hair as on yours.

Complete with Curlers... $2.00 PLUS TAX

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Ask for Crowning Glory Cold Permanent Wave Packet at Leading Cosmetic Counters and Notions Departments

INSIDE STUFF

Fashion note: Elizabeth Taylor's first formal dress was designed especially for the Award dinner. (More fashions on page 81.) She's with Col. Julius Klein

Turhan Bey came by Cal's and was surprised to find everyone including Yvonne De Carlo playing the ouija board. And incidentally, Cal's house is one of the few places Lana and Turhan can meet and feel comfortable, for Cal happens to know these two have gone from romance to sound friendship which is rare in Hollywood. But then, Lana and Turhan are rare and unusual people.

Bob Hutton, whose so very honest humor just naturally creates fun, had us all laughing and when Kurt Kreuger laughs, it's one big shout followed by a lot of little ones. Kurt is a pleasant guest to have, Cal decided. With his dark blue (but near-sighted) eyes, very blond hair and ridiculous laugh, he is so very different, somehow, from his screen self.

Altogether it was a riotous evening and Cal wishes you could have come too.

Vanishing Van: Well, Van Johnson really "pulled a Bob Walker" and took off without saying a word to studio or friends and hopped a plane for Chicago. When he landed he said he'd come there just to see Sonja Henie and "take a few ice-skating lessons." Actually, even though his studio bosses were angry, poor Van hadn't had a day off for years—just going from one picture right into another—and he said too, though the papers didn't print it, that he was so dead tired, he just had to leap away from it all and get a few days' relaxation away from the Hollywood grind. (*Continued on page* 22)

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT
IS INTERNATIONAL

(*Cont'd from page* 20)

INSIDE STUFF

Well, he got it and, of course, the romance rumors about himself and Sonja popped all over the place again. But, as we said before, don't take this pair too seriously.

Van dashed back in time to do a long-promised Command Performance radio show which is just broadcast to the boys overseas—and it was a laugh riot. He, Sinatra, Bob Hope and Dinah Shore put on a burlesque version of "The Rover Boys" and oh—the way they kidded the Johnson boy about his curls and freckles. They should have kidded him about his weight, too, for he is really putting it on. Van had better be finding something besides those daily tennis games to take it off—because tennis isn't doing it.

In one part of the hilarious half-hour show, Bob Hope asks Dinah, "What's Johnson got that I haven't got?" And Van butts in with, "Nothing—but you've had yours so much longer!"

Henry Willson finds Diana Lynn a good listener—at Award dinner

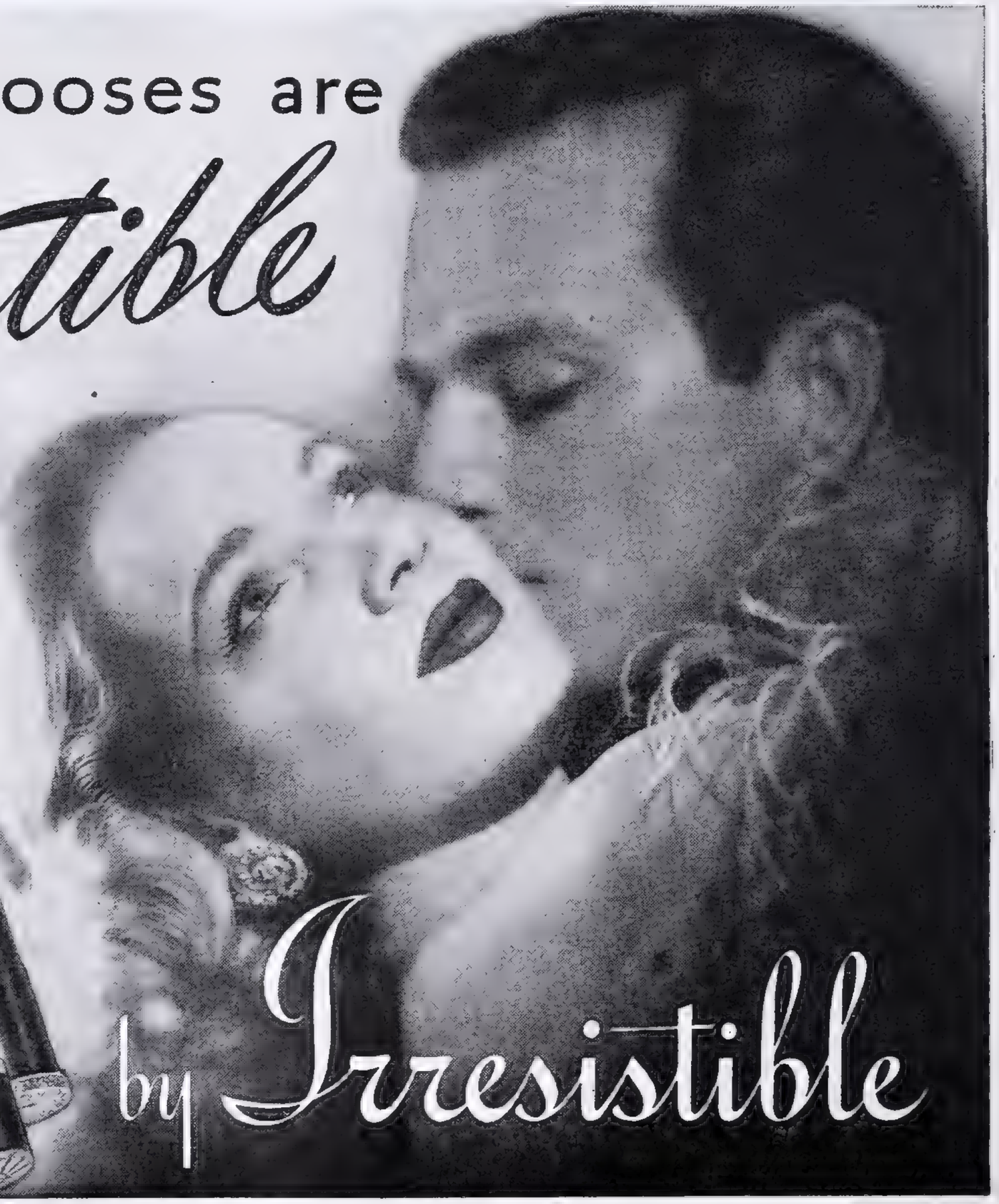
The Flynns: The lovely Nora Eddington may return to the roof of her husband Errol Flynn. Since their arrangement of separate homes, Nora has had practically every swain in town casting covetous glances in her direction. Unsophisticated, natural and so pretty, Nora has intuitively handled her life and marriage with great wisdom. One evening at the home of mutual friends, Cal noticed, Nora came in alone rather late and quite casually looked around. Errol was there. With all the tact in the world she stood near him, sheltering him from the gregarious females that constantly flutter about. Not possessively, remember, but charmingly. There was pride and something else, too, in Errol's eyes.

At cocktail time at Romanoff's recently Cal and Nora met by appointment for a chat. Practically every man in town passed and repassed our table glancing longingly at Nora in her plain gray suit, her long brown hair flowing. Despite Cal's glares, several did join us and we were both amused and delighted at Nora's naive conversation of home, of her baby Dierdre and of "my husband, Mr. Flynn."

Talk of the Town: That Joan Crawford has worked her way back to a coveted spot in Hollywood and can now pick and choose is the talk of the town. But you see Joan built her comeback house on a very solid rock, for what Hollywood doesn't know is that Joan has fortified herself with religious study the past two years and through her new faith couldn't fail. If her broken marriage to Phil Terry is not mended, close friends assert it is because it had no chance from the start. Joan is an exciting, glamorous person. Phil is con-

the *Lips* he chooses are

Irresistible



And you, too, can have thrilling warm lips radiantly alive with Irresistible—the lipstick that brings glorious color to your lips and breathtaking moments to your heart. ***WHIP-TEXT*** to stay on longer yet be smooth-spreading, non-drying. Your most becoming shade with matching rouge and face powder available at all 5 & 10¢ stores.

Add a touch of Irresistible Perfume
it's wicked — it's wonderful

Now FINER THAN EVER
IN NEW METAL SWIVEL CASE

Lipstick by *Irresistible*

INSIDE STUFF

Smiles—the while Frances Gifford chats with Mervyn LeRoy at Gold Medal event

servative. At a party recently, Cal hears, the women gathered together in the powder room and unanimously agreed Joan was the best groomed and most glamorous woman present. And coming from other women, that's a compliment.

Dancing Duo: Maybe the best thing that happened to Rita Hayworth was Tony Martin's return from overseas—and his Army discharge which is giving him plenty of time to pay her mad attention at a time when the up-to-then very unhappy gal could use it most. What a rush! Night after night you see the two of them literally burning up the dance floors and warming up the room with the glances they toss each other's way. Looks like a serious crush to Cal—but when they're at Ciro's or Mocambo or La Rue, they're now refusing to let photographers take their picture together. Rita said she didn't think it would look right—since she had done nothing definitely yet toward divorcing Orson Welles though they've separated. But you can bet it won't be long now.

Tony Martin is due for a new and terrific screen break. He looks wonderful—and lost only a few pounds during his stay in the Army. And his singing voice is as wonderful as ever. He goes right into "Till The Clouds Roll By" to sing two beautiful Jerome Kern numbers (one of them is "Only Make Believe" from "Show Boat") and the bobby-soxers can really go mad over this picture, because Frankie-boy Sinatra is in it, too—but so far, only sings one song in it, "Old Man River." However, when "Show Boat" is filmed, Cal will betcha that Tony Martin plays the romantic lead—with either Judy Garland or Kathryn Grayson opposite him. Here's hoping it's little Judy—don't you agree?

Town Topics: Ava Gardner, who finally got two big screen breaks she'd been pleading for ("Whistle Stop" and "She Went To The Races"), is letting her groom Artie Shaw talk her out of doing any more movies and may give up her career altogether . . . You'd never

Don't be that kind of a Cover Girl!

You can't cover up underarm odor—but you can guard against it with Mum

YOU SIMPLY can't resist perfume. That added dash of fragrance makes you feel so feminine. So alluring.

But you're only fooling yourself. For even the loveliest of perfumes won't cover up underarm odor.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but you still need protection against risk of *future* underarm odor. And Mum's the word for that.

So take 30 seconds to smooth on Mum after every bath, before every date. Snowy-white Mum keeps you sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. Quick, safe, sure—you can use Mum even *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar. Ask for Mum today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Can *You* guess her Age?

she's 31!

she's 24!

she's 26!

DRESS BY CHAPMAN

It's Hard To Tell the age of anyone whose skin is so beautiful. For isn't it true that it's the appearance of your skin that "dates" you?

No matter how lovely your skin is today, take the advice of many beauty experts and make every effort to see that your skin retains the natural moisture which gives it that peach-bloom glow of youth.

Protect the natural moisture of your skin by guarding against the things which dry out the skin: Neglect of proper skin care and too much exposure to winter's blustery winds and summer's hot, drying sun.

Choose Your Creams Carefully. Not necessarily the most expensive but creams that will *do* something for your skin. Try the two creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. Contains "cholesterol" . . . a *special* ingredient that protects against loss of natural skin moisture. Also soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

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Both creams contain genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Skin cream—A wonderful make-up base that vanishes smoothly into the skin, leaving complexion satiny and daintily scented. Let it act as you sleep! This fine, lightly-textured skin cream contains "cholesterol". Helps keep skin soft and supple, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings, guards vital skin moisture. 60¢, plus tax.

Cleansing cream—A light, daintily-scented cleansing cream that tissues off easily. Liquefies as you smooth it on your skin. Leaves your complexion looking dewy-fresh and sparklingly clean. 60¢, plus tax.

Phillips'

MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS

INSIDE STUFF

Music by Desi Arnaz, who's Ciro's maestro—for Lucille Ball and Frank Sinatra

recognize Johnny Weissmuller, all spruced up around town with not only a short haircut but a new moustache. Getting ready for some indoor, slick movie parts, after all those years yelling his lungs out as "Tarzan" . . . Anita Colby fooled everyone by showing up at Randy Scott's enormous cocktail soiree without Clark Gable, who has been so devoted again. No doubt about it, the Colby is still more beautiful than any movie star in town. Clark betook himself to Manhattan for a fun fling when he discovered a lot of things in the script of his next picture that he didn't like. He won't come back to work until the changes he wants are made . . . It was heartwarming to see Susan Peters and her wonderful husband Richard Quine with that large party at Ciro's for the opening of Desi Arnaz's band. Desi has been giving her guitar lessons, too—and so far, she can even do one good number, the Cuban "Tabu" —and sing the lyrics in Spanish. Lucille Ball, Desi's wife, and Susan are close friends . . . June Allyson and Dick Powell, "evicted" from their hotel, managed to commute to and live on that boat they bought from Humphrey Bogart all during the rainy season—and loved it! . . . You can look for Joan Crawford to divorce Phil Terry as soon as "Humoresque" is finished —and before she starts her next starring picture, "The Secret" . . . Janet Blair and her husband Lou Busch are headed for the rocks—the way they've been tiffing . . . Olivia de Havilland amused a group at Mocambo one night saying that her cute Maj. Joe McEwen had proposed marriage only that day. And when she asked him, "Why?" he answered, "Honey—so I can get some reading done!"

It's Hope Again: A Paramount switchboard operator is still confused.

"A party by name of Linda is calling Bob Hope from Chicago," said long distance.

INSIDE STUFF

Robert Mitchum takes Bill Williams "for a ride" as fun stunt on set at RKO

"We must have more information," said the studio operator. "Will you please ask the purpose of the call?"

"Party says it's not important," replied Chicago, "but her daddy told her she could call."

Her daddy? Immediately the call was put through to Hope on the "Monsieur Beaucaire" set.

"Mr. Hope," said the operator, "I have a personal call for you from your daughter Linda, in Chicago. Go ahead please."

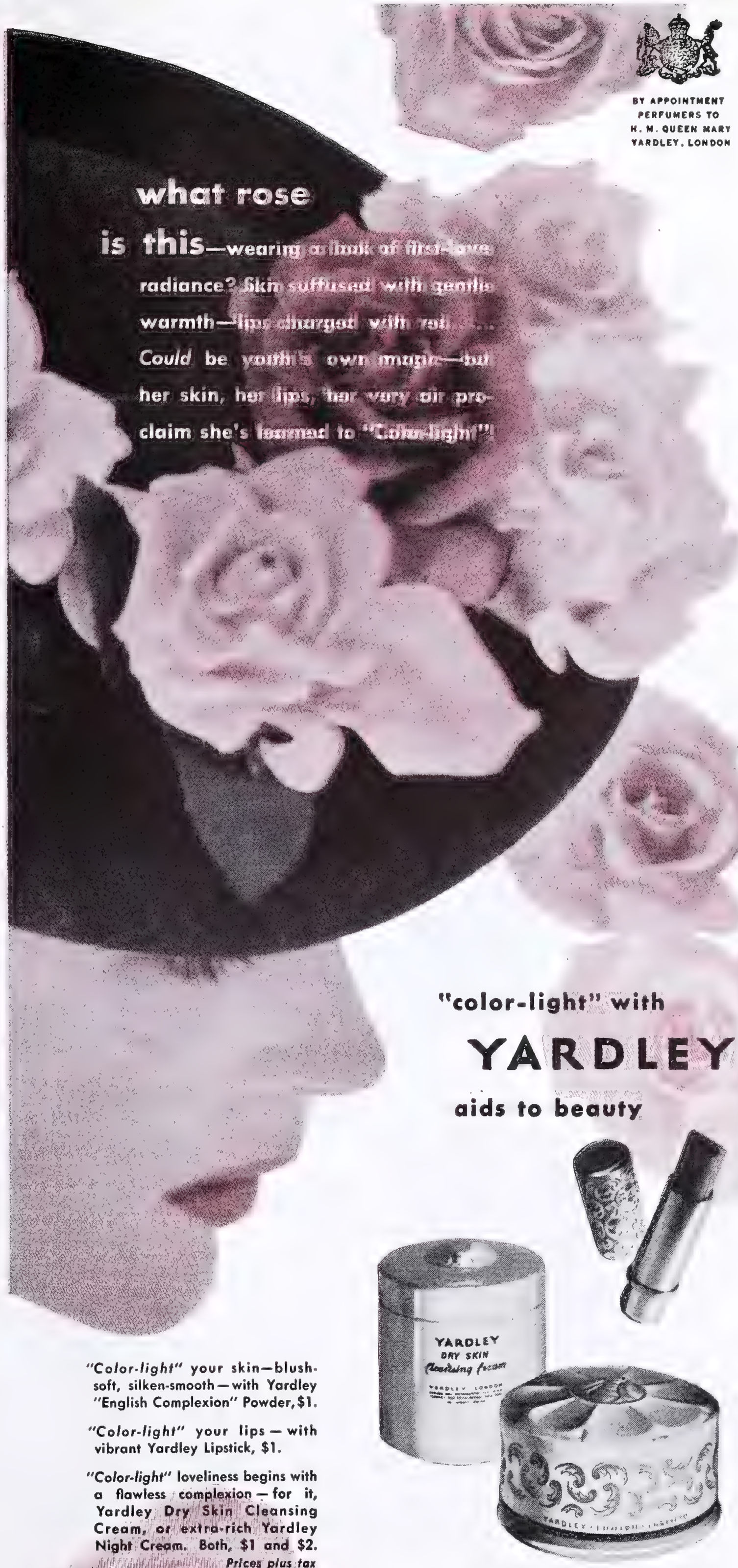
"Linda!" shouted Bob. "How can you be in Chicago?"

"Why, I live here with mommy and daddy," came the child's frank reply. "And we just got a telephone in. Daddy said 'now we can talk to anyone we want to,' and I only want to talk to you, Mr. Hope. You're so funny. . . ."

Bob has sent Linda Hackett an autographed picture.

"Anyway," said Bob, "this is one thing that couldn't have happened to Crosby!"

A Line or Two: Cary Grant told a friend, "I've married two beautiful women, one of them the wealthiest woman in the world, and both lovely. I've made a fortune and had my share of fame. And yet I feel lost somehow. In fact, I was happier when I was struggling to get some place. Really happier." . . . John Payne took himself out of bed with flu to go to the hospital and peek through the window at Gloria De Haven when she had their laughter . . . Dorothy Lamour and her husband William Ross Howard, now in civvies, talk of nothing but their new son, John Ridgely Howard . . . Bob Hope took himself off to Palm Springs with his family for his first vacation in years. He intended to remain six weeks. He was there one day when Paramount recalled him for more retakes on "Monsieur Beaucaire." We leave Bob's remarks to your imagination.



The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake get tensely involved in this murder drama

✓✓ The Blue Dahlia (Paramount)

HERE we go again, with another tough, hard-boiled mystery drama in which almost everyone gets thoroughly beaten up at least once. In the movies, though, a beating that would send any normal person right off to a hospital for months only slows up the players for a few minutes.

Anyway, Alan Ladd comes back from the wars to find that his wife, Doris Dowling, has been very busy in the playing-around department. So, after a swift right to the jaw of the current boy friend, Howard Da Silva, owner of a night club called *The Blue Dahlia,* Alan walks out on Doris. Unfortunately for him, she gets killed the very same night, and from then on Alan gets involved with some very lethal baddies while trying to solve the murder and, at the same time, avoid the police.

There is an assortment of suspects, including William Bendix, Alan's pal who's not quite recovered from combat and doesn't remember what happened the night of the murder, Will Wright and Don Costello, Da Silva's partner. Wandering in and out of the picture, trying to help Alan, is Veronica Lake, the estranged wife of Da Silva.

Raymond Chandler, the noted mystery writer, wrote the story which belongs to the tough, realistic school of whodunits, and if you like the type, we're sure you'll enjoy this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Lower your fist—we give in.

Charles Laughton and Deanna Durbin take gay complications in their stride

✓✓ Because Of Him (Universal)

WE'RE happy and fans should be happy too, that in "Because Of Him" Deanna Durbin has a better film than her last two. Still not good enough to match the standard of her earlier pictures, the comedy nevertheless shows marked improvement. Miss Durbin again turns to comedy and, oh happy days, she plays it straight. As a young waitress (living and dressing elegantly in true movie fashion) she seeks a stage career. As a means she obtains the autograph of ye olde hamme, Charles Laughton, the reigning matinee idol of the New York stage. Atop the autograph, however, is a letter recommending the star to his producer. While Laughton, who knows nothing of the letter, is away on a vacation, Miss Deanna presents the signed recommendation, is feted and catered to until Laughton unexpectedly returns. Then come the big old plump complications.

Laughton, playing Laughton raised a degree or two, is superb. You'll enjoy him immensely. Franchot Tone, the playwright who is torn between love for Deanna and repugnance for her publicity stunts (engineered by her friend Helen Broderick) is first rate. Deanna sings, of course, and beautifully, but somehow we felt her "Goodbye" number while pursuing Tone through a hotel failed to click.

Stanley Ridges is the producer and Donald Meek the valet.

Your Reviewer Says: Enjoyment and pleasure are here for the taking.

Orson Welles is a ghost from Claudette Colbert's past in a tender, moving film

✓✓ Tomorrow Is Forever (International)

WHAT a picture this is in a month of good movies. The sophisticated, formally dressed audience at the Hollywood premiere openly sniffled or wept at the tragic story of Claudette Colbert, a young woman whose officer husband never came back from World War I. Befriended by her employer, George Brent, and his aunt, Lucille Watson, Claudette and her baby are taken into his home, never to leave, for George and Claudette are married and with their sons live happy, contented lives.

From Europe comes a chemist, crippled and deformed, to work in Brent's plant. A man of charm and intelligence, he is invited to the home of his employer where he meets Claudette—the wife he wouldn't come home to from the last war. How the truth gradually dawns upon her, how he prevents her from reaching into the past to recapture memory and thus destroy her future, and how he persuades her to let their son go to war is beautifully told and acted. Welles is wonderful, Claudette superb. Both Brent and Miss Watson handle their roles beautifully. The boys, Sonny Howe, and especially the older son, Richard Long, are splendid. The little girl, Natalie Wood, befriended by Welles, is both quaint and tragic, with an immense appeal. We feel you'll love every moment of the story. Only once in the very final scene does Welles go overboard, but that, so small a matter, can be forgotten.

Your Reviewer Says: We recommend it highly.

(*Continued on page* 137)

By Sara Hamilton

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 137

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 149

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 144

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Ignorance, Indifference and Neglect May Lead to a Troublesome Case of Infectious Dandruff

Don't be dumb about so important a thing as your scalp and hair.

Common symptoms like excess flakes and scaling, itching and irritation may, and often do, indicate the presence of infectious dandruff . . . the stubborn kind that may hang on a long time and embarrass and trouble you.

If you have the slightest evidence of infectious dandruff, start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily. This is the easy, delightful treatment that, in a clinical test, brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the dandruff sufferers within 30 days. It has helped so many . . . may help you.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" germs . . . those ruthless little invaders that can grow in vast numbers on the scalp, threatening its health and the appearance of the hair. Many a noted dermatologist calls the "bottle bacillus" a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Flakes Begin to Disappear

While Listerine Antiseptic mops up on germs, it also helps to rid scalp and hair of those distressing flakes and scales. And almost immediately itching is allayed.

Even after a few treatments you begin to see and feel improvement. Your scalp tingles and glows, feels wonderfully alive! Your hair feels delightfully fresh! Listerine Antiseptic does not bleach it.

Get in the habit of making Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing. It pays! Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

the tested treatment

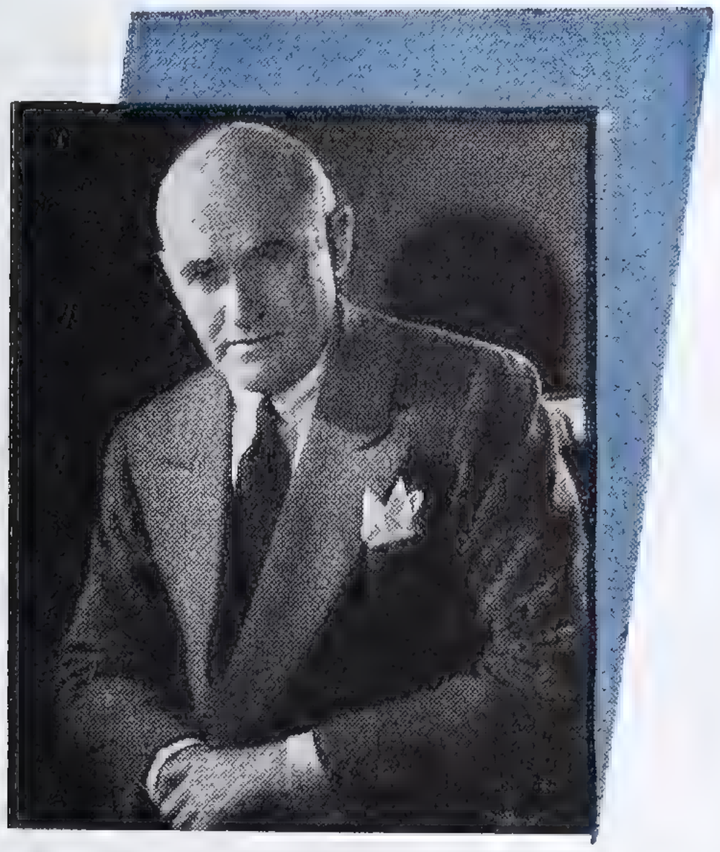
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
***and* MASSAGE**

Beautiful!
THIS GIRL...!
Breathtaking in the wonder of her loveliness!
THIS PICTURE...!
Glamorous in the magic of its songs, stars, story!
Maureen O'HARA · Dick HAYMES
Harry JAMES in
Do You Love Me
in Technicolor!
Beautiful Songs!
"I DIDN'T MEAN A WORD I SAID" by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson
"MOONLIGHT PROPAGANDA" by Herbert Magidson and Matty Malneck
"DO YOU LOVE ME" by Harry Ruby
"AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH ON MY MIND" by Harry James, Lionel Newman and Charles Henderson
with
REGINALD GARDINER · RICHARD GAINES · STANLEY PRAGER
and HARRY JAMES' MUSIC MAKERS
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF · Produced by GEORGE JESSEL
Screen Play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan · Based on a Story by Bert Granet
Dances Staged by Seymour Felix
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

What About Tommy?

This month Photoplay's editorial page presents a distinguished producer's views on a problem we all face

BY SAM GOLDWYN



SAM GOLDWYN

THE war is over. GI Joe is marching home. The problems of total warfare are giving way to the problems of total peace. Joe is going to need a job. Joe is going to want a place to live. Joe is going to have a lot to say about the way he wants his country run.

Joe needs our understanding and our help and he is going to get it. But let's look for a minute at Joe's kid brother Tommy. Tommy is seventeen. He never got to war. He grew up in a world atmosphere of bloodshed and violence, where death was an everyday occurrence. Now the war is over and we hope he is never going to shoot a Jap or fly a fighter or drive a tank. With millions of veterans facing the task of readjustment, not many people are going to have much opportunity to worry about Tommy.

So Tommy will start looking around for the excitement he has missed, the adventure he has been denied. Where is he going to find it? In the decent amusements of American life? Or in petty, and not so petty, crime.

We all know what happened after the last war and how the Tommys of that generation ended up as the gangsters and jazz-age playboys of the post-war years. Are we going to let this happen again? Already the rate of juvenile delinquency is rising rapidly—the first sign of the approaching storm. FBI records show that during the first six months of 1945 arrests of boys under twenty-one increased almost twenty-four per cent. Seventeen-year-olds are the predominant offenders.

This is principally a problem for our welfare agencies, our government and our legal authorities. But we have a responsibility too—we who make the movies and you who see them. We can help Tommy find his place in the sun, or we can push him a little closer to the borderline of crime.

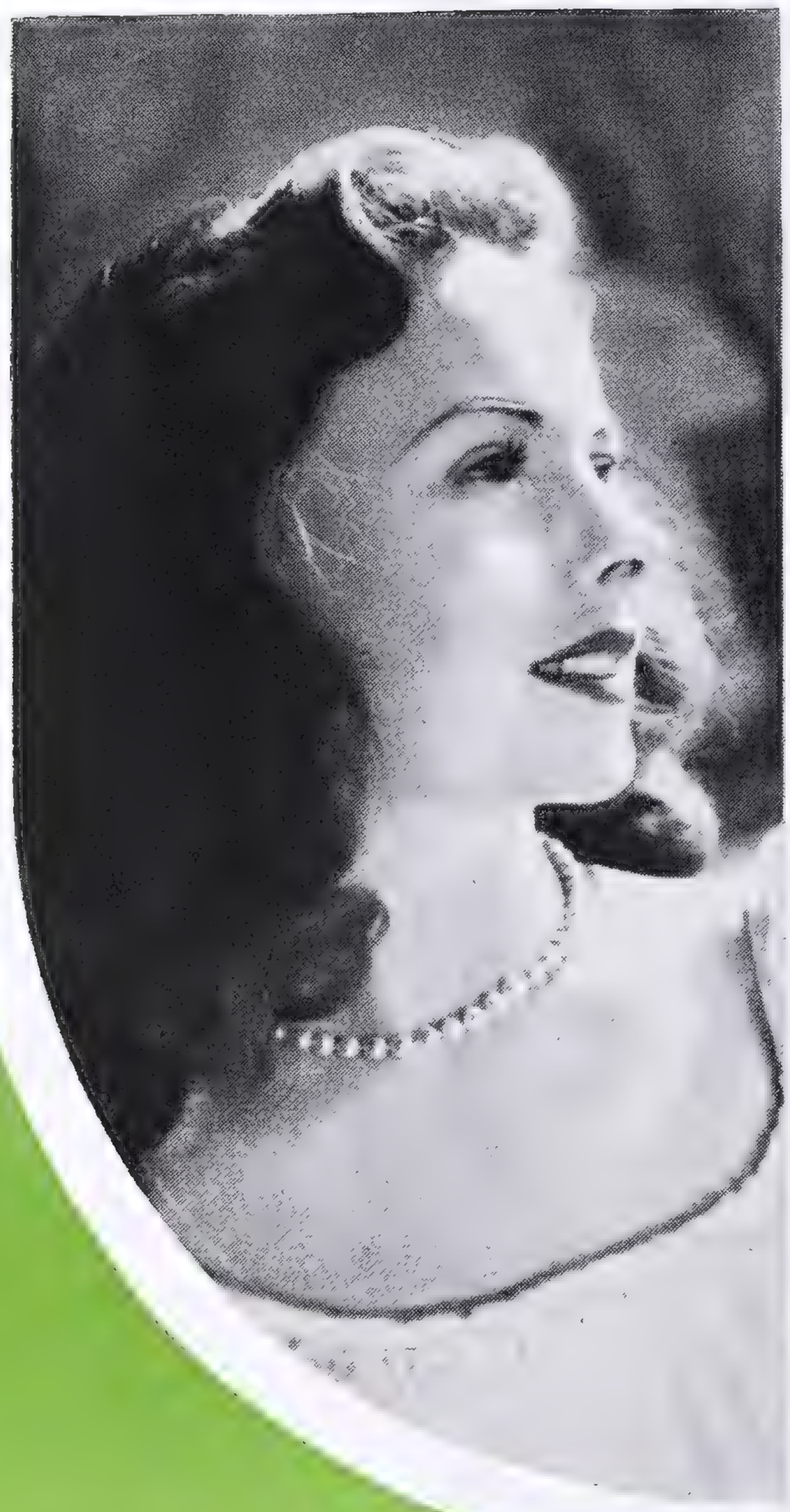
Fifteen or twenty years ago Hollywood faced this same alternative. You know what happened then. The screens of the nation were suddenly flooded with films glamorizing the gangster as an adventurer who operated outside the law. Millions of impressionable young Americans watched these films and left the theaters subconsciously associating themselves with these glorified public enemies. Envying them, they began to emulate them. Sometimes it took the relatively harmless form of imitating the racketeer's slang, his dress, his "toughness." Sometimes it was not so harmless; we read about those times on the front pages of our papers.

While motion-picture companies were busy making sensational capital out of this social cancer they were at the same time neglecting their prime responsibility to the youth of America. Instead of utilizing their tremendous power to lead the Tommys of our nation back to school and to the pursuits of a peaceful life, Hollywood was devoting its time and talents to shoddy melodramas. No one will ever be able to estimate (*Continued on page* 136)

RUNAWAY BRIDE

She, like so many girls today, had to choose between them—her home and her heart. Here is the dramatic story of Jeanne Crain's decision

BY RUTH WATERBURY



IT WAS early morning on the last day of the year 1945.

Inside the Blessed Sacrament Church of Hollywood a nuptial high mass was being held. The Rev. Father Eugene Ivoncovich, S. J., was reading the beautiful, solemn words to the strikingly handsome young pair standing before him. The group of people gathered together to watch the ceremony was very small, only about a half dozen really, and no member of the bride's family was present.

It was, in fact, not the bride's parish in which she was being wed, nor her own priest who was celebrating the mass. Actually, she and her groom were only there by grace of a dispensation from the Bishop of Los Angeles. But that the girl standing there, so slim and graceful in her white gabardine suit, was deeply in love was touchingly visible.

Outside in the street before the church, newsboys were calling out an extra. "Where is Jeanne Crain?" they cried, in imitation of the newspaper headlines, and only a few blocks south from the church, at NBC and CBS, radio commentators were broadcasting appeals to Jeanne Crain to get in touch with her mother, adding that, if she would, all would be forgiven.

Some ten miles west of the church, in a simple little apartment in Westwood Village, Jeanne Crain's mother, Loretta, and Jeanne's two-years-younger sister Rita sat frightened, hoping that the phone would ring, hoping that the doorbell would ring, hoping that they might hear the footsteps of the lovely girl around whom their lives had always revolved.

But they heard nothing at all. It was the first time in the lives of these three that they had ever been (*Continued on page* 93)

Rhapsody for two —Paul Brinkman and his Jeanne Crain, of "Leave Her To Heaven"

"When success comes so suddenly, you wouldn't be human if it didn't catch you a little off-balance," Dane says

It was his Margo who said, "Let's head for Hollywood"

There were those rumors.

You heard them. So did Dane Clark. Here

he speaks forthrightly—for himself

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

DANE CLARK first burst upon my consciousness in two widely divergent concepts.

The first was that the exuberant young Warner Brothers actor had come along faster than any character player since Jimmy Cagney hurled his first grapefruit. With just one or two pictures to his credit, and those not starring parts, his fan mail was astounding.

The second impression wasn't so rosy—not by a long shot. If you could believe what you heard, while Dane was booming to stardom before the cameras, in private he was behaving in the manner of a fourteen-karat, bottled-in-bond, A-1 Heel.

They said that Dane couldn't "take it"—but that he could dish it out by the shovelfuls.

There was a loud whisper that in a temper one day he had struck an extra boy. Then I heard that Dane and his wife were quarreling because she could not stand his arrogance and conceit. So, with the latter reports still ringing in my ears, I held up my hands when Photoplay's editors asked me to find out whether all this was true or false. "I can't do an interview with that 'hoodlum.'" Time has a little way of taking care of these impossible guys, I've found out. Their careers don't last very long. There the matter dropped.

Two weeks later I was attending a very gay cocktail party given at the apartment of Photoplay's Sara Hamilton. Many of Hollywood's younger players were present, including Hurd Hatfield, Cornel Wilde, Craig Stevens, Don De Fore, Helmut Dantine and there, wandering around from room to room, was Dane Clark.

I took a good look at him. He was certainly a personable enough *looking* young man. In fact, there was something very open and likable about his face and expression. He was well groomed but certainly not turned out in a typical Hollywood sartorial fashion. He spoke with interest (*Continued on page* 126)

Dane Clark, of "Her Kind Of Man," is this kind of man—stubborn, a fighter, outspoken

Jennifer Jones

MY PARADOXICAL FRIEND

She's a symphony in contrast—

wide-eyed girl and woman to be reckoned with

BY ELSA MAXWELL

COVER GIRL

MY paradoxical friend, Miss Jennifer Jones, has grown up. And I don't think somehow that she will be called a paradox any more. . . .

I first realized that Jennifer had come into her maturity at the beautiful party David O. Selznick, her producer, gave for her not so very long ago. In manner, conversation and appearance she was different; a poised young woman, not a naive girl. She had knowledge of and interest in many things, and twinkling humor. She was soignee, carefully done, highly finished with her cloudy dark hair smooth and high, with the decolletage of her black lace gown in contrast to its long sleeves, with the absence of jewels dramatizing her eyes which match any jewels she could find.

Jennifer's maturity did not come overnight, of course. It only seemed to, the way springtime does. It has been contributed to, I believe, by her earnest endeavor to understand the varied characters she has played . . . the emotional Bernadette, the brave immature *Jane Hilton* in "Since You Went Away," the innocent *Singleton* in "Love Letters," the sultry passionate halfbreed *Pearl* in "Duel In The Sun." For Jennifer, born of theater people, always, I think, has been an actress above all. Also, within the last two years Jennifer has had the reality of her divorce from Robert Walker to mature her. No one as intelligently aware as she would give up a marriage, especially a marriage which involved two children, until she had done a considerable amount of good hard thinking.

Mr. Selznick gave the party for Jennifer, with his delightful mother acting as hostess, in the house he has rented from Miriam Hopkins, the house which once belonged to the late John Gilbert. It sits high up on one of Beverly's highest hills, this house, with windows opening on patio, gardens and swimming pool and, far, far below obscured here and there by lower hills, a vast view which extends even to the sea.

There were, I should say, about one hundred guests; among them the Henry Fondas and Jimmy Stewart, who was their house guest, Anita Colby, the Reginald Gardners and Sir Charles Mendl with whom I arrived, Ingrid Bergman and her delightful husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, the Keenan Wynns, the Joe Cottens, the Charles Boyers and Jennifer, of course, who came with the Cottens, Jimmy Stewart and Anita Colby.

There were cocktails and canapes in the patio. Then, inside, the buffet supper table held cold turkey and ham, spaghetti with meat balls, chop suey—no California party being complete without at least one Chinese dish—salad, cakes, fruit, champagne and coffee. We all served ourselves with a little of this and a little more of that and, will power and self-discipline vanishing, still more of that—and repaired to the small tables set up in the drawing room.

While we were having coffee Abe Burrows, who sings the funniest songs I have ever heard to old familiar tunes, entertained us. He sang of Hollywood citizens, of the stars and the producers and the roles the stars have played and everyone howled with laughter. One of his songs, about Bernadette, delighted Mr. Selznick, and Jennifer. It was good to see her turn to him, her quick alive expression broadening into a smile, for she smiles more than she laughs, her eyes twinkling.

There's no question Jennifer (*Continued on page* 74)

Now there is a new understanding in Jennifer. She has grown up

As the sultry half-breed in "Duel In The Sun"

Jennifer with her producer, David O. Selznick, whom many insist she will marry if and when he is free

Schafer

Striking fact: Alan Ladd, next to be seen in Paramount's "The Blue Dahlia."

The wacky antics of a delightful pair, fun-loving Alan and Sue, otherwise known as . . .

The MAD Ladds

Barbecue trip with a cowboy—no doubt a sudden "let's go" brainstorm

Alan takes a whack at shrubbery trimming

BY REBECCA CARY

AT THE moment Mrs. Alan Ladd is compiling a book for extremely private circulation only. It is called "Life With Father By Mother" and it really is a volume.

Bound in the choicest hand-tooled leather in Father's favorite shade of spruce green, the larger part of it is pictorial —snaps of Alan and Sue, snaps of Alan, Sue and Alana, snaps of Alan and directors, of Alan and pals, of Alan and members of the supporting casts of assorted productions.

Photographically the shots are merely the kind you have seen a thousand times, but what makes these so good are the comments which Mother—that is Susie—has written beneath them. Sometimes these comments are merely one word, sometimes several paragraphs, but do they tell volumes!

To give you merely one example of the book's pungent contents, there is the shot of Alan plus the cast and the director of a production on which practically no one was speaking to anyone else at any time, except when the film's dialogue demanded. But in the photograph, they are all remembering their duty toward their public and you never saw so many hearty smiles on so many handsome, adoring faces. Under this Mother has slyly written, "When good fellows get together."

That crack is typical of the entire Ladd approach to life. You have to know the Ladds with real intimacy to know what they are actually up to. Know them superficially and they appear like an astonishingly normal young couple, very much in love with one another and their home and their daughter. And they are that, too, all except the "normal" part of it. They are utterly, wildly, crazily mad for one another and their home and Alana, but they are pure fakes when it comes to the usual, rather solemn stories that are done about them. Actually they are nuts of the first order. If they weren't, they couldn't endure one another—Father would, I assure you, drive the average Mother frantic— (*Continued on page* 78)

Spring song: Shirley Temple, young matron with teen-age appeal, pretty wife of Mr. John Agar. You'll see her next in "Suddenly It's Spring"

Fink

Super MATRON

And, golly, what fun for Shirley, who thinks being mistress of the pots and pans is simply super

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

INSIDE their booth in a Beverly Hills restaurant a blondish young man and his pretty little brunette wife were quarreling bitterly, paying no attention to the girl with the reddish-brown fluffy hair who was sitting in the next booth with her back to them. Or to the rigid set of that red-brown head, as its owner became furious overhearing the man's abusive language. The wife began to cry softly.

"Can you hear 'em, Mom?" whispered the girl to her parents across the table. "He's making her cry now." Amber pin points flashed in her brown eyes.

"Yes, Shirl, but you can't interfere in a private argument like that," cautioned her mother.

"Why can't I?" said Shirley. "Just *listen* to him!"

When Mr. and Mrs. George Temple and their young married daughter rose to leave the restaurant, Shirley stopped in front of the couple's booth. She looked daggers at the man, then turning towards the woman said, "Give it to him. *Give* it to him!"

"I w-i-i-ll," said the girl sobbing. Not even noticing who her pretty ally was. The man glared at Shirley, but said nothing.

As they left the restaurant, Shirley told her surprised parents, "I guess I've lost a fan, but I don't want him anyway. The *idea* of his talking to her like that!"

She wasn't Shirley Temple, the star, speaking of her public, but Mrs. John Agar, the sergeant's lady, battling on another wife's side with a new woman-to-woman attitude. In Shirley's life now—all accent is on the Agar.

The Little Princess who has brought so much laughter and happiness through the years into the lives of millions is definitely a young matron now. Time, tide and Temples roll along. This was brought home to the 12,000 loyal subjects who jammed Wilshire Boulevard several months ago watching her come out of the church on the arm of the tall young man with the steady eyes and the firm jaw. And to the hairdressers, cameramen, press and old friends who formed the line waiting in the midst of strolling musicians, trays of bubbling champagne, canopied tables, rose arbors, (*Continued on page* 70)

"Jack has a lot of fans," says Shirl, proud of his looks

A bride's scramble—cakes, salads, carpenters and chintz

V is for versatility: Dana Andrews, starred in "A Walk In The Sun" and "Fallen Angel"

C is for contentment: At home with Mary and little Kathy

A is for Andrews, parson's son, who left the fold to be a tough guy

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

D is for Dana

D is for Dana. He comes from Texas, he's one of nine children, his father was a Baptist minister. . . He loves to eat such a confusion of foods as caviar, hamburger with onions, abalone, rare roast beef, raw milk (three quarts a day). . . He is six feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, has brown eyes and brown hair and is thirty-four years young. . . He has been a plumber's assistant, a graduate of a teacher's college, an accountant, a gas-station attendant, a would-be opera singer, a would-be writer. . . He has been married twice, first to a woman journalist who died, leaving him a son David. . . Now to Mary Todd of Santa Monica, California, who is the mother of small K (for Kathryn) and S (for Steven). . . He chops all the wood for the two fireplaces in their house—and then is afraid to light the gas jet to make them burn. . . He likes to listen to the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto Number Two in C Minor—and Frank Sinatra! . . . He spends thirty minutes in the shower every morn singing and shouting under hot and cold water. . . He intensely dislikes hats, night clubs, ale, cats, crowds, short socks and California sodas—only Texas sodas will do him! . . . He spends his spare moments taking photographs of still life and still friends; or working in his workshop to repair the toys of the neighborhood kids; or going to movies with his wife. . . But the best roof he can find is the sky, under which he plays tennis, rides horseback and goes to picnics with the rest of the Andrews family. . . He reads a book a month, always with a glass of beer. . . He makes a huge income but his Baptist upbringing with too many children and too little money makes him only permit himself ten dollars a week for toss-around money. . . He waxes poetic about his Dana-designed home, the comic strips "Red Ryder" and "L'il Abner," his family—and his acting career. . . His biggest use of the United States mail is his endless chess game (by mail) with actor James Gleason. . . If he had his way, he'd buy all the men's clothes in Hollywood—and wear 'em all himself! . . . But he thinks his wife looks her best in blue jeans and a plaid shirt, so that's what she wears like a uniform around the house. . . He can cook a complete roast-lamb-salad-vegetable-and-dessert-dinner on request and often does to give wife Mary a breathing spell. . . He spends hours training his beloved cocker spaniel Michael—who, as a result, can almost talk! . . . For an evening's gaiety he takes Mary to only one spot, the Bar of Music on Beverly Boulevard, where they courted while single and still court while married. . . His best friend is Director Lewis Milestone and his favorite topic of conversation is politics which he talks for hours and hours. . . His best loves: His wife, daughter Kathy, sons David and Steven.

M is for Mary: She loves him to do her blonde hair

W is for woodsman: Dana keeps their fireplaces going

Heart of a Yankee

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Fink

Fancy-free bachelor, Van has no special girl, but longs for his own home. His next, "Easy To Wed"

Carpenter

Ten years hence, Van feels, will be time to do his real biography if he has proved his self-promises

IN THE annals of Hollywood there is no record of a conquest as swift and complete as that achieved by Van Johnson.

It is no secret that there are, now and again, machine-made stars. The need for a certain type of star to play certain types of stories arises, some competent actor or actress who fits that bracket is chosen, groomed, cleverly publicized and sold. Such stars, as a rule, occupy a relatively solid position so long as the brilliant machinery of a major studio operates behind them.

Then there are those who grow steadily, surely and magnificently in public favor, by increasing richness, lovable personality and artistry, such as Bing Crosby, Judy Garland and Spencer Tracy.

None of these things happened in the case of Van Johnson. Nobody was more amazed than his own studio when the box office, that final arbiter, swept the boy from New England into the top brackets.

Nobody unless it was Van Johnson himself.

His decision to go back to New York and the stage, his conviction of failure in Hollywood, had been so complete. His youth was impatient of course, as all youth must be, and the first six months in Hollywood,

Carpenter

Van, proof of adage—you can take a boy out of New England, but you can't take New England out of the boy

He might have been—Van Johnson, bookkeeper.

He is—Van Johnson, idol of millions—the reasons why set forth in this memorable biography

Carpenter

An avid sportsman, regrets that his accident kept him out of war, but is humble and wondering over his luck

while he cooled his heels at the Warner Brothers Studios out in Burbank, had seemed endless. One picture he had made, opposite a not-very-well-known actress named Faye Emerson and—believe it or not—with his sandy blond hair dyed black. A gloom-enshrouded murder yarn.

The night he went into Dave Chasen's with his tickets back to New York tucked away in his inside pocket, he conceived himself to be through with pictures. It wasn't a gesture, there was nobody to make a gesture to or for. With his lower lip thrust out and his blue eyes narrowed, he was trying very hard to be philosophical about it. A sturdy New England realism came to his rescue. If you were a flop, you were a flop and you went on from there, facing the issue squarely.

Sitting alone, in the merry cheer of Chasen's, waiting for the famous short ribs of which he had heard so much, he tried to work it out. Maybe he needed more stage experience. Sure, that would help.

But all the time his heart was broken and he wanted to put back his head and howl. There were fine actors and actresses on the stage and it was a great thing to be a star on (*Continued on page* 111)

She's like this

Joan Leslie, who hates to be late—and is, hates to take advice—and does

BY WYNN ROBERTS

A word from the wise: Joan Crawford talks over Joan L.'s apparel problems at Adrian's

PERSONAL HISTORY: She was born in Detroit exactly twenty-one years ago. Stopped loafing at the age of two and went on the stage with her two older sisters with pauses at Toronto and Montreal for education out of mere books. These were convent schools, Our Lady Of Lourdes in Toronto and St. Mary's in Montreal and she has remained the most devout Catholic ever since. Before she was twelve she had covered most of the United States, Canada and Mexico. She still has itchy feet.

Her favorite tune: Right now it's "It Might As Well Be Spring" although she prefers the way it sounded in the movie to any popular recording on same. Before "Spring" it was "If I Loved You." Her all-time favorite is "Mary Is A Grand Old Name" from "Yankee Doodle Dandy." She admits that's probably because it was sung to her throughout the film.

She lives with: Her mother, father and unmarried sister. Mrs. Dick Russom, her married sister, lives in Washington where her soldier-husband is stationed, and the Brodels, which is the family name, spend young fortunes talking long distance. They even go so wacky they call up over all those miles to listen to Dick, the husband, play the piano, which he does in a manner which charms this music-wise bunch.

Her favorite foods: Anything in the dessert line and the gooier the more adored. Because of this sweet tooth, tea is her favorite meal, not so much because she likes tea, which she does, but because of the cakes and such that go with it. In the solid foods department, she goes for roast beef way past medium; jellied consomme any flavor; chef's salad; chow mein as her mother fixes it; all vegetables. Actually she enjoys all foods, including spinach and (*Continued on page* 102)

Pet extravagance: Joan, her mom and sister call other sister in Washington

Fink

She loves to play around with recipes which are printed on the sides of boxes

Joan's theory: Practice makes perfect

Fink

Powolny

She's twenty-one, loves to "act" her age and does in "Janie Gets Married"

She was a Samba siren when they met. Now she's Mrs. Haymes

Vagabond

El Senor Richard Haymes, cosmopolite, born on the thirteenth and kissed by fate and Betty Grable

BY HERB HOWE

Skipper, the little Haymes edition, is in his glory when his Dad is tossing him around—has fun mimicking Dick

COCKTAILS and glamour stars were promoting good feeling among United Nations diplomats at the studio party but there was language trouble.

"All they can say in French is *oui*," moaned a frustrated diplomat.

"That's all that's required in Hollywood in any language," said a rangy youth in pure Parisian.

Startled by this burst of elegance from a character attired like a cowboy, the diplomat peered sharply for wiring. He knew there was some trick for doubling foreign tongues into actors' faces. When fountains of Spanish and Portuguese began playing from the same source, all the delegates swarmed, eager to have their sentiments translated to the glamour babes who were saying *oui* and *si* to everything.

Mr. Richard Haymes was revealed that day a cosmopolite and bounced to the pinnacle of international society, landing practically in the lap of Miss Elsa Maxwell, enthroned thereon as arbiter.

Mr. Haymes has a record for landing nice, like a cat.

Born on the unlucky thirteenth, he has been kissed by Luck and Betty Grable.

Seeing him, long limbed and easy jointed, with twig nose and tawny hide, casual yet earnest of manner like Jimmy Stewart, you pick him as the typical American boy—old *Huck Finn* from Twain and Truman country.

It's jolting to learn he was originally El Senor Haymes, an Argentinian, sprouting up from the pampas amid gauchos and llamas. However, his father was English and his mother Irish and he did not hang around the Argentine long. At the age of two he hit the road. With precocity he seemed to feel, well in advance of Wendell Willkie, that it was One World and his oyster.

Landing in New York with his mother and brother Bob, he saw his mother resume her stage career. She was a woman of gifts and gallant enterprise. Using her maiden name, Marguerite Wilson, she sang in many musical shows, among them "Blossom Time" in New York and "The Merry Widow" in London. Whether or not she descends from Irish gypsies, as her son suspects, she has wanderlust and the courage for (*Continued on page* 75)

on a Gold Stallion

Fink

Fortune's pet and paradox—Dick Haymes, next to be seen in "Do You Love Me?"

LIZABETH SCOTT is not one to go rushing pell mell along the road of life. Her next steps are carefully pointed toward a mink coat, a house of her own and a husband—in the order named. She wants the coat to be dark and very becoming, the house to be charming yet practical, and the husband to be some of each.

The coat and the home are the natural result of being a movie star and feeling that she can now afford to act like one. Mink is a gal's badge of success, and an investment besides. She'll need the home any day now for her growing glass menagerie and Mexican masks, which she started collecting because columnists and biographers seemed to think it strange that she didn't have a hobby. The husband-hunt, well, that's the natural result of being Lizabeth—intense and questing.

"I want him to be the very essence of what every girl dreams of," she says in her eager, deep-throated way. "Intelligent, keen, observant—with a vast amount of enthusiasm for everything, especially me. It's a large order, but what's the use of wishing if you don't make it a big one? I want him to love me with a great fury because that's the way I'll fall in love."

And that's the way it's apt to be. Three years ago Liz decided she was going to be an actress and today there's practically no one can dispute it. She has a joyous hunger for experience and she wants it rich and full. The kind of girl who throws back her lovely head, quenches her thirst and orders up a career, a symphony or an omelette. "Maybe it's the Russian in me. I take everything seriously."

It is now a half year since the Scott became an overnight screen success in "You Came Along." Before that there were detours by way of fashion modeling, understudying Tallulah Bankhead and screen testing for roles that didn't materialize. Apparently she is a person who has been climbing a long hill and has reached the spot where she can sit down for a minute and enjoy the view.

Being Lizabeth, who will never quit straining onward and upward, she enjoys the view backwards as well (*Continued on page* 128)

Miss Collector: Lizabeth Scott wants a mink coat, a home (which she needs for her collection of Mexican masks) and a husband

Saga of Liz

The girl who throws back her golden head and orders up a career, a symphony or an omelette

BY DOROTHY DEERE

Sonnet to a sweater: Lizabeth Scott, starred in Paramount's "The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers"

When the man

. . . look for a personality puzzle, for this stormy Welshman of

BY CAMERON

is Milland

"The Lost Weekend" is a man of many moods

SHIPP

A CERTAIN retired Welsh steel mill superintendent, aged seventy, and Paramount Pictures of Hollywood have a problem in common.

"I go into my club," says this gentleman, "or maybe into a small bar and head for the back room to lift a small one with the lads and I have to interrupt this important and life-sustaining enterprise to listen to guff and gabble and goggle-eyed talk about that son of mine. This is merely because he is a Hollywood cinema star.

"I am very tired of it. My son is a nuisance."

Paramount is delighted that the nuisance son is a motion-picture (or cinema) star. They call him Ray Milland and dote on his celebrity. They agree with an enormous segment of the population that he is not only a star, but an artist.

The trouble is—they can't get this through Ray Milland's head. He does not behave like a star. He certainly does not behave like an artist. He wants to be bothered as little as possible, preferably not at all, by trappings, publicity and plush gestures. He wants to talk about gasoline motors. He talks about gasoline motors.

The fellow should be riding the top of the world and digging his spurs in, what with all the acclaim that has come his way because of that picture, "The Lost Weekend," but he brushes away the crescendo critiques as if they were flies with designs on his ointment.

He too has a problem. This is akin to his father's woes in the Welsh bistros. Liquor is Milland's problem—but don't bug your eyes out, Bertha. Liquor is Milland's problem in a unique way.

In "The Lost Weekend," as probably everybody from the W.C.T.U. to the Bartenders' Association knows by now, Ray plays the part of a drunk. Not an ordinary, run-of-the-screen comic drunk, but a victim of alcoholism to whom whisky is as vital as oxygen to a deep-sea diver. He turned in an astonishing piece of acting, was so convincing, in fact, that rumors were immediately launched that Milland had played through the entire picture as boiled as a hootey-owl in a distillery. Nonsense, of course, Milland is an industrious workman who would no more think of tippling on the job than a deacon would dream of getting swacked at a Sunday school convention.

But let's be reasonable. More or less everybody takes a cocktail at parties. There are respectable businessmen who have a snifter on the way home after work without getting accused of acute elbowbenditis. With Milland, it's different. He's an actor.

"I get looked askance at," he reports. "I know a nice quiet little place I used to go to (*Continued on page* 108)

The well-groomed husband, Ray, of "The Well-groomed Bride," with wife Mal and son Danny

He'd rather play tennis any day than win an award

Should A Woman

It's that age-old battle again—with some fresh fuel thrown

"Very definitely," says Anne Baxter

Anne Baxter, starred in "Smoky"

I think a woman should tell her age—very definitely—and for one good reason. If she doesn't look her age, she should have credit for keeping herself in shape so well. Most women spend hours getting facial massages, using all kinds of creams, going to body reconditioners. They're always striving to look young. But when they refuse to tell their age, they get no credit for their efforts. And what woman doesn't want compliments? Besides, if she doesn't look as old as she really is and still won't tell the true number of years on her little brow, people are bound to put it ahead anyway. They won't give a woman the benefit of the doubt at all in this profound matter of, "And how old are you, my dear?"

'It's immaterial," says Dorothy Lamour

I think it's immaterial whether one tells one's age or not, but I'm sure people who simply forget their age are happier and more interesting. Whenever I've been asked my age, I've told it, but I don't recommend the practice. One of the most charming couples I've known once said that although they had been married thirty-five years, they had no idea how old each other was. As they said to me, "If you think about your age, you limit yourself. What you are, what you wear, what you do should be directed by how you think and feel—not by your years." I know another couple in their seventies who received an unexpected $5000 and paid off a piece of income property. Their children protested that they should use the money for a trip. "Heavens, no," said the mother, "we want that property paid off so it will provide an income for our old age." They weren't old because they never thought so.

Dorothy Lamour, of "Road to Utopia"

Cornel Wilde, of "Centennial Summer"

"Stop worrying about it," says Cornel Wilde

Of course, in Hollywood or in the theater, a girl can take two or three years off her age and you can forgive her. But when she takes off too many, she becomes stupid.

The main fault of women in the profession, it seems to me, is that they start taking off two or three years. Then, as they grow older, they increase the deduction to four or five years. By the time they have attained the age where wrinkle removers are the thing, they coyly admit they're thirty-nine. I remember such a case. A famous theatrical personality recently was married for the umpteenth time. She announced her age as thirty-nine. Yet, in the text of the story about her marriage, it was stated that she marched to the altar first in 1910—which would make her about four years old when she first became a bride.

Women, in my mind, should stop worrying about their age—and just *live* so fully that every minute is something to treasure—and remember.

Tell Her Age?

on the fire by six modern bright lights

"Nobody's business," says Maria Montez

No one could get me to tell my age! Frankly, it's nobody's business but mine. Half of the fun in a woman's life is listening to people guess her age. If she showed them her birth certificate records, proving she wasn't wobbling about on a cane, they'd not believe her. They'd insist the whole thing was a fake. So why fuss about it? Besides, a woman's life is centered around a man in most cases. She builds her appeal on a certain mystery which is supposed to surround her. And what is a better way to keep that appeal than by being mysterious about age. Every man wants to think the light of his life is young. I think it's silly to do anything that would take away any part of that mystery.

Maria Montez, next in "Tangier"

"Certainly," says Joan Fontaine

Joan Fontaine of "From This Day Forward"

Certainly a woman should tell her age! At least, I'm not afraid to admit I'm twenty-seven. Even though I suppose some people will raise their eyebrows and say, "Humph! I saw her in pictures when I was just a child."

If a woman doesn't tell her age, people invariably fake it and add about ten years to it. An actress, of course, has a tougher time in this age business. A non-career woman can be forty-two and people will say, "She's remarkably young for her age." But when an actress is forty-two, these same people remark, "Well, of course, you know she's just strung together with piano wire." But, really, why worry about it? There'll come a time in every woman's life, anyway, when she'll do a reverse act. People will claim she's younger than she is. To which she'll proudly say, "Oh, no, I'm a good five years older than that, my dear."

"Why hide it?" says Clifton Webb

Seriously, age doesn't make much difference to me. I've known young women who were old because their outlook on life lacked enthusiasm and spirit. And I've known older women who kept their minds young and were, therefore, far from being ancients. But, frankly, I must admire any woman who says to me, "Well, Clifton, I'm forty-five, but I still have a lot of fun out of life." What's the point of hiding your age, ladies? Most people know it anyway or can guess it pretty darned close. I remember talking to a woman who was fifty-five—and I knew it—about a show I'd seen over twenty years ago. With a too, too preciously coy smile, she said, almost with a curtsey, "Oh, yes, my Nanny took me to see it." That, to me, is really on the corny side. Old things are something to be proud of. It's wonderful to have heard the music of by-gone days and to have seen the shows that were so great. Why deny yourself glorious memories that are so much a part of life, simply because you don't want to date yourself?

Clifton Webb in "The Dark Corner"

YOU NEVER COME BACK

Here a lad, back from war to a world he did not leave behind, sits down at his typewriter and with forceful honesty speaks of his "regained generation"

BY LON McCALLISTER

I am returning to college on the GI Bill of Rights. In between I'll be in pictures. "The Red House" comes first

I've always lived with my mother and grandparents whom I love. But the Army's lack of privacy makes me long to live alone

Ray Sperry, who is my best friend, and I have some embarrassingly inspired names for each other, most of which we learned while in the Army

SITTING here by the same old brick fireplace—Mac at my side, albums on the rug, the machine playing Brahms—is wonderful. Yet I can't help knowing something is wrong. And though the moment is what I dreamed of, the house the place I planned to return to and the setting and the atmosphere almost perfect, still something is wrong. And it's always difficult to admit *you* are the "something" that is wrong!

Away from the things remembered it is hard to realize—and impossible to recognize—that you change; that you will return—if you are fortunate enough—a very different person. Whatever happens to you never, at least during the first weeks, actually happens to *you* but rather to the person you invented while you were away—the soldier you pretended to be. But suddenly you realize objectivity does not work. You have returned, but that fictional character, *The Soldier,* is with you. It is at that moment, I think, everything collapses for a brief though endless moment. At this writing, unfortunately, I am at that moment. . . .

And these are my strange thoughts, which I present to you as clearly as I can. . . .

SCRATCHING the new surface: The Army has given me truth. And an ability to speak and write the truth as I know it. For that I am thankful. Like every man displaced for many months the Army has made me the confused cynic, the sometimes too idealistic idealist, the practical realist, and a much more intelligent twenty-two than I might have been without the experience. I cannot say how maturity might have come about in a peaceful world, for now—like it or not—I am a member of a generation which came of age during great physical and moral conflict.

What I am about to say may cause resentment or repulsion, interest or misunderstanding, or possibly a visit from a psychoanalyst. In any event, it is as I see things and as I want people to know I see things.

First—and this is quite normal among the returning men—I have changed greatly. I am not the very young, the very naive, the very uncertain juvenile who gave up a way of life and now returns not wanting that way of life again. Two years ago in Photoplay Thornton Delehanty, an intelligent writer, said of me: (*Continued on page* 133)

Mac, the wonderful Dane, is truthfully represented here. He's kind, gentle, rough, loyal, spoiled

English With

SHE has come—has been seen—has conquered. That is sufficient to sum up twenty-year-old Angela Lansbury. But maybe you would like to hear more about this British refugee child, who probably never would have landed on our shores if Germany hadn't marched into Poland, if children were not evacuated from London and if—this is the big if—Angela Lansbury hadn't had all the confidence in the world in Angela Lansbury.

Thus far, you have seen her as the Cockney maid in "Gaslight," as the love of *Dorian Gray*, as the sister of Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet," and now as the tough but good-hearted entertainer in "The Harvey Girls." In each she has been totally different.

It is fascinating to watch her reaction to direction which she absorbs as a sponge does water. Her eye for detail is uncanny, her technique is probably unsurpassed by anyone in her age category. But don't make a mistake. This girl is no bag of tricks. She's a born actress.

Two-and-a-half years ago, she arrived in Hollywood. She arrived, to be quite precise, on the "Challenger" after sitting up all the way from New York. It was on October 16, 1942. There was nobody at the station to receive little Miss Lansbury, nobody to wish her happy birthday, which, strangely enough, it was, and there were not many dollars in the shabby handbag which she clutched under her arm. But she had a stout heart and gumption. She wanted to get into the movies. Why wouldn't she? She had been brought up in the theater world. Had gone to dramatic schools in London and New York and both on scholarships which she had won by playing the balcony scene from "Romeo And Juliet." But there she stood on the cold, smoky, unfriendly station of downtown Los Angeles. True, her mother was out here, but there was no bank account. All the money the two had went to support her twin brothers who were back East at school.

This meant Angela had to get busy. Promptly she landed herself a job at Bullocks-Wilshire in the cosmetic department. And though it constantly was in her mind, this urge to (*Continued on page* 104)

With accent on appeal—Angela Lansbury, next in "The Hoodlum Saint"

Blonde Accent

Or Angela Lansbury, British spunk

girl whose steppingstone to Hollywood

was a cosmetic counter

In a sketching mood with her dog the faithful watcher

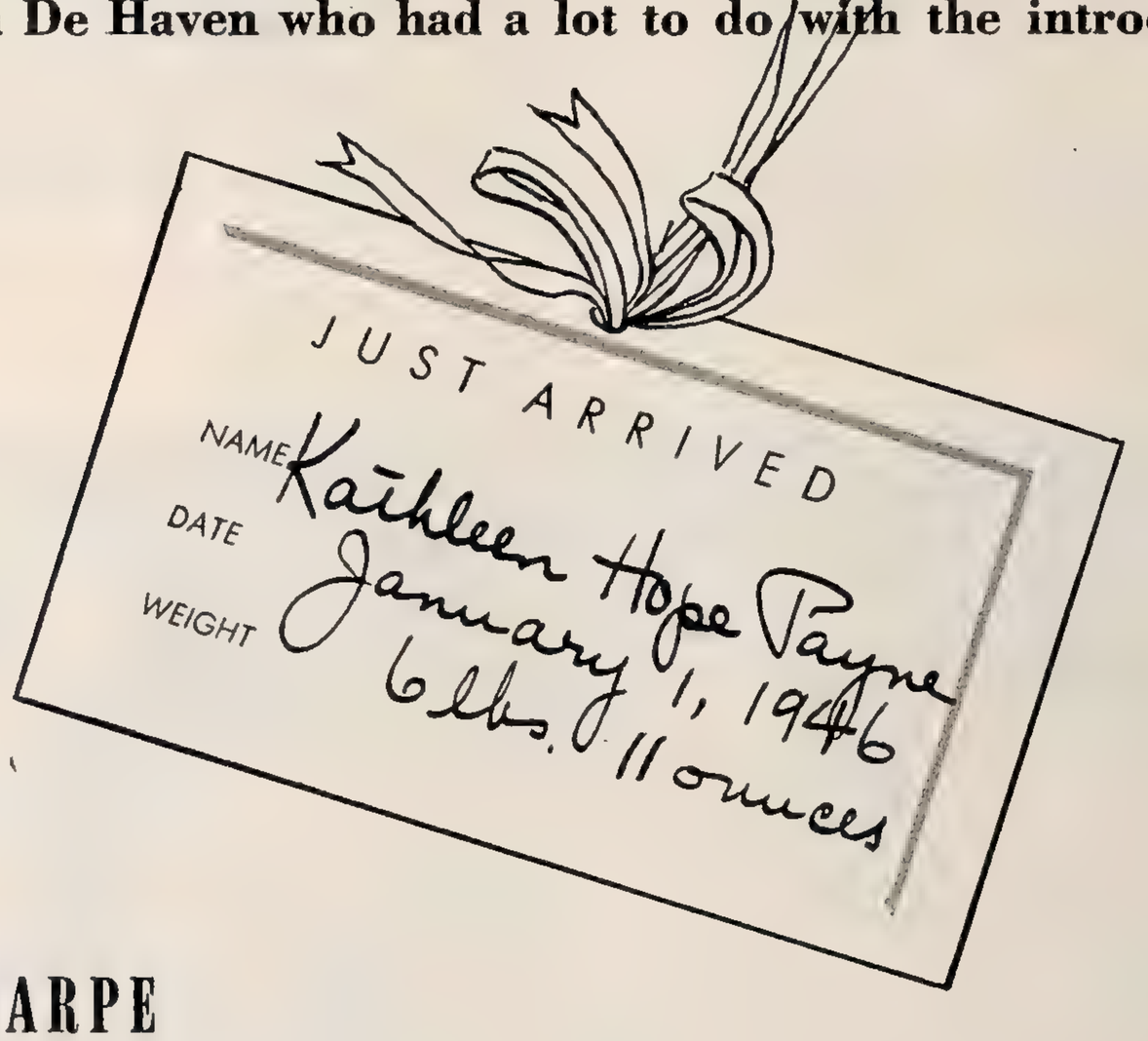
Her marriage to Richard Cromwell was a hectic affair—performed at night in a jail

Seeing double? They're Angela's twin brothers enjoying with her a look at family snapshot book

BY INGA ARVAD

TRIANGLE

There's a new girl in John Payne's life and he loves her, which is all right with Gloria De Haven who had a lot to do with the introduction



BY HOWARD SHARPE

ON THE first day of this extraordinarily significant year, Kathleen Hope Payne was born to John Payne and Gloria De Haven. A fetching six-pound-eleven-ounce bundle with dark, downy hair, blue eyes and rosy skin, whereby John became the father of a girl for the second time.

This matter of gender had caused the Paynes some concern.

"Button," he says, referring to the lovely twenty-year-old Gloria De Haven whom he married in the last month of 1944, "thought I wanted a boy. I'd told her month after month that it didn't matter, girl or boy, whatever happened was swell—but anyway Button, when she came out of it, kept repeating, 'It's all right? A boy? Or— It's all right?'

"It took a while before I could get it into her head that she'd had a girl and then she began to wail. When we got that stopped, she looked up and asked, very solemnly, 'Can I keep her?'"

As you may have surmised, Kathleen was "kept." Thus she issued into this era of peace with a father who undoubtedly will give her every material thing she can ever want. He had knocked out his career in order to keep his appointment with the Army but he had used what money he had to buy investment property along the coast above Malibu, against the day when those properties would make up to him the income lost while he was in the service. He is a shrewd man. The land has already tripled in value.

Also, in the short time since his return, he has set three excellent pictures circulating, starring John Payne. "The Dolly Sisters," "Wake Up And Dream" and "Sentimental Journey." Another, "City Of Flowers," is on its way. He is only thirty-three and his potentiality is one of the strongest in Hollywood.

But Kathy will have more to admire in her dad than his ability to make money. When she is older she will discover him to be a sensitive, thinking man. If you wanted to pull one word from your vocabulary and make it apply more than any other word to John, you would have to say "sincerity." Sincerity is almost a disease with him. He loses, sometimes, his sense of humor in it; and at least once, when he and Anne both knew that it was no use—that nothing on earth could turn their marriage into the vital, developing, exciting thing it should be—he allowed the word to cost him a year of misery and further years of indecision and doubt.

That was not only because of their daughter Julie. John had made certain promises on the day he had taken Anne Shirley as his wife and he was, and remained, in love with her long after it was obvious that they should never have made their vows together.

Because John has always wanted, and needed, a great deal from a marriage. He believes that the response he demands in the girl he loves can be made only to the stimuli he himself offers—that she is more or less perfectly desirable to him as she mirrors his own desire, his own need. So he blamed himself.

"A man," he says, "needs only two things in life, but he's got to have those. A job (*Continued on page* 131)

Baby's in the nursery so this is a two-alone moment for John Payne of "Sentimental Journey" and his "Button"

Introducing

COJO

Imagine a guy who'd kiss and tell a gal she got lipstick on him—that's just what Jerome Courtland told Irene Dunne

THE scene in "Together Again" called for a very young fellow to back Irene Dunne against a wall and kiss her authoritatively.

In the script, that was as far as it went. But on the set at Columbia the day they took it, it went on a lot farther—and funnier. Actually, the camera recorded the most typical young male reaction it has caught in many a day. That was because the lanky, black-haired, seventeen-year-old playing that impetuous character, while trying hard not to look his six-feet-three, thought the camera had stopped.

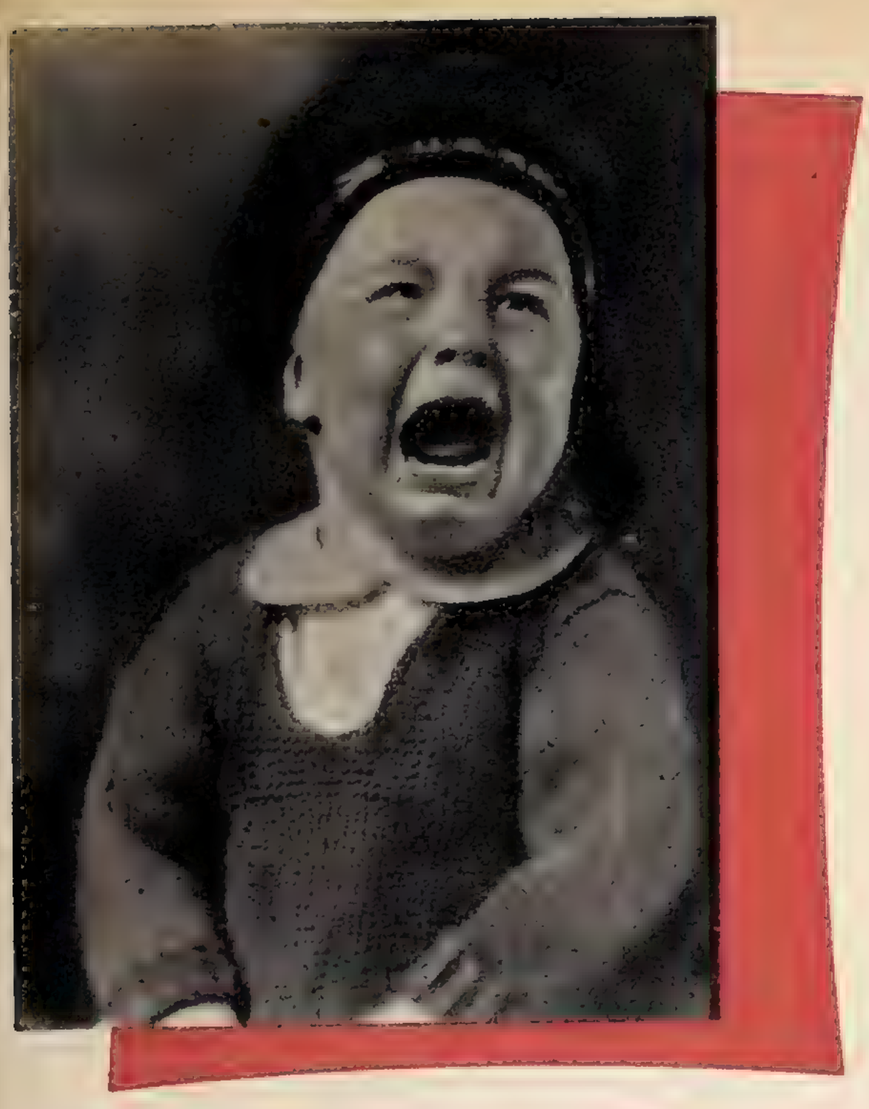
He reacted spontaneously. Irene Dunne is a very beautiful woman, utterly charming and feminine and a great celebrity. It was the first time the kid had ever been before a camera (even though only his back showed) and the first time he had ever bussed a pair of lovely and famous lips. So what he did as he came out of that big moment was to hike up his pants, cut out with a dance step and yip like a wolf.

"Keep it in," shouted Director Charles Vidor. "Keep in the reaction but cut out what Cojo said."

The young actor whirled about in consternation, but it was too late. The shot was in, the line was out, though what he had said certainly wasn't torrid. Instead it was disapproving. He'd demanded of the stellar Miss Dunne, "Say, did you get any lipstick on me?" (She had, plenty.)

Cojo, be it known, says that to all the girls, including his mother, whenever he smacks them. He is not averse to kissing—no, indeed—but he loathes lipstick mixed into it.

In case you don't know who Cojo is, let us explain that is the family nickname, and what all his friends call Courtland Jourolmon (Co for Courtland, Jo for Jourolmon), now of the 873rd Ordnance Co., somewhere in Yokohama. And Courtland Jourolmon, dear readers, is none other than Jerome Courtland, who stood out so forcefully in "Together Again" and then practically



Cojo at age three, stages a rebellion

Here's your "Holy cow," bewildered hero of "Kiss And Tell" who takes success with a shrug and won't stop growing

BY MILDRED AMES

He and Shirley formed a quick, firm friendship, but he stood for no nonsense from her

stole "Kiss And Tell" from Shirley Temple as its "Holy Cow" bewildered hero.

"Together Again" happened in the fall of 1944. On December 27, Cojo was eighteen. In January of 1945, he got his draft notice, and in March, 1945, he was in boot camp. But a lot of things had happened to him before the autumn of 1944, and a lot between then and that induction—love came to him, for instance. Right now, with him it is dull, dull, dull, as it is with all the GIs in the armies of occupation, but he's trying to take that with intelligence and patience.

Cojo wasn't born in any theatrical trunk, but he was practically destined for fame right from his aristocratic cradle, which rocked back and forth in the fine old Southern ancestral mansion of the Jourolmons in Knoxville, Tennessee.

There's a story about that name business, too. The Jourolmons, like most deep Southerners, are practically incapable of saying a three (*Continued on page* 99)

Cojo's now in the Army, a yank in Yokohama

that's hollywood for you—

It's chuckle time on the Skolsky calendar—with intimate star facts your April special

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Skolsky says Larry Parks is great as Jolson

I RESENT the way many people who had nothing but praise for Lauren Bacall have turned against her and are now saying, "She's just a flash. What has she got?" Bacall has what she always had—That Look—and as for me, I'm still interested . . . I'm also against those people—I believe they're the same group—who protest that June Allyson doesn't dress fancy enough for them when she goes shopping in Beverly Hills. They insist that June should wear make-up and that she should be garbed in a dress instead of slacks. They want her to come on as if she were making an entrance in a picture, and maybe in Technicolor yet . . . The thing that I like most about Lana Turner—you guessed wrong—is the fact that when Lana phones a boy friend and asks him to dinner, she'll take the check. I know this, for I have seen her do it at the Beverly Tropics.

* * *

I am surprised by the way Yvonne De Carlo registers on the screen, so sexy I mean. For when you meet her off the screen, well, it isn't that apparent . . . Practically the same is true of Bob Mitchum, for I have sat around Victor's with him and the boys and didn't believe he would be much on the screen. But he is plenty much on the screen, and Bob Mitchum is going to be one of the biggest actors in the business . . . I am

What would people say if June Allyson shopped in this fashion?

If Skolsky were there, he'd miss the point with Gregory Peck and Dottie Lamour

continually fascinated by Joan Crawford, who is an amazing and perservering woman. Joan shouldn't have to look hard for film stories, for her own career would make an interesting motion picture . . . It was my favorite character, Mike Curtiz, who was peeved with a certain interviewer and said to his secretary, "Write that guy an anonymous note and I'll sign it." . . . I would like to see a picture in which Errol

It's a date trick of Lana Turner's and the waiter knows all about it

Flynn wasn't so darn brave . . . I'm a fellow who likes a blonde as well as the next guy, but I must admit that Virginia Mayo doesn't send me. As a matter of fact, I get her confused with any number of the Hollywood blondes. I don't have this trouble with Carole Landis, for there is something about her that stands out . . . I occasionally go to the Westwood Village Theater on a Friday night, regardless of the movie playing there, for I want to see Van Johnson. Van goes there because he knows that the college kids will mob him after the performance. And I enjoy watching Van Johnson enjoy being pushed, shoved and shrieked at by his admirers . . . It doesn't matter what role John Wayne plays, whether he is a cowboy or in uniform or in civvies, he always looks and sounds the same to me. And what's more, he always gives the same performance . . . The best definition of a movie star, I believe, is Ed Gardner's which is: "A movie star is just a plain girl who's beautiful."

* * *

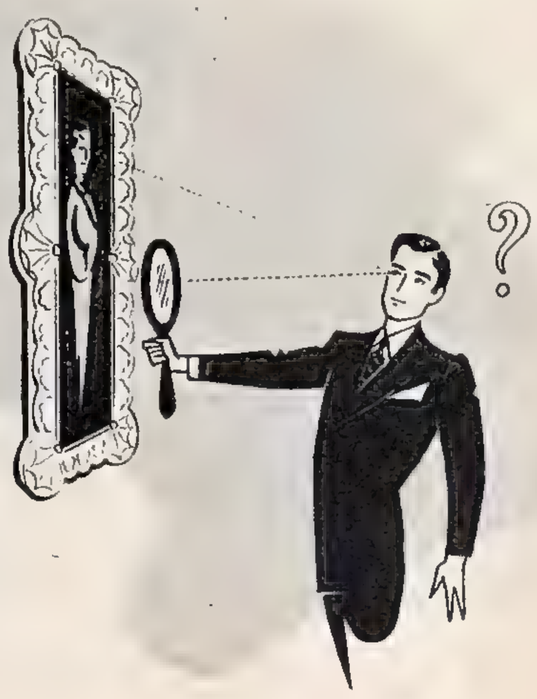
I am not a fellow who can look at an actor or actress and truthfully say, "That person is going to be a big star." I must admit that I could have seen Dorothy Lamour running that elevator in the department store or Gregory Peck guiding tourists through Radio City and I never would have hurriedly signed them for pictures. I can't spot a talent or a personality in that fashion. However, I do want to give you a tip about an actor who is going to be a star, a big name in this business. He is Larry Parks. You may ask, and justly so, why, after stating that I can't pick talent, that I then proceed to prophesy that Larry Parks is going to be a something. I do this because I have special information. I am a dual personality. I am part columnist—part producer. The part-producer part of me has been busy making a movie titled "The Jolson Story," and in it this Larry Parks is playing the role of Al Jolson. I have been on the set continually and I have watched Parks. He is sensational in the role of Al Jolson. In fact, Parks is so good that Al Jolson, who has been around watching his career being filmed, believes that Parks is wonderful, also. The part of me that is part-columnist had to scoop the part of me that is part-producer and tell you this.

* * *

I know that Peter Lawford and Robert Walker are the best of friends, and they must be, for practically the only time you see Lawford without a girl is when he's keeping Walker company . . . I sometimes wonder if Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester, when they are at home alone, play roles from their favorite pictures . . . A good parlor entertainer is Harry Ruby, the songwriter, who will tell a group of movie celebrities that his next song is, "When I Grow Too Old to Make Love, Who Are You to Remind Me?" . . . I never see Hurd Hatfield shopping at Schwabs but that I wonder if he is on his way home to take a sly glance at his portrait to see if he has changed. Movies do that to me, and not only is Hatfield still *Dorian Gray,* but I have a slight suspicion that Mickey Rooney actually believes that he is *Andy Hardy,* and that sometimes Spencer Tracy wonders if he did invent the electric light . . . The physical size and power of Victor Mature is evident, yet he insists, for he has told me, that he never exercises, except for the camera . . . With practically every waitress and model trying to get into the movies, I am somewhat taken back by Nora Eddington's refusal to believe in herself to the extent of having a screen test. She, whose beauty was enough to get Flynn married again.

* * *

When I stroll along the Hollywood beat going to the familiar places I meet many types. And each type has a routine. There is, for example, the agent who brought Jane Russell or Greer Garson to the attention of the proper people, and says so to impress some slick chick who is about to be wolfed . . . There's the ex-picture star who is still giving a performance, but now it is at the club or in a restaurant. This type usually tries to impress the waiter who is an (*Continued on page* 136)



Is there a note of concern to be detected when Hurd looks at Hatfield?

Guy Madison loves to go off alone to the beach, to swim or just lie on the sand. His next picture, "Suddenly It's Spring"

Tall and Tawny

BY DIANE SCOTT

Love walked in on this striking pair—Guy and Gail Russell

FATE put the golden touch on good looking Guy Madison when he took his bell-bottomed trousers into CBS studios one afternoon and became the star of a real Hollywood story so fantastic that it's doubtful if even Hollywood would have ventured to film it.

Today, thanks to that fate and the faith of his discoverers, his future is gilt-edged. From a three-minute bit as the gum-chewing, heckling sailor in "Since You Went Away," he zoomed into stardom in the muchly coveted role of the returning serviceman in the RKO production, "Till The End Of Time." And from advance reports, Madison seems set for a similar run.

With his fabulous success and his tawny golden coloring he is in truth a golden Guy. But the real metal of Madison is in his depth, his loyalty, sincerity and spiritual-mindedness, revealed only to a very few who know him well. It was to this quality which producer Dore Schary referred, as he watched Guy rehearsing a scene the other day. "I know I must be getting old," he told us. "He's the first kid I've ever seen that I wish were my son." Big words from a big man.

Upon meeting him, the magnetic impact of Madison hits you as it must have hit the 43,132 fans who wrote him after seeing him for the first time on the screen. His healthy tanned physique and swinging

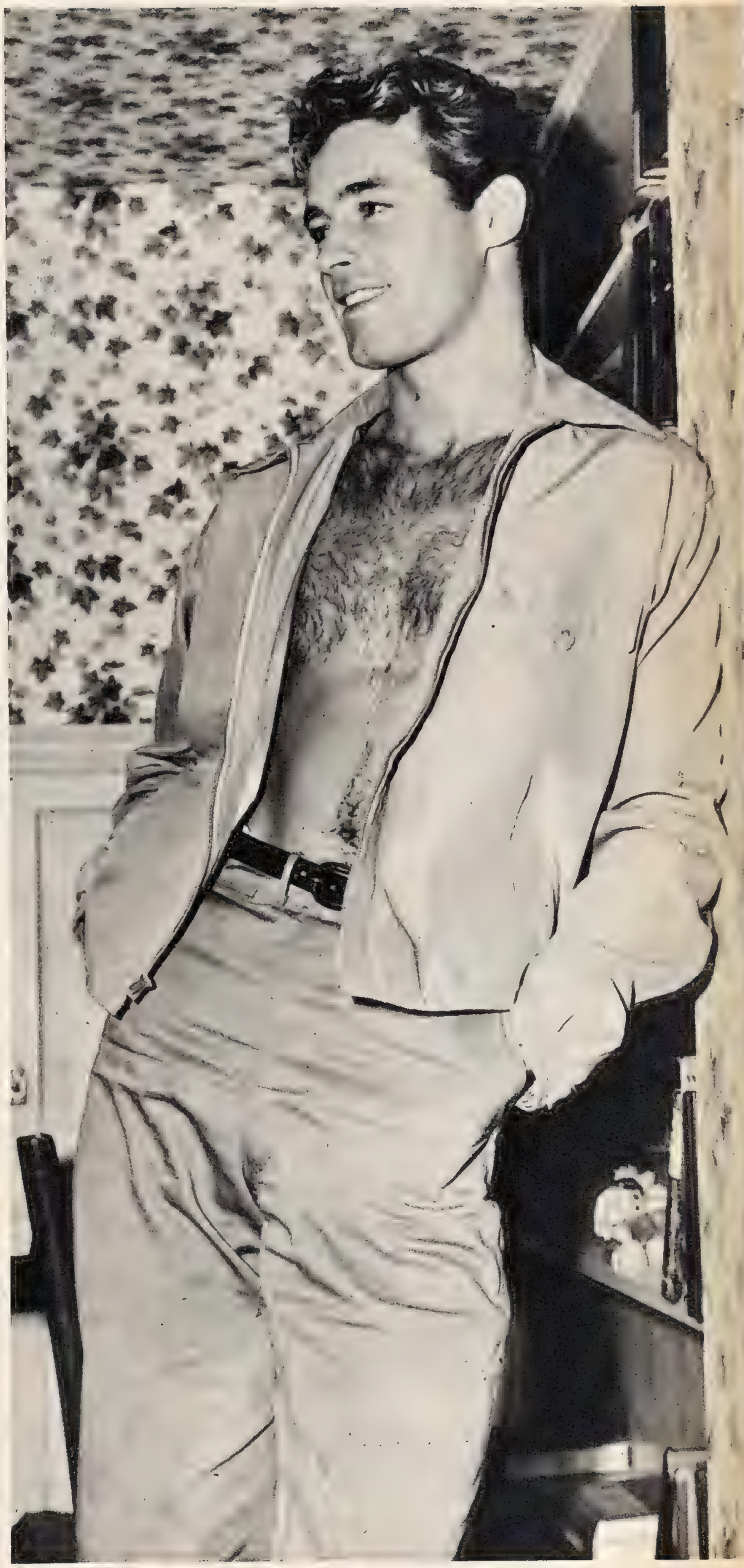
Here he is "straight"—Madison, the Guy with the gilt-edged future and the stubborn chip on his chin

Guy's an expert archer, makes his own arrows

stride belong to the out-of-doors, the sun and the sea. He has crisp, curly blond hair that varies in shade from being white like an Albino's in the summer to the deep golden color it is now.

There's strength in his face and he carries the suggestion of a chip on his chin that shows he can't be taken advantage of or pushed around. You can knock the chip off with any teasing remarks about his curly locks, a sore subject with him. He's constantly whipping a comb out and combing his hair, trying by sheer force to smooth the crinkles out.

He has the same clean-cut, All-American look of Marines on recruiting posters. Tender but tough. He could be any good-looking American serviceman. Which is the quality in him that first caught the attention of Henry Willson, assistant to the president of Vanguard Studios, when he met him in the corridor at CBS that day. The same look that impressed Helen Ainsworth, Hollywood agent, when she was thumbing through a Navy magazine which showed the picture of Madison, the sailor, climbing the mast of a ship. She sent word to him in San Diego to come to see her on his next pass. When they ran into Henry at CBS en route backstage to the Janet Gaynor show, the executive asked Guy to go with him immediately out to see David O. Selznick and (*Continued on page* 122)



In the living room of his apartment—the sun and sea Guy

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Your Problems Answered

By Claudette Colbert

Claudette Colbert, starring in "Tomorrow Is Forever"

● DEAR MISS COLBERT:

As soon as my husband was returned to this country from a hospital in England, I went to him. I found a room not too far from the hospital and visited him whenever possible. He is now entirely well and he will be a civilian soon.

Meanwhile, I have been living near the camp at which he is stationed, and we have been seeing one another frequently. I know we are deeply in love. Yet, the other night my husband asked me to return to my home and get a divorce.

He says that he loves me, but that he is convinced that our marriage was a mistake as we have nothing in common. He says that he never wants to marry again.

His behavior toward me has always been wonderful, considerate, and affectionate. When I beg him to let me stay with him, he simply says that he doesn't want to hurt me, but that he does want me to go home. Isn't there something I can do to make him realize that our marriage is more than an overnight thrill? We had dated one another a year before we married, and I thought we knew one another, but he insists that everything is changed.

Can you tell me how to hold him?

(Mrs.) Elvira S.

Dear Mrs. S:

There is an old, little-known proverb that reads, "I hold my love but lightly for I know that things with wings, held tightly, want to go."

Although I have no desire to offer myself as an expert on the psychology of men who have spent many months in the Army, followed by many more in a hospital, I have a strong suspicion that many of them have reached the point where they are convinced that they feel another month's rigid confinement to a certain fixed routine will drive them stark mad.

Perhaps your husband feels, at this time, that he wants nothing on earth so much as to be utterly, entirely, breezily free of ties of any kind.

It seems to me that, when a man is in that state of mind, the only thing to do is to comply with his request. Don't cry and make a scene.

Be sweet and agreeable. Go on home and get yourself a job to keep your mind off your problem. Don't file suit for divorce. Just wait patiently.

After a taste of the freedom your husband expects to be so rich and rare, perhaps he will return to you, quite content to join you in building a home.

Claudette Colbert

● DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am an unhappy girl of twenty-four. Four years ago I was engaged to Tommy. He broke our engagement saying to me: "Joan, you're a nice girl, but I can't stand you any longer. Since I've been engaged to you, I feel locked in jail. I can't talk to another girl, I can't dance with another girl, without having you ask silly questions about whether she is prettier than you are, or talks better, or dances smoother. You're even jealous of your own sister. I can't stand this, and it's getting worse, so I'm through." Every word he said was true.

For three years I couldn't get him out of my mind, and I didn't go with another boy. Several months ago, however, I met Joe and fell in love with him. I think he loves me, too.

I was determined that he shouldn't find out how jealous I am, but it isn't easy. He is handsome and other girls are always stopping us on the street, just to talk to him. When we pass strange girls, they cast eyes up at him and smile; he smiles back. Then my suffering inside starts; I hold my hand tight over my stomach to make the pain be still. I grit my teeth to keep the words back so that I don't say anything to make him feel the way Tommy did.

But, can I marry a boy, knowing that I am crazy with jealousy this way? Sooner or later I'm going to say something, I'm afraid, then what will Joe think?

Please, can you help me?

Joan M.

Dear Miss M:

I'm sincerely glad you wrote to me, because your problem, while a very serious one, can be solved.

Since you live in a large city there is undoubtedly a medical foundation—a clinic—accessible to you.

Yours is obviously a minor malady of the personality; such extreme jealousy is, to the mind, as a badly sprained ankle is to the body. If properly treated, you can recover completely; if neglected, all manner of ills might result.

If you could see a good psychiatrist, I'm certain that he could treat you, and in a short time you would find yourself completely cured. However, you are quite right in not marrying until you are free of this illness.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty years old and in the Navy. I married a girl last August whom I had only known a couple of months, but everybody else was getting married, so we figured it would be a good idea if we did too. (*Continued on page* 116)

Photoplay Fashions In Color Start on Page 81

HER RING—three handsome diamonds set with severe beauty in platinum

She's Engaged!

Cornelia V. Clapp

charming young daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Clapp
"Apple Meadow," Bedford, N. Y.,
is to be the bride of
Lt. (j.g.) James R. Neal, Jr., U.S.M.S.

Cornelia's complexion is soft, clear—eyes, blue-violet—hair, burnished brown

She's lovely! SHE USES Pond's!

BOOKS FOR SAILORS—At the Seamen's Institute, Cornelia helps collect books to send out to the Merchant Marine. A friendly service as important in peacetime as in wartime. Cornelia is also a delightful hostess at a well-known and popular officers' club in New York. It was there she met her lieutenant fiancé.

"When Bob comes home from sea he's going to be a lawyer, and we hope to live in Virginia," Cornelia says.

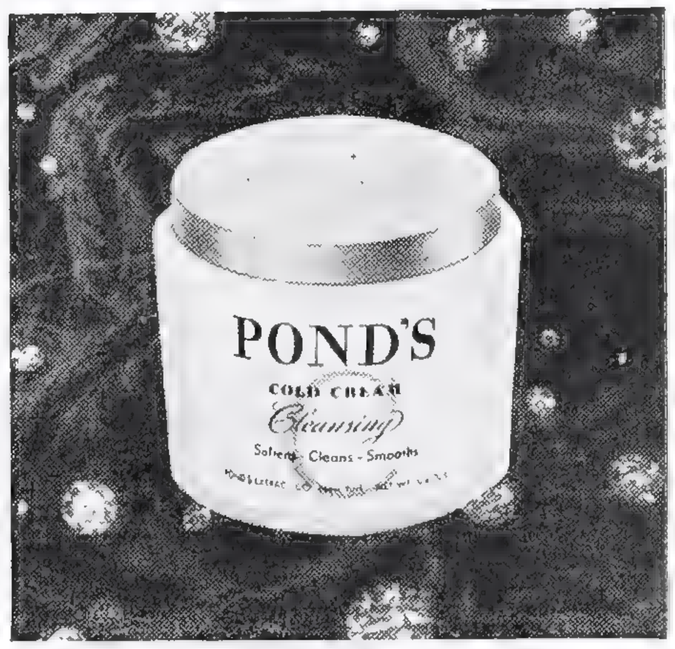
Cornelia has a lovely air of exquisite grooming. And, like so many engaged girls, her complexion is "Pond's-cared-for."

"I'm awfully choosey about using a *very good* cream," she says. "Pond's is absolutely perfect for me—so *cleansing* and *soft*."

She *smooths* Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She *rinses* with a second coat of Pond's, making quick circles around her face. Tissues off. "I cream *twice*—for *extra* softness and *extra* clean-ness," she says.

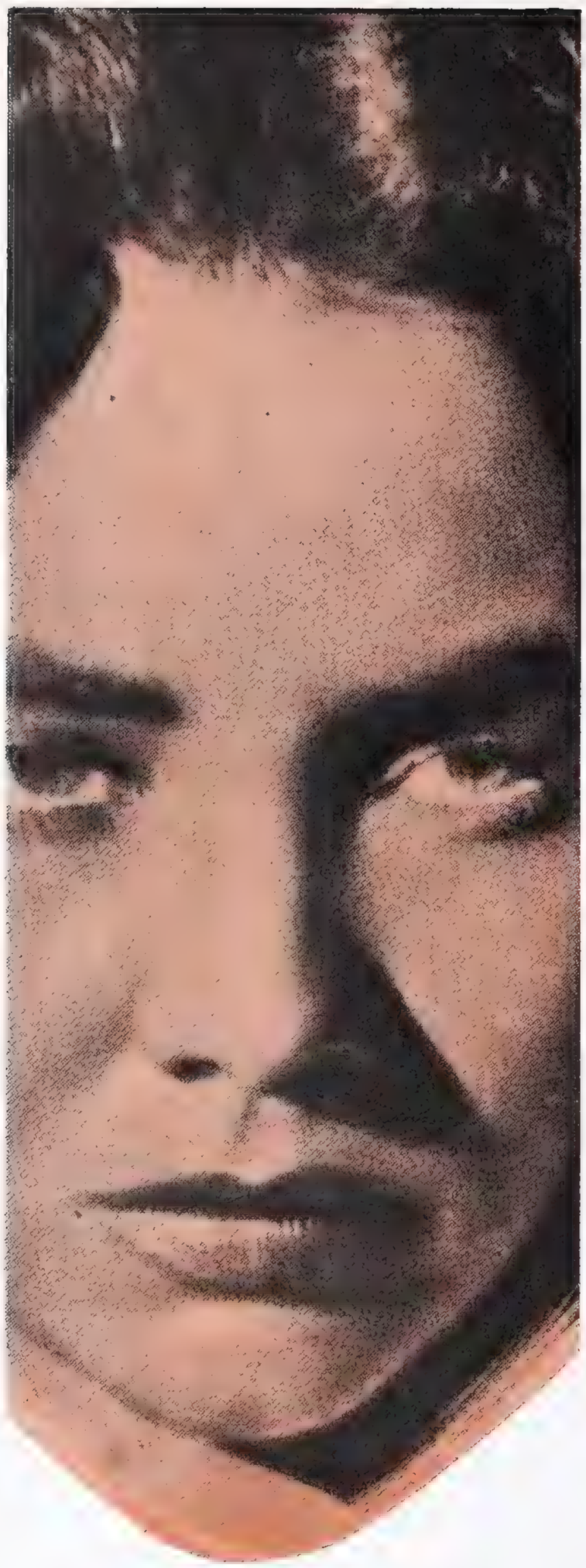
Use Pond's Cold Cream Cornelia's way *every* morning, *every* night—for in-between freshening-ups, too. It's no accident more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* luxury size jar today!



You'll love a big, luxury jar!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Princess Gay de Polignac
Mrs. Alister McCormick
Viscountess Milton



JENNIFER JONES

is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

Made by SELZNICK *in* TECHNICOLOR

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Musically noting the recordings of songs you loved from your favorite motion pictures

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO

Rumba music is what to expect from a movie with this title and rumba music is what you get. Appropriately enough, Xavier Cugat, undisputed maracas master, spins two of them, "Oye Negra" and, of all things, "The Walter Winchell Rumba." Both are hip-notic. (Columbia)

MAKE MINE MUSIC

The new Walt Disney film is important enough to combine the talents of the Andrews Sisters and Guy Lombardo on one recording as they pay musical tribute to the jaunty cartoon character, "Johnny Feedora." (Decca)

WAKE UP AND DREAM

The new romantic baritone, Skip Farrell, ably abetted by Frank DeVol's fine orchestra (Capitol) selects for his disk debut two melodies from 20th Century-Fox's forthcoming filmusical. Skip lyrically advises, "You Can Cry On Somebody Else's Shoulder" and "I Wish I Could Tell You."

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Remember this now famous Bergman-Cooper Spanish saga? Ned Washington has put a lovely lyric to Victor Young's sultry theme melody and called it "A Love Like This." Carmen Cavallaro (Decca) plays it to perfection, with emphasis on the keyboard. The immortal "Warsaw Concerto" on the reverse makes this a real diskovery.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

No one who saw "Anchors Aweigh" will forget Gene Kelly's inspired singing and dancing of "The King Who Couldn't Dance." Now Columbia has made a joyful album just as you heard it on the M-G-M sound track. A little imagination will make up for the missing cartoon animals.

DOLLY SISTERS

Although this nostalgic hit has made the rounds of movie marquees, it's not too late to recommend the way Perry Como (Victor) or Harry James (Columbia) interpret "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." After all, this timeless tune has been sung since World War One and even before that, when a musician named Chopin originally conceived it as "Fantasie Impromptu." For the unadulterated version, try Al Goodman's "Polonaise" album. (Victor)

ROAD TO UTOPIA

It seems that almost everyone but Toscanini has recorded at least one tune from this merry musical package. Co-star Bing Crosby (Decca) chirps "Welcome To My Dreams" and "It's Anybody's Spring" while Dinah Shore (Victor) and Johnny Mercer (Capitol) prefer the more rollicking "Personality."

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness!"

JUDY GARLAND

one of the Stars of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"Ziegfeld Follies"

You want the loveliness that wins! Active-lather facials give skin fresh new beauty that makes pulses beat faster!

Why don't you try Judy Garland's Active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap? It's wonderful how they leave skin softer, smoother! Smooth the creamy lather well in, rinse with warm water, splash on cold. As you pat gently to dry with a soft towel, skin takes on fresh new beauty.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle care famous screen stars recommend will make *you* lovelier tonight!

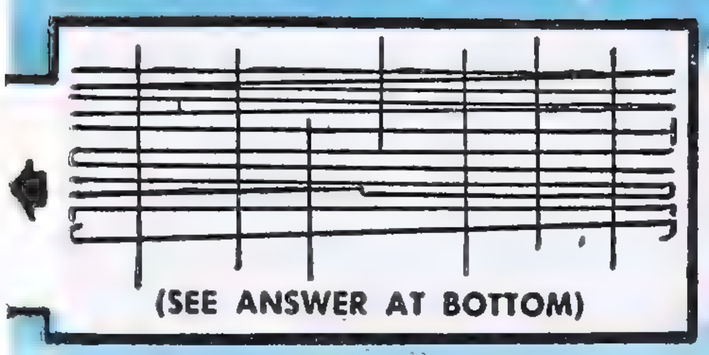
In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this Beauty Care

FIGHT WASTE—Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

——Lux Girls are Lovelier!

Blue Swan
QUIZ
WHAT'S THIS?



(SEE ANSWER AT BOTTOM)

WHAT'S THIS?

THE TRADEMARK THAT MEANS THE FINEST IN UNDIES!

No need to guess... look for the famous Blue Swan Undies . . . in whispery soft fabrics cleverly styled to fit and flatter.

Blue Swan Mills, INC.
EMPIRE STATE BLDG.
NEW YORK

HOLD AT EYE LEVEL WITH ARROW POINTING TOWARD YOU SEE IT!

Super Matron

(*Continued from page* 39) to wish them Godspeed.

The *Little Princess* is no more. Today in her stead is the radiant young woman who spends all her time thumbing through household magazines for ideas on redecorating her new home, learning to cook, and doing some serious planning about ways to cut corners a little and live on her husband's income, upon which he insists, and with which she's thoroughly in accord.

She's *Little Mrs. Muffet* who sits on her kitchen tuffet trying out recipes, worrying about whether the oven is too many degrees Fahrenheit or whether a "tossed" salad means to flip it once lightly or give it a deep steady turn. Also why "for Goodness sakes" a salad with a pretty name like "Western Way Salad" asked you to smear raw eggs on lettuce.

She sits there opposite you wearing a new gray chintz apron with red geraniums on it and a turquoise ruffle around it that looks slightly out of place amidst the rich furnishings of the Temple living room, but Shirley's getting such a bang out of wearing it that she doesn't want to take it off. She holds her toy Pekingese, "Ching-Two," snuggled up against her and tells you seriously, "I should make a good cook, if I just put my mind to it."

DESPITE the new domestication and the apron, she still bears the outward appearance of a little girl who's just on the verge of whipping up her first batch of fudge. Her satiny skin, with its warm amber-pink tones, and her saucy brown eyes are framed by fluffy masses of brown hair with red glints in it. Which causes her husband to frequently address her as "Red."

Shirley carries no false dignity. There's no overplaying of her new role as matron. Outwardly she hasn't changed. But there's an overtone of serious purpose underlying the humor now, as like any other newlywed, she goes about feeling very seriously the responsibilities of marriage. She was determined to learn to cook "or bust" before her Army sarge came home again. "Jack just *loves* to eat!" she says. "He likes good meats and desserts. You know . . . French pastry . . . things like that. I can just see myself spending *hours* squeezing little pink and white things out of tubes. And he can eat three breakfasts! He just loves English muffins in the morning." She doesn't think she will worry about making the muffins. "You can buy 'em so much easier."

She's been studying one of her wedding-present cook books called "The Joy of Cooking," which makes it sound "like more fun," she says.

She learned about the Baked Potato Crisps, a favorite recipe, one evening from the home economics experts and food fanciers who made up the "Gourmet Society" that meets occasionally at Zazu Pitts's home, next door to the Temples. Ann Gallery, Zazu's daughter and one of Shirley's best friends, suggested that her mother invite her over for the cook sesh. "Shirley, bring your notebook and come right over," Zazu phoned.

While she was there, her husband called long distance from Camp Kearns, near Salt Lake City, where he was stationed then. The call was switched on over next door where Shirley was just in the middle of celery-seeding the Baked Potato Crisps. She told him what she was doing and he couldn't believe it.

"That's swell, Red," teased Sgt. Agar, "maybe there's hope for you yet."

Shirley is also spending many excited hours supervising the carpenters and painters working "next door," as both she and Mrs. Temple refer to the sizable building which once served as a recreation house and is now being converted into her new home. "I'm going 'next door,'" one of them will say. Or, "How are things coming along 'next door,' Mom?" Shirley asks when her mother has made an umpteenth trip over to see.

"Next door" is a beige stucco and wood building located about 150 feet from the Temple home on an elevation overlooking the blue Pacific. "It's built on its own lot and everything," Shirley points out proudly. "And it's all ours—Jack's and mine. We own it."

Originally it consisted of one huge room with high-beamed ceiling and an open fireplace, a stage, projection room and ice-cream-soda bar; a kitchen; dressing rooms; and two downstairs rooms which hold all the valuable souvenirs and milestones of Shirley's fabulous career, including the costumes from all of her pictures, from "Baby Take A Bow" to "Kiss And Tell." The main big room, done originally in scarlet and chartreuse, has been the meeting place of Shirley's gang for years.

When last viewed on her wedding night, "next door" held nine tables loaded with wedding presents that included everything from a kitchen can-opener to many valuable new and antique silver pieces. Today all the silver is stored away carefully in vaults. Carpenters are tearing out the big stage and enlarging the place by adding a bedroom.

"It's going to be very pretty, but it's surely messy now," says Shirley, telling you excitedly about the color scheme she's working out, the chintzes and drapes she's bought. "The walls of the living room are a light turquoise, the rugs and drapes a deeper blue-green. We're using gray chintz with turquoise bamboo shoots and large red roses for the furniture. And the bedroom will be done in yellow—I hope—if we can find the chintz."

SHE'S very serious about doing all of the housework and cooking herself, says Mrs. Temple. "Jack is very definite about wanting Shirl to live on just what he can give her. His income will be adequate, if they manage well. And I believe they will. Actually Shirl is quite an economical girl. She likes very plain things, knows how to buy them and has always taken very good care of her clothes."

Shirley says she doesn't know what her husband is going to do now that he is out of the service. "I guess it's pretty hard for fellows to find a job now," she says, all seriousness. "He studied business administration in school, so I guess it will be business of some kind. But I don't know what field."

She doesn't anticipate any friction between them over her continuing her motion-picture career. "Jack feels that I can manage that part of my life. He'd never interfere. Of course, if I ever thought that my career would cause anything, I'd stop before there could be trouble," she says earnestly.

Thus far the chief subject on which they differ is that of onions. To eat or not to eat them, that is the question. "I can't stand 'em," says Shirley, making a face. "French fried ones aren't so bad, but Jack loves big raw onions. When I was dating I just hated anyone to eat onions, but it doesn't make so much difference after you're married. They wear off pretty quickly anyway."

As it turns out, however, Jack doesn't eat them now. And Shirley worries about it. "I tell him 'Golly, Jack, you can eat all the onions you (*Continued on page* 72)

MRS. ROBERT MONTGOMERY...
as famous for personal charm as her celebrated husband is for brilliant acting.

"Sensational!" says Mrs. Robert Montgomery,

"And that's why *TANGEE GAY-RED* is starring on Hollywood's smartest lips"

Yes, Tangee's exciting new lipstick shade—Gay-Red—is the hit-color of Hollywood. In that exotic city (where a girl's face is her fortune) this Tangee sensation is being acclaimed by the loveliest ladies of the film colony. Try Tangee Gay-Red . . . it gives you a lift . . . makes your lips look *young* and *gay*. Remember—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's outstanding creation—the Satin-Finish Lipstick.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN, Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up. Among Mrs. Huhn's most recent triumphs are the exciting new lipstick shade, Tangee Gay-Red, and the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

AT LAST... A PERFECT CAKE MAKE-UP!

Some cake make-ups you've used are fine in one way...some in another...but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal in *every way*. It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not make you look as though you were wearing a mask.

Use Tangee and see how beautiful you can be

GREGORY PECK

is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

Made by SELZNICK in TECHNICOLOR

(*Continued from page 70*) want!' But he doesn't. I don't know why."

Like most wartime marriages, Shirley's wedded life has consisted of a few hours or few days together. A brief furlough. Or a visit to wherever he was stationed.

One time when Jack came home unexpectedly, Shirley was attending a big Canadian dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The ambassador of Canada was right in the middle of his speech when the headwaiter came over to Shirley, saying in a low voice, "Your husband is at the door."

"Oh no," she smiled. "He's in Utah."

Then she looked up "and sure enough, golly, there was Jack. I had to listen to the Ambassador's speech for thirty minutes more and I was *dying*. It was a very nice speech and I wanted to hear it, but I couldn't wait to go get Jack and bring him in."

Many of the guests there had never seen Shirley's husband and for some reason they thought the good looking Army sergeant was her cousin. "He had his arm around me. He *looked* like a husband for goodness sake!"

When Shirley visited him she stayed at a hotel in Salt Lake City, which was about thirty miles from the base. Sometimes Jack brought some of his buddies in to meet her. Once they invited three of them up to the room for the evening.

"One boy was from the Bronx. He called it the 'Bron-Ax.' He said he thought it sounded classier that way. I told him it sounded like a medicine or something. Another one's wife is going to have a baby. He talked about her a lot. She must be pretty swell."

They spent that evening just sitting around the hotel room playing the spelling game and drinking ginger ale. "It was all such fun."

Shirley is very proud that other girls think Jack is handsome. "He has lots of fans," she tells you.

Once when she was visiting him in Salt Lake City, a girl named "Diane" called Shirley on the phone saying, "I think your husband is out of this world!" Later she came up to their hotel room and knocked on the door asking to see Jack. Shirley answered it. "He didn't want to see her, so I just told her he was in the shower and she went away," she laughed.

Cupid had a powerful ally during Shirley's "war-widow" days. She was literally shoving all her girl friends down the last long aisle. Most of the odor of orange blossoms was wafted over them on Sunday afternoons when the girls gathered at Shirley's home to keep her company. Usually they'd make a big group on the floor and talk—if not about matrimony, then about cooking. "If they can't all get married, at least they can learn to cook," Shirley said.

Now all of a sudden, Jack has been discharged from the Army and is home to stay—and it's hard for Shirley to believe it's really truly true. She beams and says, "It's heavenly. Just!"

There isn't the time these days to teach her young friends all the things she's getting such a kick out of learning herself—like the chocolate cake "that you make with yeast! It's terrific!" Or about the Western Way Salad. "You take lettuce and raw egg. . . ."

Instead she'll have the fun of a one-man committee to do the tasting and judging. And Jack, who thinks it's swell that Shirley is so sincere about her new young-matron role, will probably do the proper lauding—and eating!

For there's no question about it where Shirley is concerned—all accent is now on Mr. Agar!

THE END

ARE YOUR DREAMS HAUNTED

By a handsome man star, a lovely girl star?

Would you like to see both your favorites in beautiful color portraits?

Then fill in the coupon below and send it to:

Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay

205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York

Please Print Color Portraits of

(Man) .....

(Woman) .....

(Your Name) .....

Are you in the know?

This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because—

- ☐ *She's a curfew keeper*
- ☐ *She should be prom-trotting*
- ☐ *She's still wearing makeup*

Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms." So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleanliness and *daintiness* go together, too. And they're never more important than at "certain" times...that's why Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Yes, locked inside each Kotex napkin, the deodorant can't shake out. See how this new Kotex "extra" can keep *you* sweet-and-lovely!

In calling for an appointment, how should she give her name?

- ☐ *Miss Dinah Mite*
- ☐ *Miss Mite*

How's your telephone technique? Whether you're buzzing the dentist or beautician—when making *any* business appointment give your full name. Thus, the gal above should be Miss Dinah Mite. Which distinguishes her from other Miss Mites; prevents needless puzzlement. And on "problem days" there's no need for guesswork—as to which napkin *really* protects you. Kotex is the name to remember. For you get plus protection from that exclusive *safety center*. Never a panicky moment with Kotex!

Do you choose the colors of your clothes—

- ☐ *To copy your gal pal*
- ☐ *To suit your color-type*
- ☐ *Because they're hi-fashion*

A color that's Bacallish for one chick can be her gal pal's poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own color-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin-tone and tresses—that's for you! It's a poise-booster. So too, (on "calendar" days) is Kotex—the napkin that befriends your smoothest date duds. Because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show . . . don't cause embarrassing bulges. You can scoff at revealing outlines with those special flat pressed ends!

Should a gal go down the aisle first?

- ☐ *Yes*
- ☐ *No*
- ☐ *Not always*

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn't *always* precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansome leads the way. Know what's what. It keeps you confident. And to stay confident on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. Kotex is made to *stay soft* while *wearing* . . . doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch...so you're carefree because you're more comfortable!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

Jennifer Jones, My Paradoxical Friend

(*Continued from page* 34) has been deeply impressed by David Selznick's spirit and integrity as a man and as a producer. But whether the rumors that she will be the second Mrs. Selznick are correct I do not know. I do not inquire about the private lives of my friends. There were premature rumors certainly, for they began before Jennifer had received her final decree from Robert Walker and before Irene Selznick had either sued for divorce or announced any intention of so doing.

I am devoted to both David, whose outstanding films like "Rebecca," "Gone With The Wind" and "Since You Went Away" have placed him in the front ranks of the younger producers, and also to Irene, a charming woman and a devoted wife, who will do whatever she finally decides to do with dignity and poise. However, I am always of the opinion that two people when they cannot get along should be allowed, in our free America, to make their choice. Whatever happens, I wish joy and happiness to Jennifer and David and Irene in their various ways.

THE dinner David gave to honor Jennifer, certainly, was the epitome of good taste and dignity, with Jennifer so generous in giving her dances to all those who sought them that she danced only once with David.

While Jennifer danced with Joe Cotten, Ingrid Bergman danced with Reginald Gardiner. Both couples danced such an excellent rumba that it became a competition. It was evident, incidentally, from the friendly way in which Jennifer and Ingrid vied with each other that they were on the most friendly terms. We talked of awarding an imaginary Gold Medal to the winner but never could make a choice —both were so charming.

Watching Jennifer moving among her friends, gay and interested, watching her still and listening or talking earnestly, I was reminded, over and over, of her new maturity. And in contrast, I remembered her as she was one day, a few years ago, when she came running up my walk, very young, brown and simply dressed in a brown and green cotton frock; breathlessly apologetic for being late.

She talked and talked that day, but always all her talk was of her work. Of the parts she would like to play; *Juliet*, *Joan Of Arc*, except that Ingrid Berman really was the only actress she could see in the part, and *Electra*, should she ever be clever enough to attempt Greek tragedy . . . of the actresses she admired, Katharine Cornell, Katharine Hepburn, Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Margaret Sullavan, Vivien Leigh, Judith Anderson, Gertrude Lawrence, Dorothy McGuire . . . Of acting, always of acting. . . .

"I've wanted to be an actress ever since I can remember," she told me at that time. "I have studied dramatics always. First at school and then at the American Academy in New York.

"To be honest," she confessed, "I wasn't a great student. Probably because first, last and always I thought of acting and acting only. So much so I wrote Katharine Cornell, my idol, and asked if it wouldn't be better for a girl as obsessed as I to come to New York and concentrate upon dramatics rather than to go on with my studies. It was only because she wrote back advising me to continue my education that I entered Northwestern University. But I stayed only a year; then left for New York and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. My mind was there—so I thought I might better be too.

"But now . . . now I begin to realize how much I have to learn . . . how much I will get from books, from music. . . ."

When I first knew Jennifer I found it difficult to think of her as a mother, even though I knew she was devoted to her children and had Bob Walker's word she was a "wonderful mother." I could see her only as an eager novitiate, standing, with wide-eyed humility, at the altar of Thespis.

Today it is different. Today Jennifer talks of all things . . . among them, with the greatest interest, her sons Robert Jr., six, and Michael, five.

"I want the boys to develop by themselves," she says, "be what they want to be, not be influenced by the fact that their father is a star and their mother also. I want them to discover the beauty in life —and in living—that makes life a good thing."

She is, of course, on the friendliest terms with Robert Walker. It has been said this is because she wants the children to be on intimate terms with their father. It's much more than that, I'm sure. Jennifer and Bob are essentially good friends with the greatest respect for each other's talents. I have seen them together at parties and the friendship they manifest is not a thing of convenience. It is warm and spontaneous and real. It was when Jennifer played Elizabeth Barrett and Bob played Robert Browning in an American Academy production of "The Barretts Of Wimpole Street" that they fell in love, you'll remember. And it was when Jennifer was playing the saintly Bernadette that their marriage came to an end.

SPEAKING of Jennifer's different roles as I have been, I want to pause here to make this prediction . . . that Jennifer's portrayal of the half-cast *Pearl* in "Duel In The Sun"—as well as this production itself —will prove to be a very great contribution to motion pictures.

"What are you going to do next?" I asked the new, grown-up Jennifer as we sat together the night of the Selznick dinner.

"I don't know, Elsa," she said, "but I hope it will be something as different from anything I've done yet as—well, as 'Alice In Wonderland.' I'd like it to be comedy, I think. . . ."

"But right now—'Duel In The Sun' was such a terrific job and we worked on it so long, almost a year, I can't think of anything I'd rather do than get in a donkey cart and go off somewhere and hibernate. For weeks and weeks. Lie in the sun, rest, walk along country lanes, climb mountains that don't take themselves too seriously, read. . . ."

In other words, right now Jennifer is, above all, a young woman enjoying the good life she has found together with her maturity.

She'll always be a great actress, of course, and, with painstaking magic, imbue her characters with warm human dimensions. But I'll be surprised if she ever again is an actress above all. Or if, now that she has found herself, she ever again suggests a paradox.

So I say hail and farewell to my paradoxical friend Jennifer Jones, who in a simple, completely unspectacular way has grown up to be a charmingly definite young woman.

And of this I'm certain. Wherever Jennifer goes personally, whatever she does professionally—I paraphrase the nursery rhyme from which it is said she took her now famous name—

"We'll go to see Miss Jenny O. Jones, Miss Jenny O. Jones. . . ."

THE END

Vagabond on a Gold Stallion

(*Continued from page* 46) joyful living. Whenever she accumulated a roll she picked up her boys and sailed festively for distant ports.

They settled in Paris for ten years because its beauty and *joie de vivre* were agreeable to the Haymes temperament. Money was never contemplated except in dire emergency. They did not worry about how they could afford to do a thing; they did it and wondered how later.

Soon Master Haymes was a familiar figure along the pony paths of the Bois and among the yo-yo set in the Tuileries and Luxembourg Gardens. Schooled in Paris and Lausanne, he became a playboy on the French Riviera while still a boy and that is precocious in a place where most playboys are bald and bulging.

The young Master made his entrance into Riviera society head first and virtually nude. The debut occurred in the pool of the Cannes swimming club. His ambition was aquatic not social. He long had nursed a desire to swim in the pool. Having neither the francs nor the sponsor to gain him entrance he took direct action. He climbed the wall and dived. Club members lounging around the pool were dumbfounded by the bolt from the blue in a G-string. They gaped as Master Haymes proceeded to give them a show. He flipped and stunted like a baby seal performing for fish. He got no fish, but the fascinated spectators made him a member.

OVER-STIMULATED by success. Master Haymes went to Antibes a few days later and dived off the rock. The rock is not so high as Gibraltar but it is not for kiddies, or for life-loving adults either. In addition to height, rocks and currents there is wind velocity to calculate. Hell-diver Haymes failed to calculate. A strong breeze upped and sailed his willowy form in the direction of the maritime Alps. For a second it appeared he might split an Alp, and an Alp's a lot more than an atom.

After that there was nothing to do but yield him the Mediterranean and get out of his way. He was acknowledged the champion of the entire sea for two years. Medals were bestowed and doting dowagers rewarded him handsomely for teaching them to float bosoms up.

While Master Haymes was diving triumphantly on the Cote d'Azur the dollar decided to do likewise. It dived off the gold standard from a value of twenty-five francs to eight. This was one of those emergencies. The Haymeses were living on dollars.

"Get your hats, boys, here we go again," cried Mrs. Haymes cheerfully. "We shall be lucky to hit the deck of a tramp this time."

"It looked," says Dick, "like a long row home for us. But Mother was always resourceful. Somehow she heard of a tub cheap enough to take us. It was called the Gildersteen or some such name.

"We arrived at Le Havre at night and walked the docks past the luxury liners sparkling with lights—the Paris, the France, the Champlain that we rode when affluent. No Gildersteen. We were about to turn back when we spotted an object floating far out in the harbor. It looked like a piece of garbage passed up by a revolted gull. The Gildersteen! I can see my mother stepping daintily on to the deck—sort of testing it—for fear she might tip the poor thing over."

Dick, then a ripe fifteen, opened his pipes for the public for the first time. He sang through the summer at the Hotel Monmouth in Spring Lake, New Jersey.

Rhapsody in WHITE

"When I unwrapped it—it smelled so good—I thought I must try it right away."...

"I didn't realize any soap could be so effective on shirt collars and cuffs."...

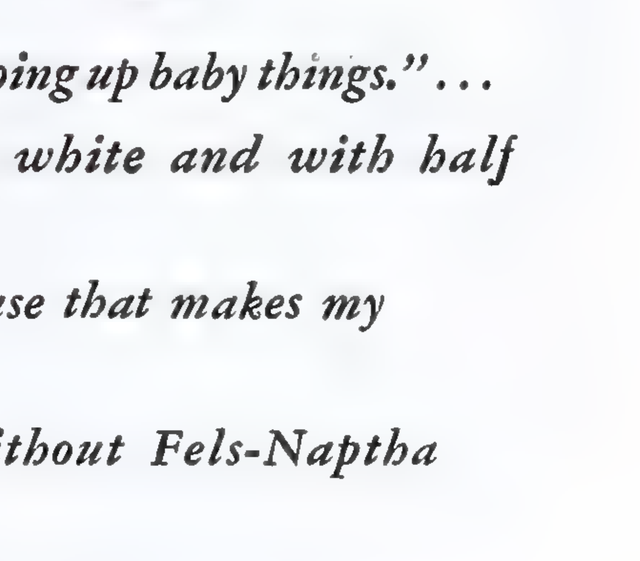
"There is simply no other soap for doing up baby things."...

"Everything came out shining white and with half the work."...

"My neighbors all ask what I use that makes my clothes so white."...

"I could not keep house without Fels-Naptha Soap and Chips."...

In these and in thousands of similar phrases, American women write the Story of Fels-Naptha Soap—a never-ending tale of praise and appreciation. It is, in simple truth, a nation's Rhapsody in White.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Have you always wanted a perfume that's part adventure, part mystery, with a splash of laughter added? Then April Showers is yours . . . enchanting perfume for enchanted hours!

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; 1.10 *plus tax*

His emolument per week was twenty-five dollars. In the fall he returned to school, organized a band, played and sang for parties and taverns.

About then, our prodigy began boiling up a bouillabaisse of talents. He sang, he danced, he even took a flier at Hollywood where, as an extra, he specialized in playing corpses and doubling as a stunt man for heroic stars more precious to studio stockholders than Mr. Haymes.

Since he couldn't make too good a living at dying, he bounced back again to New York, leading orchestras, composing songs.

In Tin Pan Alley he sequestered Mr. Harry James and sang him some Haymes compositions. "Bobolink" was good. The rest were crow, thought Mr. James, who then hired Dick as vocalist. This led to romance. While singing with the James band he met a beautiful Samba Siren from the Copacabana night club, approved her dancing, singing and other gifts, and signed her to a marriage contract. Their first number was Richard Jr. whom he calls Skipper; their second Helen Lane Haymes yclept Pigeon by papa.

Feeling that California was the place to raise the large family he had in mind, Mr. Haymes shuttled off for Hollywood.

Came a wire to shuttle back to New York. It was signed by Mr. Bill Burton, the agent, whom he did not know and who did not know him except through a mutual acquaintance and some recordings. But that was temporary. They became blood brothers, three musketeers compressed to two, and Mr. Burton assumed direction of the Haymes career.

EVERYTHING is sudden with Mr. Haymes. A warm, impulsive, appreciative cub, enthusiasms sweep him like squalls, blowing down his bank account and prostrating Mr. Burton who has paternal solicitude for Dick's comfort in old age.

One of these costly typhoons hit Mr. Haymes while seeing Lassie in "Lassie Come Home." He had to have a collie like Lassie. Unable to buy that priceless dog he purchased its nearest canine relative at a price he could ill afford then.

"Please," said Mr. Burton, "keep away from elephant pictures."

Mr. Haymes abstained from elephants but bought a nice big house in a block of ground, conceived a passion for expensive landscaping, had to have a seamless championship tennis court and a swimming pool worthy the Mediterranean diving champ.

Mr. Burton groaned: "With all your gifts why couldn't the Lord have included a little economic sense?"

"My ambition is not to be rich," said Mr. Haymes with dignity.

"In that you will succeed," cried Mr. Burton, "definitely."

Along with his spending policy and unbalanced budget, Mr. Haymes is a touch. His is the open-handed hospitality of the old Dons. His home is yours and anything you admire, please take.

Generosity being the secret of magnetic personality, Dick is gifted by friends in return. Of grateful nature, anything from a friend excites a storm of enthusiasm and sends him off on a hobby.

Gordon Jenkins of his radio show gave him a camera. Photography became the mastering passion. He cleared out his den, painted the walls black and disappeared into this dark room for two weeks. When he emerged the fever had run its course; he was ready for a new hobby.

On Christmas Mr. Burton, whom he calls Pappy, presented him a magnificent Palomino stallion. Dick was ecstatic to the verge of delirium. The stallion, by name Thunderbolt, was rechristened Pappy, and its owner went mad over horses. He now has a stable of seven and is

looking for acreage to start a stud farm.

"I should have known better," sighs Mr. Burton. "Next time I will give you cash. Maybe you will make it a hobby."

"My ambition," said Richard, "is not. . . ."

"I know," broke in Burton, "is not to have a bean."

Pappy Burton's apprehension is a pappyternal pose. He knows the wolf will not be at the Haymes portal. If it does arrive it will be invited in and made at home.

Never one to forget a good turn from a friend, Mr. Haymes presented Betty Grable to Harry James. He had known Betty fifteen years and he felt this beautiful favor to Mr. James merited some return. He took Mr. James's dog named Flannagan. Mr. James squawked.

"After what I have done for you?" said Mr. Haymes reproachfully.

This made Mr. James feel cheap.

Now Mr. Haymes is making love to Mr. James's wife and making money at it.

"Is Betty the delectable cream puff in person?" asked an old Grable gourmet.

"She brings out the cannibal," replied her lover of "The Diamond Horseshoe." "She's always fun. Never worries. I can't stand worrisome women."

"The Diamond Horseshoe" was a frolic for the old chums. Neither worried. Only once. That was after they ate all the hot dogs in the picnic scene. This was not required, but they are artists. They suffered for their art. Both were forced into temporary retirement until the bicarb took effect.

For embracing Miss Grable and singing for radio and records simultaneously old champ Haymes got some $10,000 a week. That's Pappy's calculation. Spender Haymes wouldn't bother to know.

With "State Fair" and his own radio show Dick is up in the stratosphere rating.

"Radio makes me sweat," he says. "I walk on cool and finish dripping. You have to keep looking from your script to your watch. The concentration makes you tense. It's good for you. Keeps the mind agile."

He's enthusiastic about all his activities. He rather favors pictures, those with Betty anyhow. They are playing now in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim."

"It is wonderful. A big family, Bill Perlberg producing, Seaton directing and Betty starring." Mr. Haymes exults.

Miss Grable is embracing him shockingly as *Miss Pilgrim*, and he is getting ten grand for submitting. They're having a wonderful time.

Mr. James is hollering for Flannagan again. But Flannagan has chosen to follow the footsteps of master Haymes, the vagabond king. Flannagan has hit the road. He is off to be a cosmopolite and king of the waggies.

THE END

She Goes Dancing with

ROBERT WALKER

and VAN JOHNSON KISSED HER

And she tells about all this and more with a gaiety that will make her—

—as irresistible to you as a reporter as she is to the stars as a date

Florence Pritchett is her name

In the MAY Photoplay

How you take this quick, new 1-Cream Beauty Treatment:

Helps Erase "Nose-to-Mouth" Lines

Easy! All you do for this 1-Cream Treatment—use Jergens Face Cream daily as though it were 4 creams:

1. **for Cleansing—always when removing make-up**
2. **for Softening your skin**
3. **for a Foundation—every time you make up**
4. **as a Night Cream—helps prevent dry skin troubles**

A skin scientists' cream—Jergens Face Cream—made by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Thrilling many a clever girl already. 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax). Help your complexion look smoother, younger. Give this 1-Cream Beauty Treatment a faithful 10-day trial—starting *now*.

JERGENS FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin

JOSEPH COTTEN

is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

Made by SELZNICK *in* TECHNICOLOR

The Mad Ladds

(*Continued from page* 37) but because they are equally off the beam in the exact same direction, their life is one long round of wacky excitement and romance.

It began right with their honeymoon. They had, for example, only been wed a couple of days when they were hit with an impulse to motor to the then very, very swank Arrowhead Springs Hotel, some ninety miles outside of Hollywood, high up in the San Bernardino Mountains. Because they were conscious of its elegance, they really did themselves up in style—Sue a mass of jewels, velvets and mink, Alan tailored to a dreamy perfection. Their car burned up the roads (Alan always drives like a madman except for one occasion about which you'll hear more later) and they behaved more perfectly than people in an English society movie until just before they reached the little town near the Arrowhead Hotel.

Along the main road of this village, Susie spied a little kitten, obviously very lost and forlorn, mewing pitifully. "Oh, Alan, we've got to do something for that poor thing,' she cried.

"Such as what?" asked Alan, stopping the car.

"We'll take it with us and feed it."

"Susie, they'll never allow us to take a strange kitten into a swank hotel."

"Alan Ladd, you're not going to leave that poor creature to starve, are you? I can smuggle it in under my coat."

Alan, as big a softie as Sue about animals, soon brought the kitten, which he named Arrowhead, back to the car.

Springs was a little further along the road. Springs was a dog of about ten combined breeds, but basically wire haired, and his ribs were visible at two hundred yards. One glance and Alan halted the car again. "If you can bring in a cat, I can bring in a dog," he said.

"But, Laddie, a dog is different. You can't bring both those animals in."

"I sure can. I'll make two entrances."

Sue says she'll never forget the way Alan strode over that lobby, wearing his sternest "Gun For Hire" expression, so that no bellboy would dare question just why such a big star's overcoat bulged so peculiarly. Later they tipped the chambermaids so generously that no one wanted to mention the two rapidly fattening animals in the elegant suit, and finally, two Ladd movie fans were made forever happy, a week or so later, with the presents of Arrowhead and Springs, duly re-named Hollywood and Vine.

THEN there was the occasion when in the middle of the night, for no reason whatsoever, they decided they wanted to go to Canada. They wanted leisure, they wanted peace, they craved Lake Louise and Banff. It was three o'clock in the morning and they had guests coming for dinner the next evening, but so what? Canada was calling them, so they got up forthwith, packed their ski suits, skates, woolens, left a note for the secretaries to call off the dinner party and by five A.M. were on their way.

"For once in our lives let's drive slowly," said Alan.

They did. They crept along at such an elderly snail's pace that ten days later they had just reached Oregon, and at this rate Canada must be about four days away. Beautiful climate, Oregon, cool, but stimulating, and it undoubtedly meant that Canada would be colder, more stimulating.

"Having fun?" Alan asked Susie, creeping through some pine-tree shadows.

"Yes."

"Different, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You wouldn't want to turn around and rush like mad for Palm Springs and that red hot sunshine, would you?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

Only in towns did they slow down to fifty. Most of the time they hit ninety. They didn't stop to sleep anywhere. Two days later they were in Palm Springs—with all their ski clothes. Now Susie knows enough to pack all kinds of clothes when they start out—bathing suits as well as snow suits, tuxedos as well as riding pants.

Why the travel bug hits them at night they don't try to analyze—it just does. There was the night, last fall, when Alan went on suspension with Paramount. The phone kept ringing, reporters asking why, friends shouting hurrah. Just before dawn Alan said, "Let's go somewhere."

"The tail light's broken on the car."

"All right. Let's go somewhere."

"All right," said Susie. "Where?"

"I don't know. Let's wear riding clothes."

They headed out through the San Fernando Valley. They'd covered some fifty miles when Alan said, "Let's go to Joel McCrea's."

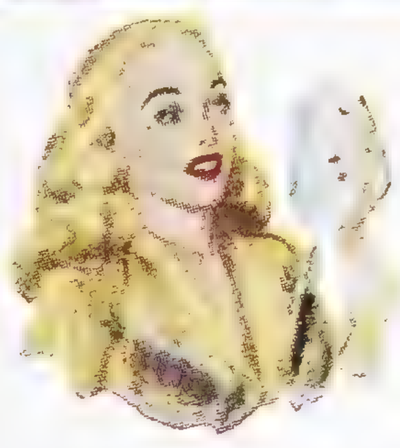
THE dawn was just breaking over the mountains as they pulled up before the McCrea porch and there were Joel and Frances (who are happily nutty too) about to go out on a pre-breakfast canter. Two more horses were quickly produced and these four close friends rode till nearly ten before they turned back. "Then I twisted Sue's arm until she asked Joel to let us stay there a few days," Alan explains.

The bug for horseback riding hit them when Alan thought he was to play in "California," a Western. He had ridden as a kid, just as Sue had, but he wasn't expert at it, and he can't stand doing any sport at which he isn't tops. (He is a superlative swimmer and diver, a dreamy dancer, an excellent tennis player.) He felt that real horsemen would know him as an amateur if he didn't study riding before "California." Accordingly he bought two horses—because, naturally, he couldn't learn to ride unless Susie did likewise.

But what started out to be merely something to build up a film role has now become Alan's chief obsession. "We ride every single day and I swear he'd bring the horses home to our bedroom if he could," Sue says. The mania goes so far that they now have every type of riding equipment ever made—silver saddles, leather saddles, woolen riding clothes, leather riding clothes, vaquero ties, silver riding regalia to ornament their watch bracelets, their tie pins, silver spurs, horse blankets. Even Alana has complete outfits from cowpuncher shoes to Stetson hat and a cow pony. Among Alan's Christmas gifts to Sue was a new mount named Salty (after *Mr. O'Rourke*). Since the Ladds already had three horses, this was just what Susie didn't need. But she loves Salty just the same. Incidentally, until Alan made "Salty O'Rourke" he had never seen a horse race. He hasn't seen one since, either. It's horses he's interested in—not betting.

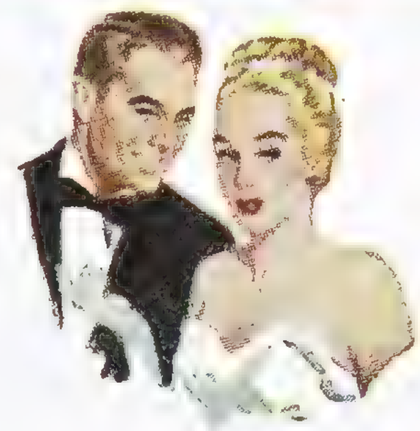
Christmas day at the Ladds, incidentally, isn't too different from other days, for the simple reason that Alan loves to shop. The only flaw in this most desirable tendency in a husband, from his wife's point of view, is that he likes her to go along while he shops. He buys her absolute tons of things, often while her back is turned, but he never can wait till they get home for her to open the package and discover what it is. Then he is disappointed himself when they get home that there (*Continued on page* 80)

For lovely Beauty TODAY ...a young-looking skin tomorrow



"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look

"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying



A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching

WHEN you make up, think of tomorrow as well as today...choose "Pan-Cake", the original, which because of its exclusive patented formula does two things...it creates glamour for today and safeguards the skin against sun and wind which may bring drying, harshening, aging signs tomorrow. Try "Pan-Cake" once today and you'll be devoted to it forever.

Pan-Cake* Make-Up

Pan-Cake...Trade Mark
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Frances Langford *in* "THE BAMBOO BLONDE"
An RKO-Radio Picture

Originated by Max Factor * Hollywood

(*Continued from page 78*) are no packages left to open, so he goes out and buys something more, with the same routine, and around and around they go again.

This led to a typically goofy happening this past Christmas. "Oh, Alan," wailed Sue, when he insisted a week before Christmas that she open a jeweler's package, which obviously contained his gift to her, "I want packages under my tree Christmas morning. I love to see packages under the tree, all wrapped, not opened. I want to see mounds and mounds of packages, even if they don't hold a thing."

The jeweler's package contained the most exquisite wide gold bracelet set at half-inch intervals with diamond charms telling the story of her romance—a diamond telephone, a diamond letter box and a diamond contract and so forth. It was a lovely thing and Susie delightedly wore it, even if the date was only December 18. But on Christmas morning, she did really think Alan was a dream boy. For there under the tree were packages and packages, all with cards saying "Love to Susie from Alan" and all unopened.

"You remembered," Susie breathed reverently.

"To the letter," Alan breathed right back at her, with that ugg he puts on screen.

And he *had* remembered to the letter, the dog. Inside all those beautiful packages, there was not one single thing.

Susie, however, was once a star herself. She most certainly batted an eyelash, but with mock adoration now. "Just what I wanted," she sighed.

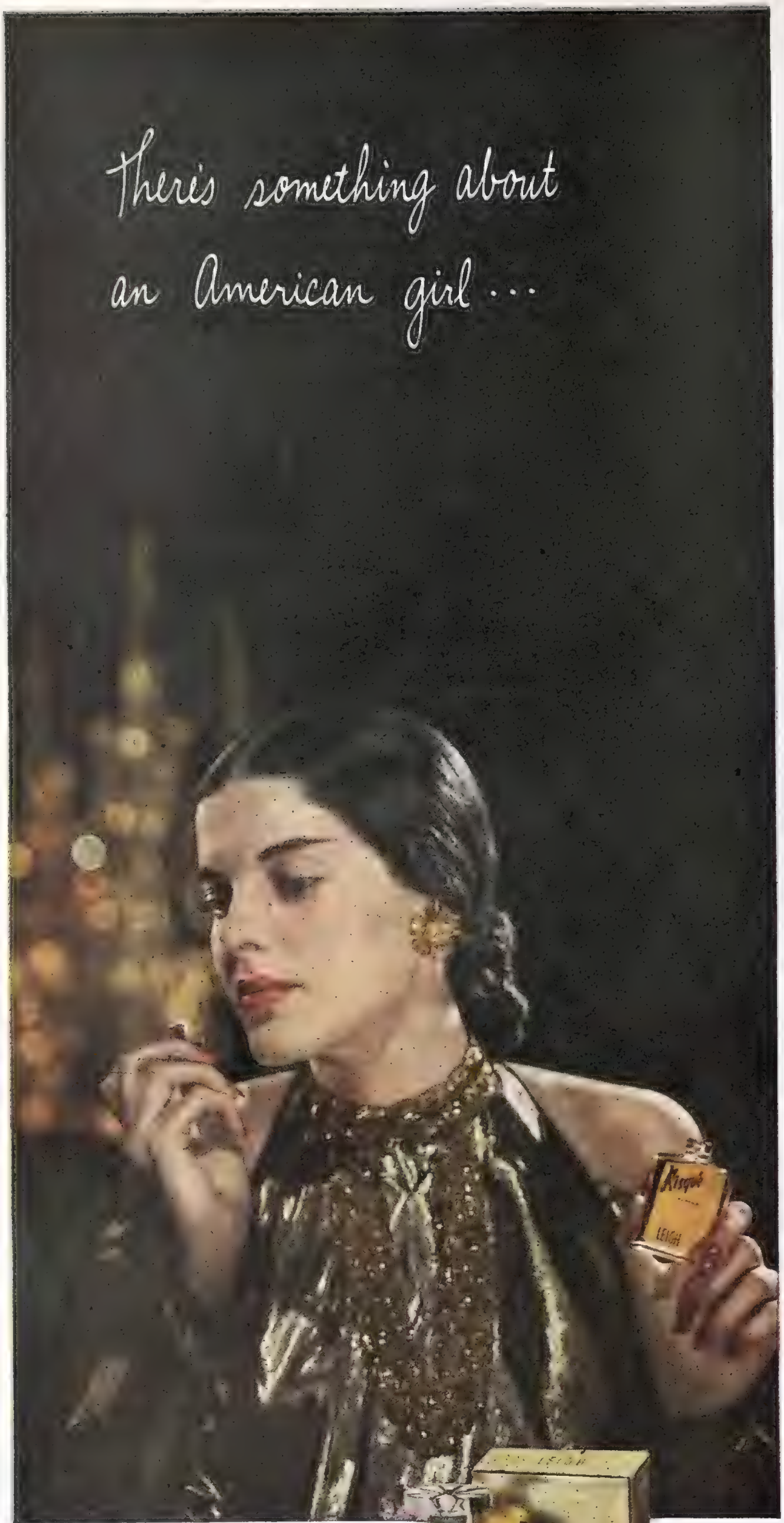
"My bride, my bride," said Alan, and he clasped her in his arms, just as the two of them went into a gale of laughter.

Next morning Sue took a picture of all the empty boxes. She put it in the book. Under it, it says: "Father's Christmas generosity."

You see, "Life with Father Ladd" by (and with) Mother Ladd is a wonderful, crazy thing.

THE END

there's something about an American girl . . .



Marge Ellis, lovely Conover cover girl, is never without Leigh's smouldering ***Risqué***

Fine American Perfume— 3.50 plus tax

Leigh Perfumes

Photoplay Fashions

JOAN CAULFIELD

Joan Caulfield, of Orange, New Jersey, made her way to the Hollywood studios and the bright future her performance in Paramount's "Miss Susie Slagle's" assures her via the New York stage where she was the original "Kiss And Tell" girl.

Hyacinth blue straw cloth hat with soft veil by Wilshire. In all colors. $5.00. At Franklin Simon, New York City and Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 92.)

All photographs in Photoplay Fashions by Ben Studios

All flowers by Irene Hayes

Photoplay Fashions

JOAN CAULFIELD

Miss Caulfield, who is twenty-three years old, with very blue eyes and misty gold hair, will be seen in "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Blue Skies" following "Miss Susie Slagle's." She loves tennis, dancing the rumba, movies, the works of the late Thomas Wolfe and Chinese food. She dislikes spoiled men, overdressed women and is annoyed at people who are late for appointments

Alpaca and Lace

Gabardine and Gingham

Opposite, in a two-piece Doris Dodson dress of alpaca with appenzell lace. Beige, navy or gray. Sizes 9-15. $10.95 at Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo., and Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa. Below, Miss Caulfield wears a dress by Minx Modes. Green, yellow, blue or pink. Sizes 9-15. $9.00 at Saks-34th Street, New York City and Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer on page 92.)

JOAN CAULFIELD

Easter Bonnets

MARY ANDERSON

Mary Anderson, from Alabama, has overcome the movies' reverence for Southern womanhood by campaigning for meanie parts—and getting them. Witness her performance in Paramount's "To Each His Own" in which she plays Olivia de Havilland's sister. "Please don't give me honeysuckle and tell me to stand at the garden gate," she says. "I've been fighting against roles like that for years. I want to show my talent for being nasty!"

(For store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 92.)

Easter Parade

Opposite: A buttoned-to-hem dress with bustle bow by Debutante Frocks. In navy with pink yoke and brown with aqua yoke. Sizes 9-17. Under $20.00 at Hartley's, Miami, Fla., and Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.

Below: Miss Anderson wears a bolero and side-wrap skirt of "Suma Kool" and jersey blouse designed by McArthur Ltd. Sizes 10-18. Many colors. Suit $10.95, blouse $6 at Hale Brothers Stores, California and McCreery's, N. Y. C.

(For a description of hats on these pages see page 92.)

Jewelry by Jordan

MARY ANDERSON

Cinemodes

Many Parisian and New York couturiers are making a valiant attempt to bring back the padless sloping shoulders. But Hollywood will have no part of it. Stars know broad shoulders—in anything from suits to negligees—slim the hips and so enhance the figure.

Jennifer Jones's new dinner dress is fashioned of heavy black satin. Its tight bodice has a heart-shaped neck and short square sleeves. Its simple full skirt touches the ground. The wrap Jennifer wears with this dreamy dress is, if possible, even dreamier . . . a little tight-fitting jacket that reaches her hips and has large and long puffed sleeves. With this she wears a white ermine stock scarf tied about her neck, the tiniest of white ermine halo-hats and a wee round ermine muff and she looks for all the world like one of those romantic Civil War portraits.

Vivian Blaine has introduced a new "note" in costume jewelry. She wears a musical staff pin and clef earrings of gold. Across the staff, in tiny rubies, is her initial "V."

Ginny Simms's pink sheer wool cocktail suit is the talk of Hollywood. Actually she could wear it anywhere, at almost any time. It consists of a snug-fitting short dress with a high soft neck, short sleeves and a straight tight skirt. The hip-length coat is box-like with long sleeves. Ginny accessories this suit with a tiny round hat of the same fabric, dark brown gloves, bag and pumps.

Pat Scott, Randy's beautiful wife who used to be a movie actress, has come up with something new in the way of a (Continued on page 88)

The Look . . . Definitely Spring! The blouse, of course, VICKI LYNN. Spring pastels. About $3.

At leading department stores.

(Continued from page 86) *cocktail costume. She wore it recently when she and Randy entertained with a tremendous and beautiful soiree. It consists of a stunning white crepe, short-skirted suit-dress in which the skirt is a straight sheath. The blouse, softly draped at the neck with almost no sleeves has bright gold buttons. The severely tailored dressmaker hip-length coat has gold buttons, too—but huge! With this cocktail costume Pat wore a black hair band on which was pinned a white water lily. Black pumps and gloves and a perfectly huge black cloth bag completed her outfit.*

To Make You Lovelier...

Clip your favorite pin on a black velvet ribbon and tie it high at your neck . . .

Sew two colored scarves together and make an apron to liven up a black dress . . .

Wear a little Victorian cape over a simple dress for a new fashion note . . .

Wear a triangular scarf tied over one shoulder and knot the ends in your belt . . .

Pin or clip a sparkling pin on your flat dinner bag—to add a glamorous touch . . .

Make yourself a big floppy beret out of the same material as your new spring suit . . .

Clip gay bows that match or complement your spring clothes on your plain patent leather pumps . . .

Don't relegate your sweater to sports wear. Team it up with a long dinner skirt and dress it up with costume jewelry. It will afford a different look for "at home" evenings . . .

Pile your hair high and bind your head in velvet ribbon—and look like a young Diana.

NOTHING FINER THAN PEARLS . . .

NONE FINER THAN Deltah!

Glamorous movie stars who know fashions and fashion accessories best, invariably depend on the flattering beauty and multi-colored iridescence of DELTAH simulated pearls. And so will you, once you wear these lustrous, luminous, most versatile of all gems. You'll find they go perfectly with everything you wear, daytime or evening. Necklaces and earrings, perfectly matched.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"ALWAYS TO-GETHER"... A Carole King Original with embroidered posies edging the snow-white, square-wide collar 'n cuffs and big, bold buttons marching down the jacket front. Bucha Spun Rayon in junior sizes 9 to 15. About $15.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

It Begins... Where Nature Ends!

...to mold your bosom beauty. NATURE'S RIVAL—
the outstanding padded bra – bewitchingly
supplies that vital curve.

Washable **water-repellent, permanent padding launders perfectly. Will not mat. #3506, blush color, A and B Busts. Sizes 30 to 36. $2**

EARLON

Nature's Rival

Fabric of Earlon— a Bur-Mil* rayon satin

*REG.

NATURE'S RIVAL AT FINER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST MERCHANDISE MART CHICAGO

Barbara Hale co-starring in RKO-Radio's "Lady Luck"

CALIFORNIA PLAYBOUND: Barbara Hale set for casual diversion in her Cruiser-Combo*. Trim fitting halter ties in three places, complimentary brief shorts. Patented originality, adroitly charm-revealing. Gem-tone pastels in Sunray rayon. Sizes 22 to 28; about $8.00. At better stores everywhere. 611 MISSION STREET • SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIFORNIA

*TRADEMARK PATENTED

Away with Fingertip Monotony!

PATRICE MUNSEL . . .

Brilliant Young Star of New York's Metropolitan Opera and Radio's "Family Hour," shows you the

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April showers
bring May flowers
and May brings

Jeanne Crain

in a lovely portrait
on your
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Runaway Bride

(*Continued from page* 30) separated for more than a few hours. Now it had been more than a week since they had heard from one another—a terrible, tragic week that had begun on Christmas Eve, when Jeanne had walked out of her home, walking toward the man she loved and her mother and sister had opposed—the handsome, dashing Paul Brinkman.

Properly speaking, this story begins in a movie theater when Jeanne Crain was ten years old. Jeanne, her mother and sister Rita were very close. Papa was outside the circle because, while the girls were still very young, their parents separated.

It was all very politely done. The girls continued to see their father, and do to this day, and Mrs. Crain, being a Catholic, has never considered the possibility of re-marriage. Their father was their male mentor on anything that demanded male advice, and from him Jeanne and Rita undoubtedly get their never-ending interest in study. But with their mother they formed a circle that was never so much as dented until two and a half years ago when Paul Brinkman came along. Her mother lived nearby so that Grandmother Carr really ran the home.

JEANNE was dreamy. Rita was logical. Mama reasoned everything out with them. They were all, from Grandmother to Rita, entirely contrasting personalities, but they nevertheless seemed to like everything in common—sunsets, poetry, heavy books, good music, food, study, swimming, all sports, clothes. The girls were brought up with certain definite principles. The truth as an absolute ideal; generosity; free and open discussion on all subjects and a strict observance of their religion.

They were, of course, all together that day in her tenth year when a movie made such a definite impression on Jeanne's sensitive mind.

It was an adventure movie, "Captain Blood," starring a sensational new star, Errol Flynn.

"I've never forgotten what that movie did to me," Jeanne tells you now. "I could hardly sleep that night, thinking of Errol Flynn." Practically from that moment on she was determined to become an actress and to grow up and marry someone just as romantic as Errol Flynn.

A few years later she met Paul Brinkman, who had tried to succeed in pictures as Paul Brook, and who had been called "a second Errol Flynn." Jeanne saw Paul at a Sunday afternoon "brunch" party at Marshall Kester's ranch. She didn't meet him, for it was a big party, and she didn't even hear his name. "But I knew at once he was the one," she says.

He knew glancing across the crowded room that she was the one for him. Unfortunately, just as he was trying to find his host to introduce him to this dream doll, she slipped away. Brinkman tried to describe the girl. "She's so beautiful," he said, "slim with brown hair that has reddish highlights. She wears it in a long bob and her eyes looked grayish but wonderful and. . . ."

"Calm down," said the host. "I entertain so many people. How can I remember exactly who was here? Besides Hollywood is full of beautiful girls."

There was nothing extraordinary in the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Kester didn't remember Jeanne Crain's name. Besides, it's a local custom for people to bring other people to Hollywood parties. It's all very casual. Nobody knew Jeanne Crain's name at that time, except the Crains and the paymaster at Twentieth

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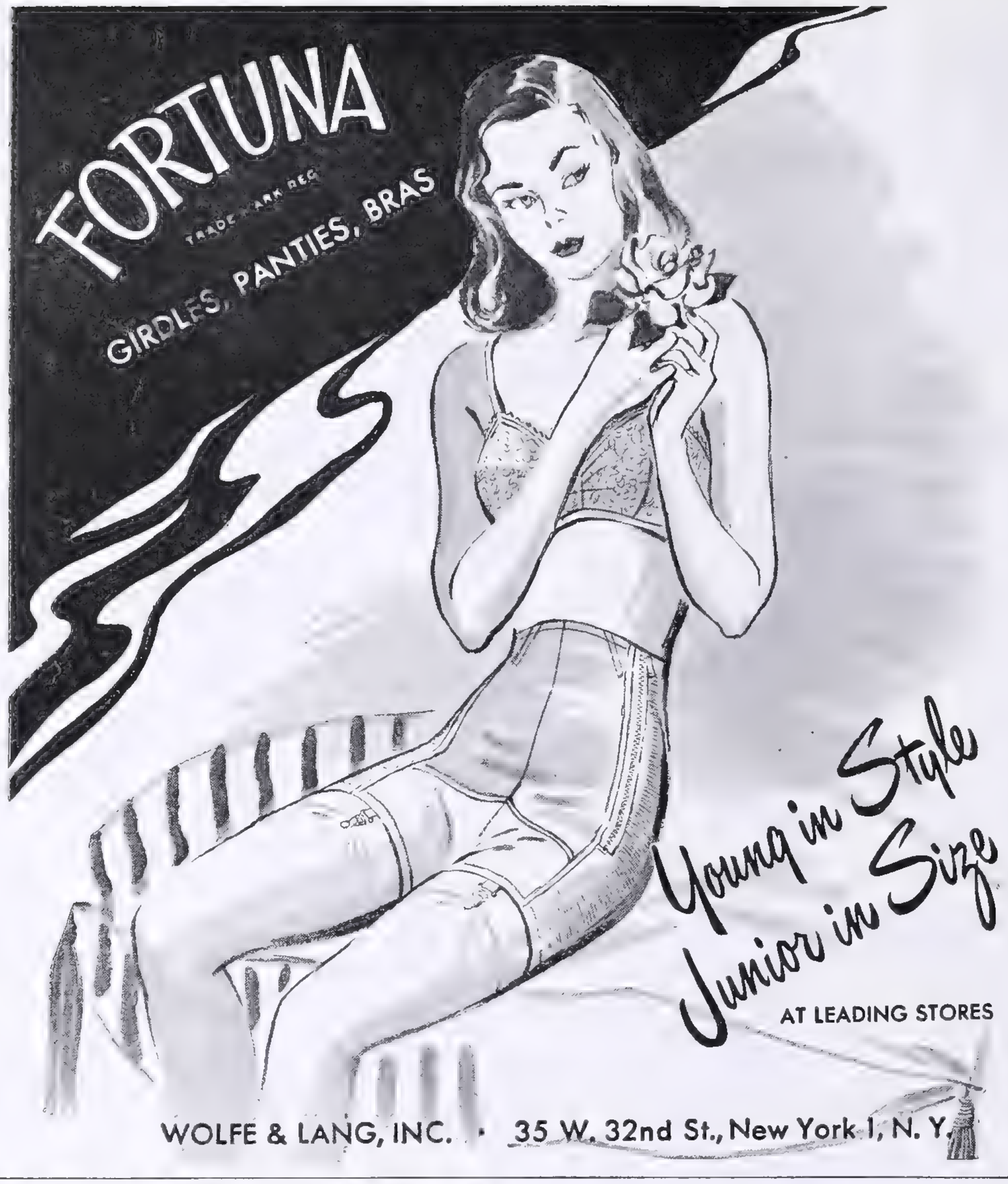


Century-Fox, where she had been under contract for half a year but hadn't faced a camera except for a screen test.

But Paul Brinkman was determined to find this girl he'd never met and whose name he didn't know. He asked everyone about her, got no help anywhere and was about to give up when one day, driving along Sunset Boulevard, the miracle happened. There, riding with a woman who must be her mother, was his lovely unknown. He honked his horn. His dream girl kept her eyes down most demurely.

LATER, after they had been properly introduced, Paul asked Jeanne if she saw him that day. Jeanne said, "No."

"The first thing I confessed to Paul after we were married," Jeanne says now, "was that that was the biggest lie I ever told in my life. I did see him that day and my heart began to beat like crazy."

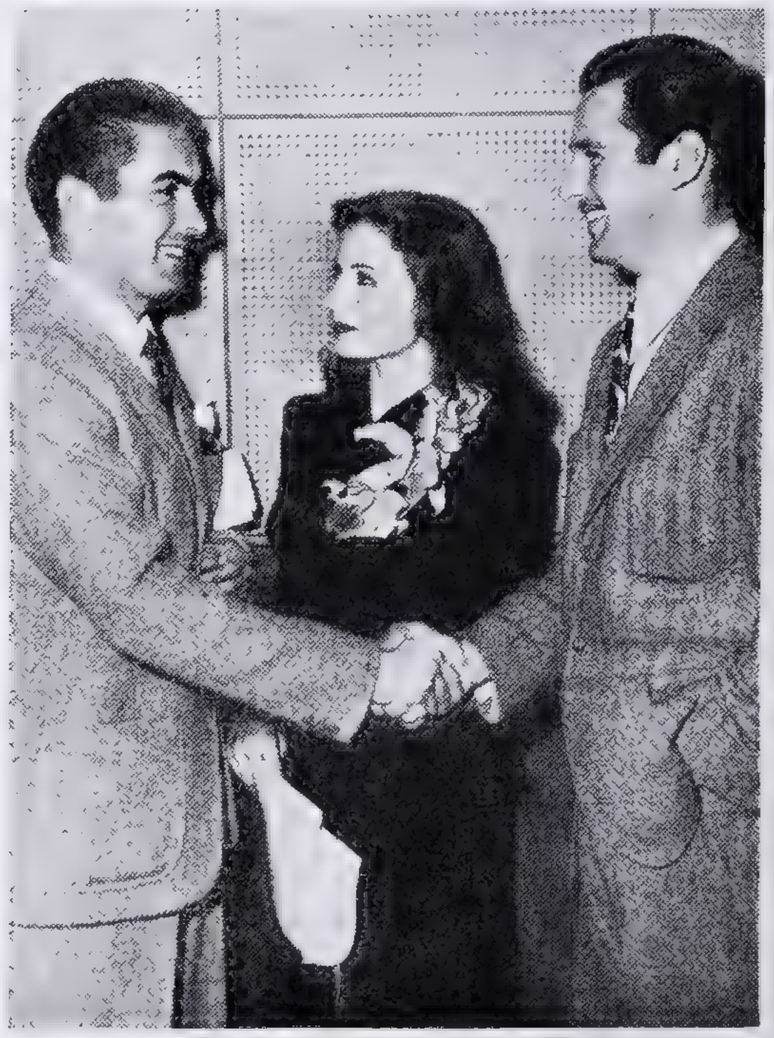
Paul Brinkman throttled down his car to run along beside the little sedan, until the chorus of horns behind him made that impossible. But before he stopped being a one-man traffic jam, he noted down the sedan's license number and, equipped with that, he drove all the way down to Los Angeles Traffic Bureau, which did him no good whatsoever. Los Angeles doesn't casually tell what license plate belongs to whom.

Two months went by and then the modern god, Publicity, played Cupid. Paul Brinkman, now running a small war plant, met Jeanne while both were lunching at the Farmer's Market. He reintroduced himself and asked for a date. However, Jeanne (though delighted) was leaving shortly for location on "Home In Indiana," and it wasn't until many weeks later that they saw each other again.

The amazing part of it was that at their second meeting Jeanne didn't like Paul particularly. "He's too sophisticated," she told her mother. "He's got more money to spend and well, he's just too worldly."

"Oh, I don't know," said her mother. "I think he's very charming."

Actually Mrs. Crain didn't think much about Paul, any more than she thought about Lon McCallister or (later) Henry King Jr., son of the famous director, or any of the other mob of boys, most of them from Loyola University, who were always hanging around Jeanne and Rita. She took refuge in the (*Continued on page 96*)



Ty Power congratulates Paul Brinkman on his marriage to Jeanne Crain

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(*Continued from page* 94) safety of numbers and her trust in her two beautiful girls.

Besides, the family circle (Grandmother Carr had just died) was now entirely concentrated on Jeanne's career in movies. If Jeanne had to be on the set at seven, which meant rising at five, they all went to bed the night before at eight, so she'd have enough sleep. Mrs. Crain drove Jeanne back and forth to the studio daily and saw to it that her idealistic nineteen-year-old daughter got proper food, a lot of rest and plenty of time for study. As far as her child's earnings were concerned, since she was less than twenty-one, the California law automatically put fifty per cent of them into War Bonds, twenty-two per cent more went to taxes, ten per cent to an agent, leaving Jeanne a very modest personal income on which to live.

As for Jeanne, herself, with her native good sense and intelligence, she divided her days into what she called her public life, her public-private life, and her private-private life. The first meant her work and all that it demanded. The second meant things like her public dates with Lon McCallister, which her studio suggested and which Jeanne was agreeable to, since she has always been very fond of Lon. Her private-private life was when she was just being herself, at home with Mama and Rita, or double-dating with Rita.

BUT in the spring, summer and fall of 1944, the boys of eighteen to twenty began disappearing, on their ways to New Guinea, to Europe, to Attu, to China. But Paul Brinkman, as head of a small war plant, was told to stay home, and so, in what free time Jeanne had after finishing up "Home In Indiana" and "In The Meantime, Darling," and "Winged Victory," he was around, to take her places.

Actually, up until the fall of 1944, Jeanne had few dates alone with Paul. The very first one had been on New Year's Eve of 1943. They went to a very small, private party together at the home of Tex Feldman, and when the lights were put out, in accordance with the old custom, at midnight, Paul kissed Jeanne.

"I was wearing a white taffeta dress embroidered in gold," Jeanne says, "and I felt so grown-up, and Paul kissed me so sweetly and in that moment before the lights were turned on again he said, 'This is the girl I'm going to marry.' He said it just like that—no 'will you' or anything.'"

She wasn't sure that she was Paul's girl, that first moment of 1944, or even later in the summer, but his continual romantic wooing was winning her more than she knew. He taught her to play tennis—he being an expert at it; he rode horseback with her. A rich boy from birth, he told her (she, who had never been outside of California except on the "Home In Indiana" location trip) about the foreign lands he had visited, the foreign, romantic sights that he had seen. Her mother told her she was too young to settle down to one steady date and she abided by that advice. Nevertheless, when she and Rita were together, she found it hard to keep off the subject of marriage. The girls mentioned no names, but they discussed the weddings they would have. Rita would be Jeanne's bridesmaid, Jeanne would be Rita's.

When Christmas of 1944 came around, Jeanne wanted to give Paul a present. Her mother wouldn't permit her giving him anything more personal that a very nice billfold. Jeanne obeyed, but Paul gave her a beautiful bracelet. This she knew her mother wouldn't permit her to keep, so she hid it. It made her roman-

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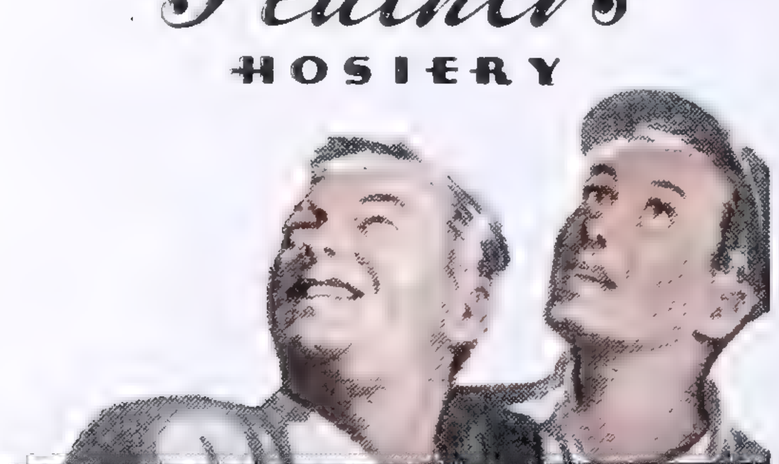

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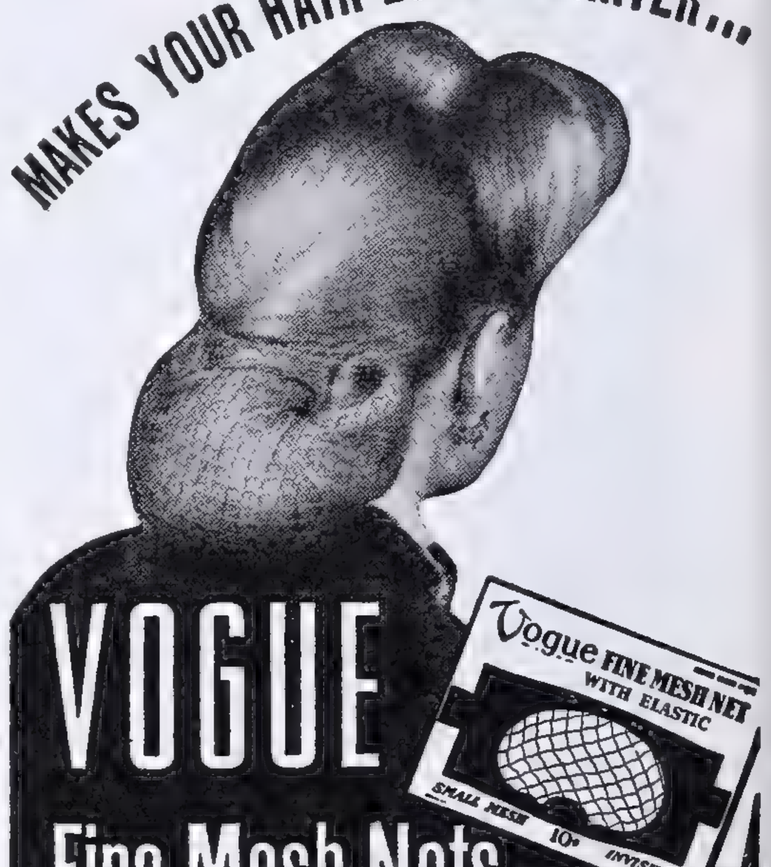

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tically very happy, even though she was troubled, too. That bracelet was her first secret from her mother and sister.

The real romantic turning point came one early 1945 evening when Jeanne went out to The Tail of the Cock, a little restaurant which is not a show-off place like the Strip places but one where quiet, nice people go for very good food. Jeanne was with Henry King Jr. but she felt a wave of possessive jealousy sweep over her, when only a few tables away, she spied Paul with another girl.

Later that evening Paul and Jeanne talked long and ardently to one another by telephone. The upshot of it was that they agreed they'd never date anyone but one another.

"Oh, baby, you're so young," her mother said when Jeanne told her of this promise. "Please wait before you settle down to one man."

"I've waited a year and a half already"

"Darling, do be cautious. Are you sure that Paul, charming as he is, is 'the home type?' Please, Jeanne, think this over a little longer. Promise me you will go for a little while without seeing Paul. If your love is real, it will survive the separation. If it isn't, you will have discovered the truth without hurting yourself or Paul too much."

Jeanne looked at her mother, whom she loved so deeply. "How long do you want me not to see Paul?"

"Six months. Can you agree to give yourself and Paul and me six months more?"

"Yes, mother, I can and I will."

JEANNE lived up to her word. Almost that is, and she probably would have lived up to it completely, if the night of the Japanese surrender had not come along. She did not see nor talk to Paul for more than four months. She worked and studied, studied along with Rita, who was attending U.C.L.A. and was majoring in psychology. The charmed circle was almost exactly what it had been two years earlier, until that night of the Japanese surrender. Paul called up, when the news broke. He begged Jeanne to see him, if only a moment.

"Oh, mother, may I, may I?" Jeanne begged.

What could her mother say? That was a night unlike any other in history, a night that would live forever in history. Against her better judgment, mama yielded.

Absence had done nothing except make Jeanne's love grow infinitely stronger. Now she dated Paul, night after night, and there was no longer any doubt that these were the dates of a young couple madly in love. August melted into September, into October, into November. Paul's war plant closed down.

"What will Paul do?" asked Mrs. Crain.

Jeanne is a dreamer. Jeanne truly believes that wishing will make it so. "Oh, something," she said.

"But what?"

"He's going to manufacture radios—he's got new patents—I know there aren't many materials now—but in the future it will be wonderful."

Mrs. Crain continued to drive Jeanne to and from the studio, but otherwise the charmed circle was troubled.

It became December 24. In the Westwood apartment, the Christmas tree was up, the Christmas presents lay under it. It began to rain. Jeanne had always loved the rain.

Jeanne had to work that day, so very little after dawn, she and Mama stood on their doorstep.

"Oh, Mother, isn't it a lovely day?" she cried.

She phoned her mother from the set, late that afternoon. "Don't come for me,"

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she said, "Paul is driving me home."

An hour later they were there. "Mother, Paul and I are not going to wait any longer," Jeanne announced. "We're going to have the bans published. We're going to get married. Please give your consent."

Her mother gasped, "Oh, Jeanne, I simply can't. You're still too young. Your future—your career—so much lies ahead of you. Darling, you've still so much time. Wait at least until Paul gets settled in his new work. Wait. . . ."

"No, dear," said Jeanne. "I want to go to the church now and see about the bans and. . . ."

It was then that Mrs. Crain made her big mistake. She admits it now. She cried, "Jeanne, I forbid you . . . if you go tonight . . . Jeanne, I will not consent . . . Jeanne. . . ."

She saw Paul's arm about her daughter's waist. She saw the door closing behind them. She heard their feet moving away from the door, down the path that led away from the house.

It was Christmas Eve. She sat up all night long waiting for Jeanne's return. By morning she started phoning. But Jeanne was not at the Brinkman home, (Paul lived with his parents before he and Jeanne were married) nor at the home of any of her friends.

Jeanne had simply, but very thoroughly, disappeared.

Sleepless, worried, Mrs. Crain was to remember Jeanne's words: "It is fate that Paul and I met. It is fate that we shall marry. You lived your life. I've got a right to live mine." Next month you will see how Jeanne worked out this most important step of her young and glowing life.

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Introducing Cojo

(*Continued from page* 61) syllable word, even if they do know all the meanings. When they pronounce their name, they say something like Jourrrrmmm, which completely deceived Director Charles Vidor.

Vidor is a Hungarian. English, even when spoken with pear-shaped tones, throws him plenty. But Charlie gets the credit for discovering Cojo, even though three years back Walter Pidgeon said the kid was a natural star. We'll come to that yarn in a moment—but when Charlie first asked what Cojo stood for, he was told Courtland. When the boy pronounced his last name Jourrrrmmm, Vidor thought that was his first name. In fact, he said to Cojo, "How should we spell Jerome?" "Why, I don't care, sir," said Cojo, who has the most polite manners and is as naturally easy-going as Gary Cooper.

Charlie Vidor is just as naturally impatient. "How many 'r's,' how many 'e's,'" he demanded.

"Why, I don't care. Does it matter, sir?" asked Cojo. It was weeks before he realized Vidor's mistake, together with the fact that Charlie had thought he was an idiot who didn't know how to spell his own moniker. By that time, his professional name was set—and Cojo let it go at that.

SOME of this easy approach was because he originally regarded the bit in "Together Again" as a kind of vacation prank. He was visiting his mother and his stepfather in Hollywood, where the latter is the very distinguished architect, Walter Wourdiman.

He expected in the next couple of weeks to return to his prep school, Riverside Military Academy, at Gainesville, Georgia, and he had moments of regarding "Together Again" as a sort of a waste of his otherwise free time from lessons.

But he didn't know his own talent for being completely natural in front of a camera. Once Columbia got a shot at his rushes, they started racing toward Cojo's mother to secure her okay on a contract. She was so amazed that she called up Walter Pidgeon for advice. Pidge recommended an agent, the agent went to Columbia, and Columbia began talking about putting Cojo in "Kiss And Tell."

Now part of the reason that Cojo was so natural, rather than impressed with Hollywood, is because he had been visiting it or New York and meeting celebrities ever since he can remember. He was nine when his mother and father separated, each of them getting half-year custody of him.

Even today, Mary Jourolmon is only in her mid-thirties, and she is strikingly beautiful. She looks identically like Cojo —or vice versa—the same straight black hair, the same sparkling eyes, the same luminous, intelligent face. She had always wanted to sing, and she knew James Melton. The moment she broke up her marriage, she went to New York and got Jimmy to arrange a radio audition for her. That was all she needed. She was engaged that very afternoon and for three years thereafter, as Mary Courtland, she sang, mostly old Southern airs and spirituals, for NBC.

When the show she was with was brought to Hollywood, she came with it, only to meet Walter Wourdiman and fall in love and give up all thoughts of a career. But since Walter Wourdiman was the architect who did the Chester Morris and the Bob Montgomery houses, and many other movie homes, Mary, who has a natural talent for friendship, was very quickly in her famous-people element and lanky Cojo, spending his summers with her, grew as accustomed to fame and

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took it as casually as most kids do sunshine. Actually, his major ambition—after he got over the usual kid routine of wanting to be a fireman and an explorer and a flier (he even tried for that in the Army but was too tall to make it) was to be a singer.

That's where Walter Pidgeon, a fine musician, came in. Can you imagine the debonaire Pidge sitting around, night after night, meekly playing accompaniments for a fifteen-year-old kid? Well, he did—which will give you a fair idea of Cojo's charm and the excellence of his voice.

His musical taste is excellent, too. While his three-years-younger sister swoons over Frankie and rolls her eyes over Bing, Cojo collects symphonic records strictly. These and snakes. He is particularly keen for snakes and does not like, though he respects, his mother's edict that they are not to be brought into the house. But generally speaking, he hates the radio. So what was "Kiss And Tell"? The story of "Corliss Archer"! When they told Cojo that maybe, perhaps, he would get to play *Dexter Franklin*, he groaned, "That dope?"

THE amusing part of it was that if he didn't particularly want the part, F. Hugh Herbert, who wrote the original role, didn't particularly want him for it, either. Harry Cohen, head of Columbia, and George Abbott, the Broadway producer who was bringing the play to the screen, both were delighted with Cojo, but Herbert kept remembering the boy who had played it on Broadway. In fact, he attended a rehearsal Cojo was going through, prior to his screen test, and talked about his performance. "Why can't you be more like him?" he demanded.

"Why, he was a kind of a short Yankee type, sir," said Cojo. "I don't think, if you've got that type in mind sir, there's any sense testing me."

Mr. Herbert, with the shouts of Messrs. Cohen and Abbott ringing in his ears, gave in.

Cojo's mother—whom he calls "Mommy"—wasn't too sure whether, by this time, the kid really wanted an acting career or merely more time off from school. So she didn't make it too easy for him. Westwood Village, where the Wourdimans live, is better than ten miles away from Columbia Studios. Mr. Wourdiman used the family car to take himself to his office. Thus, if Cojo meant to get to Columbia, he had either to go by bus—which takes forever because of bad connections—or hitchhike.

He hitchhiked. In fact, when his superlative notices on "Kiss And Tell" came out, his only comment was, "Well, maybe I can pick up a hitch easier now." (So what happened to him on his first three-day pass in Japan? He wanted to go to Tokyo—and the only way he could make it was to hitch. He did.)

He was excited about "Kiss And Tell" but no more impressed than he had been with "Together Again." He and Shirley, because of their ages, formed a quick, firm friendship but he stood for no nonsense from the little queen. There was, for instance, the day he beat her at Ping-pong and Shirley stamped her feet angrily and said, "Oh, darn you!" She got a spontaneous Cojo reaction. He flicked a quick hand toward the spot where Mama Temple used to play the hairbrush and said, "Now, don't be a rotten sport."

Just before he was sent overseas he signed a long-term contract with Columbia. There's no doubt of the triumphant career that will await him on his return to civilian life. Cojo is pleased by that but it doesn't occupy his whole thought.

The subject who does is fifteen but already five feet nine, and part Norwegian, part French, named Marit Co'hu. She is an outdoor type of girl, very horsey, yet musical and serious-minded. There's a little soda parlor in Hollywood, called Browne's, which makes the best chocolate sundaes in the world and there, almost every afternoon before he sailed, Cojo and Marit sat, after long horseback rides together, eating in the prodigious fashion of adolescents and discussing life, dreams and romance, ditto. Now Cojo writes her almost daily and some of the letters are in verse, very fine verse, incidentally. The Wourdimans and the Co'hus are close friends, which makes everything very pleasant all the way around—and a couple of distant, elapsed years can reveal the character of any love.

Meanwhile "Mommy" is stacking up the fan mail, which is now coming in in the hundreds of thousands and trying to send out the right answers to it, and Cojo is having what he calls "a very managed tour of the Far East" while trying to be a good soldier and both of them—and Columbia—are praying that he has, please heaven, stopped growing.

THE END

Jerome Courtland with his mother, who was a singer before her second marriage, Atwater Kent and Cojo's stepfather, Walter Wourdiman in a moment of high humor

Sweeping into popularity on the wind of high quality belied by a whit of a price . . . True Form girdles, turning your torso into a slim arrow headed straight for compliments. Designed to mould your figure . . . priced to balance your budget.

At better stores $5

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PHILA. NEW YORK

Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in *fortified food.*

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified supplementary food-drink, it contains—besides vitamins—nearly every precious food element needed for good health, including those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and Vitamin C can't do their complete jobs in body-tissue building without high-quality protein. Vitamin B_1 and energy-food act together for vitality. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus also need each other. You get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not turn to Ovaltine? If you are eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals needed for robust health.

Read what you get in
2 GLASSES OF
OVALTINE

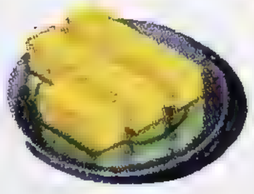
more **VITAMIN C** than
4 ounces of Tomato Juice

more **VITAMIN A** than
2 servings of Peas

more **VITAMIN G** than
¾ pound of Sirloin Steak

more **PROTEIN**
than **3** Eggs

more **IRON** than
3 servings of Spinach



more **VITAMIN D** than
10 ounces of Butter

more **NIACIN** than
6 slices of Enriched Bread

more **VITAMIN B1** than
3 servings of Oatmeal

more **FOOD-ENERGY** than
2 servings of Ice Cream

more **CALCIUM** and **PHOSPHORUS**
than 2½ servings of American Cheese

BARBARA HALE

starring in
RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.
LADY LUCK

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Capture the beauty of the stars in your hair with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo —so easy to use, so quick, so delightfully cleansing!

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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name.....

Please print plainly

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

She's Like This

(*Continued from page* 44) cold parsnips, always hesitates about eating new dishes but has never failed to like one, once tried. She loathes dieting but has to do same. Recently she painted herself a motto for her bedroom door—"nothing is crueler than a cruller."

She's most excited right now about: That twenty-first birthday. Up until then she was a ward of the court, which told her what she couldn't do with her own earnings. It kept her, for instance, down to $800 a year for clothes which, for a young actress, is really tough going. She's splurging now on Adrian evening gowns and suits, which she adores wearing on hospital tours to startle the boys. Being twenty-one lets her sign her own contracts, which means she can fight more for the parts she wants. She can stay out now after midnight without landing in the hoosegow, and does once in a while. She remained at the Photographers' Ball till three A.M., slept till one the next afternoon, forgetting all about her ballet lesson, a sin of omission that never happened to her before.

What she wants to be twenty years from now: A perfect, glamorous, exciting wife and a brainy, progressive, ideal mother, with at least three children and many more, if her husband can afford them, and definitely out of pictures.

She yearns to: Act her age. At fifteen she played Gary Cooper's wife. At sixteen, she was Jimmy Cagney's spouse. Not until "Janie Gets Married" was she permitted to be young and capture a young husband. It made her positively giddy.

For a real-life husband she wants: A tall, healthy athlete. She'd prefer he weren't an actor, but she won't quibble if, in addition to being a sportsman, he's also humorous, understanding and has a good education. She doesn't even consider the thought that she might marry more than once or outside her church.

What she cooks best: Cookies, all kinds; tea and coffee, salads, all varieties. She loves to play around with all the outlandish recipes published on the sides of boxes, such as trying to make cake from bran flour. The results are seldom worth the effort. In fact, she confesses that while she could provide her husband with a fairly good breakfast and lunch, it would be wisest for her and her husband to have dinner out every night.

The only things she hates: Herself when late, and she always *is* late; the sun on the windshield when she is driving home afternoons from the studio; any challenge, because she has to live up to any hurled at her; herself picking at her nails; her bad habit of letting conversations die, because she is timid socially; columnists who keep asking her why she doesn't go out more to night clubs; the ringing of the telephone; dogs barking at night and people being coy about her dates with Bob Williams, a publicity man; Johnny Sands, young Selznick player; Johnny Miles, leading man on her own home lot.

She reads: Her scripts; biographies; the Oxford Book of English Verse; the Shakespeare Sonnets and all romantic poetry. At the drop of a hat she will recite to you Marlow's "A Passionate Shepherd To His Love" or Wordsworth's "She Was A Phantom Of Delight." These send her.

What she wants no more of: Advice. In her nineteen years of acting, she's been advised by everyone, from her mother, father and older sisters through Gary Cooper, Fred MacMurray, Jimmy Cagney to Humphrey Bogart. She has learned to listen with wide-eyed respectfulness and then follow her own judgment. The only person she has ever encountered who

didn't advise her is Bob Hutton. *She* advised *him.* That's why he's her favorite leading man. "He made me feel *so* much more secure myself," she says.

If she couldn't act she'd: Go to college and study French and psychology; try to write and paint (she draws not at all bad caricatures right now) work to acquire enough social poise to be a superb hostess though she would never want big parties.

What she loves most: Her family and her career; simple, spontaneous parties that feature singing; Lake Arrowhead in the summer; tennis games; swimming; a Ping-pong tournament between friends; badminton in her own back yard. Ambitiously she is like the young Joan Crawford—she studies everything. When Warner Brothers was closed by the strike, thereby locking her out of her dance studio, she hired her own studio, so she missed only one lesson.

Her favorite colors: Bright ones. She used to wear blue because it was most becoming, but now she finds she responds to the seasons. The clothes she likes best to wear are slacks and blouses. The slacks are usually black but her blouses, in spring, are the blue of hyacinths, the pink of tulips, the yellow of narcissus. In midsummer, they get scarlet as poppies and in winter they become either very black or pure white.

Her suppressed desire: To beat one particular director over the head until he is put out of business for some time.

Her greatest enthusiasm: People, all kinds of people. "I've traveled enough, and I've had money enough and attention enough to know that only people, that is, friends, are exciting, kind and real," she says. That's why she hates night clubs and big parties. "You can't get to know anybody at them." That's also why she's not afraid of growing old. "I'll know so many more folks by then and have time for all of them."

THE END

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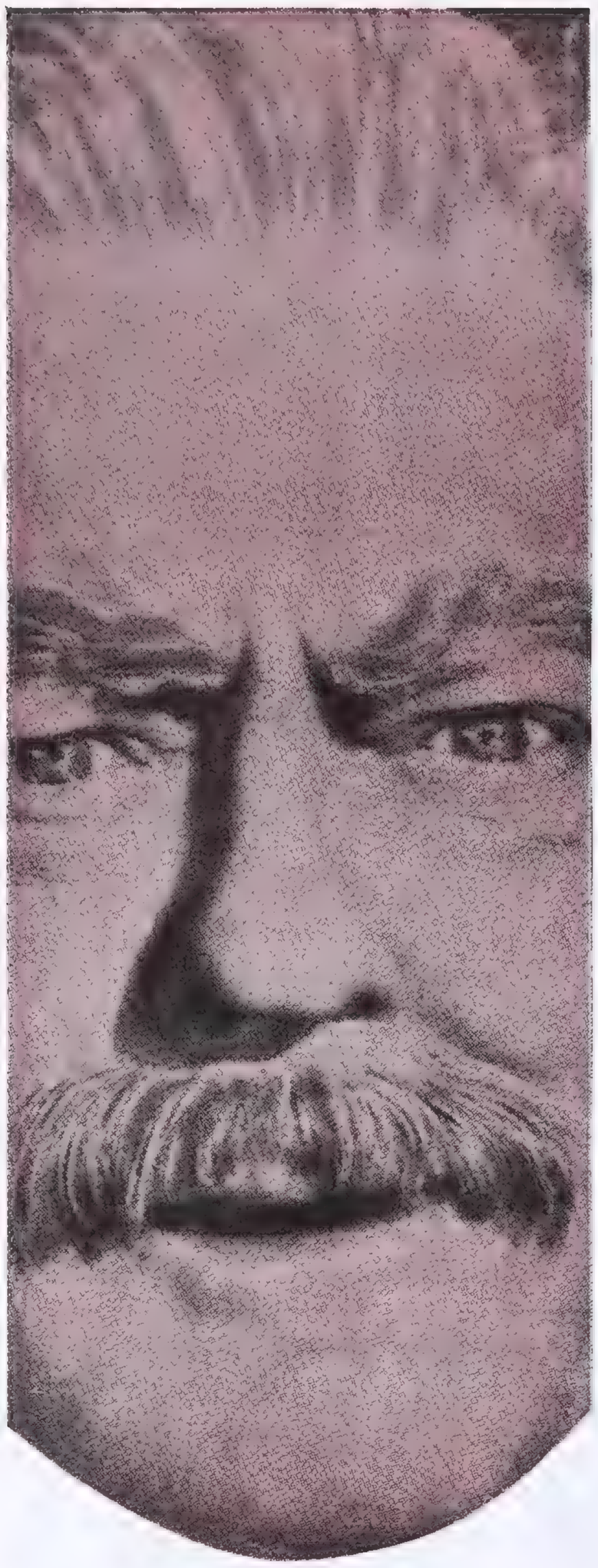

LIONEL
BARRYMORE
is one of the stars of
DUEL
in the SUN
Made by
SELZNICK in TECHNICOLOR

English with Blonde Accent

(*Continued from page* 56) get into the movies, the agents who were handling her affairs didn't give her too much encouragement, neither did her friends. "You're not the type," they contended. "You look so different" . . . "You're not a pretty little blonde" . . . "You are too tall" . . . "Your eyes are too big" . . . "Your accent is so British."

Oh yes, there were plenty of things against her, or at any rate it seemed so at the time. Today whatever may have been to her disadvantage she has turned into an asset. Maybe she learned how while she stood there behind that counter selling creams, powders and perfumes to the women of Hollywood. Today the only comment Angela has about the months as a salesgirl is, "At any rate, it smelled good."

There came a time in the month of July, 1943, when Angela took what she called "a vacation without pay." Somehow through a friend of hers she got on to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. There she learned that George Cukor wanted a girl to play the part of the Cockney maid in "Gaslight." At the same time, she was told that an actress was needed for the love interest in "Dorian Gray." Cukor gave her a test, the first she had ever made in her life. The very first time she ever stood before a motion-picture camera in a studio—and she wasn't a bit scared. She was, however, amazed. She was impressed by the way everybody went about their business as if they were selling potatoes or digging trenches. But, as she says, "I knew what they wanted. I knew my lines and just went ahead. You see, I had a character to bite into. If it had been a test which was just supposed to show how I looked, I would have been scared, but in this case I had a job I knew, which was acting."

Shortly after her visit to M-G-M, Angela's agent notified her that he had a contract ready for her to sign with Metro and, what was more, the contract was a very good one. It's been getting better ever since she walked into the preview of "Gaslight" an unknown and came out a sensation.

Angela Lansbury has been called a beauty, extremely plain, glamorous, homely, attractive. The truth is that she seldom looks the same. There is a changeling quality that goes with the moods of most good actresses. So it is with Angela. But there are still some factors about her appearance that are fixed. She's tall, about five-foot-seven. She has undisputably beautiful skin, huge blue eyes, as expressive as those of a young doe. Everything registers in Angela's eyes. Her smile starts there. Irony can be read in them and her acting somehow is balanced between those eyes and the most sensitive mouth in Hollywood, which looks very much like mouths had to look in the Victorian era: Full, small, sensual but controlled.

SHE'S blonde and superior, but with a great facility for getting on with people. She knows no discrimination. As a child she used to walk into the street and talk to the workmen. She had long conversations with the milkman, and yet she was the favorite of her grandfather, the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, a Member of Parliament. She hasn't changed a bit. Her manner, her conversation is as friendly and charming toward a grip on the set as it is to her big boss, Louis B. Mayer.

She's probably one of the most determined young women in Hollywood. Today it seems as if nothing and no obstacle could ever get in her way which she would not be able to remove quickly and efficiently. In fact she gives you the impression of capability far beyond her years.

She's one of the few who doesn't talk about reading books. She reads them. You never see Angela without a book under her arm, but she's also interested in painting and she's good at it. She sees a great number of movies. She can dance. She can sing. There isn't an hour of the day where she isn't doing something to improve either her mind or her talents. Boys of her own age are scared of her. She's not the jitterbugging type and not a bobby-soxer. She goes out a great deal and never does anything for the effect. In fact she belongs to the very few who learned at an early age one of the most difficult tasks, namely: The art of living.

Maybe Angela's story sounds like a meteoric and quick success. It is the former but not the latter.

She was, as you know, born in London. Her mother Moyna Macgill was one of yesteryear's darlings of the English stage. And ever since Angela can remember she has been part of (*Continued on page* 106)

Gold Medal-ing—Mrs. Carroll Rheinstrom, L. B. Mayer, Angela Lansbury and her groom, Dick Cromwell—among guests at Photoplay's Gold Medal Award dinner

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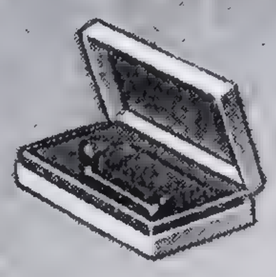

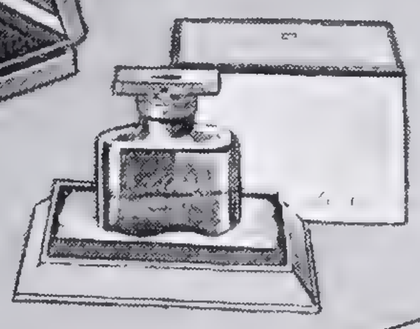

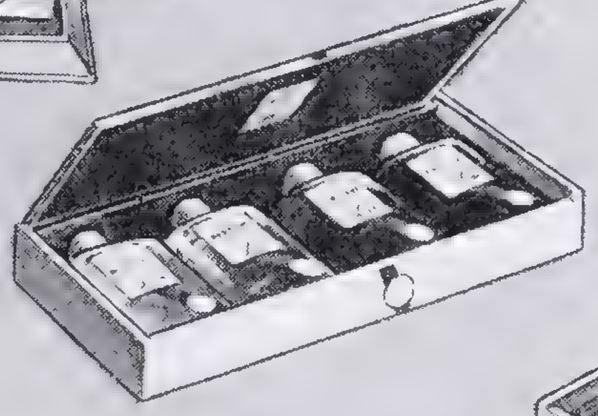

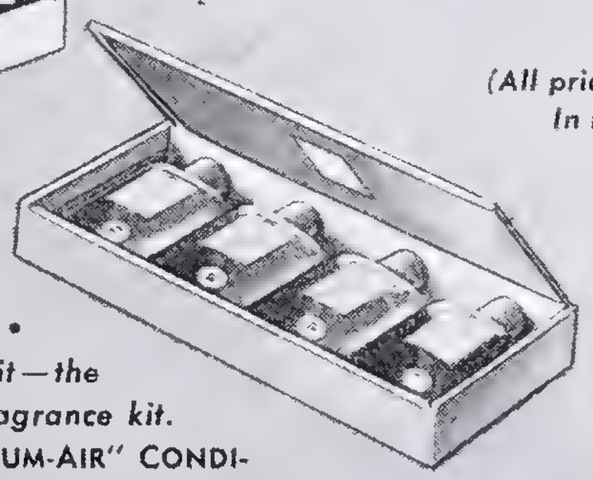

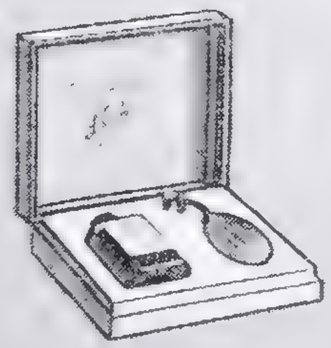

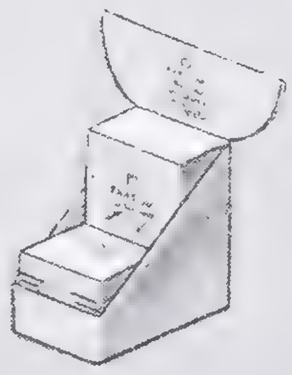

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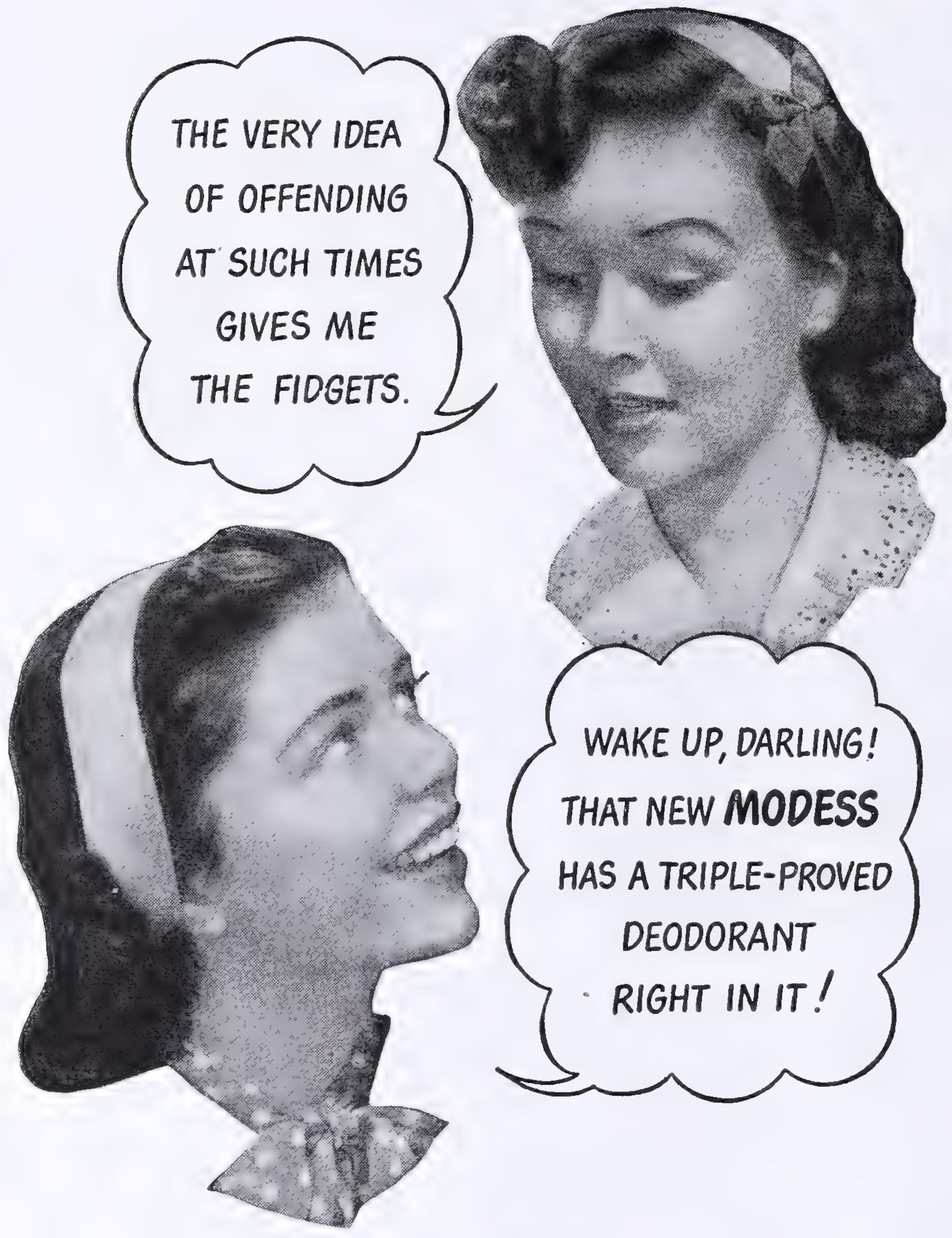

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YES, TRIPLE-PROVED: proved effective by Modess chemists; proved tops in 26 tests by impartial laboratories; proved a hit with thousands who've tried the new Modess!

NO SEPARATE POWDER, no sprinkling or spilling!

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COSTS NO MORE, so next time get luxurious new Modess with the triple-proved deodorant. Box of 12 is only 22¢.

FREE! SEND for "Growing Up and Liking It," a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation. Write Martha Steele. Personal Products Corp., Box 343-G, Milltown, N. J.

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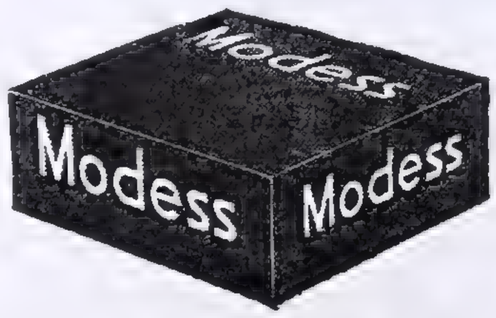

MODESS COMES TWO WAYS. Full-size and Junior. If you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, get Modess Junior.

(*Continued from page* 104) the theater. I 1934 her father died and left his litt family, consisting of Angela and her twi brothers, Edward and Bruce, to a still youn and very beautiful mother to take care o It was hard going, very hard indeed. Whe children were being evacuated from Lon don during the awful days of the blit Angela refused point blank to leave. Sh insisted on learning how to act, on goin to a dramatic school. When Moyna Mac gill took her brood to America, to be guest of a well-known rich New York family she promised to take care of seven extr children. The other children never di arrive in this hemisphere, because the Cit of Benaris, on which they sailed, was sunk

The first few years in America wer filled with privations—Angela at thirtee knew how to turn a penny twice befor spending it.

Before her marriage to Richard Crom well, Angela lived with her mother in house she bought in the hills. It practi cally hung on the edge of a cliff with view which took your breath. And wha a welcome you got! Warm, hearty and s friendly that your heart went out to thos two lovely English women.

"Angela was such a dignified, self-con tained child," Mrs. Lansbury would tel you. "There always was something abou her which made people keep their dis tance. She never wanted anyone to touc her. There was that day in the crypt o the House of Commons when the twin were christened and the clergyman trie to hang a cross around Angela's neck. thought it was a great honor, but sh started screaming, pulled off the cross an threw it on the floor. She never liked t have people take what she considere liberties with her."

It's incredible how well Angela and he mother get on. There isn't the usua mother-daughter attitude at all. The tw are like sisters. Angela's explanation o why they are so congenial is simple an to the point. "Mother moves down t me, and I move up to her. That's th secret of a good relationship."

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Over your local MUTUAL NETWORK STATION

Incidentally, it was because of her mother that she finally met Richard Cromwell.

"Dick and I," says Angela, "smiled at each other vaguely on vague occasions for a long time. I thought I'd like him—and I thought he might like me, too. But nothing happened until some time last April when Jerry Asher invited Mother and me to dinner, saying that Dick Cromwell wanted to meet *Mother* whom he had admired so much in 'The Clock.' I nearly didn't go. What girl wants to tag along when a man is so anxious to meet her *mother?*" But she did go and there began a romance so quiet that it escaped Hollywood's most attentive gossipers for months. Then one day last September Angela went to Mr. Mayer's office and inquired, timidly, whether he would mind if she were to be married.

Mr. Mayer astounded her by giving his blessing and adding, "But if you really want to do it, do it *now*. The studio has so many plans for you that there is no telling when you'll get away if it isn't now."

THAT'S why it was all so frantic. Dick had designed a combination ring for her —a band of diamonds (engagement) entwined with the conventional plain gold wedding band. Their plans were so hasty that this sentimental tribute had to be delivered to the bride, instead of the groom, before they took off for their wedding.

They had planned to be married at Lake Tahoe but, due to an oil leak in Dick's car and a flat tire, they barely made it to Independence, California, by nightfall. The courthouse was closed and they had no marriage license and no hotel reservations. Well, you know how young love is! Dick dug up the sheriff who turned out to be an extremely energetic and helpful soul. He found the county clerk, who was just preparing dinner for a tired, hungry husband. And he found a motel where they could change their clothes—and the manager wouldn't take a penny for the use of his cabin! The clerk met them (after she had fed the husband) at the court house and made out a license while the kind, kind sheriff hunted up a justice of the peace and, himself, changed to a white shirt and black tie because he had every intention of being best man!

"He certainly deserved to be best man!" says Angela. "And he was. The district attorney's secretary was the other witness —the poor county clerk had to rush home to soothe her ruffled husband!"

That's how they came to be married in the jail building. It was the only place available! But when it came to the actual ceremony, it was as solemn and tender as they could have wished it. . . .

She even had flowers. At the last moment her mother had tucked a box into the car with a bouquet of tiny white roses inside, carefully packed in damp cotton and tied with a white satin ribbon. "Just in case there should be no florists open"—which there certainly were not!

When they reached Bishop that night, the car was boiling briskly and it went right on doing it all through a brief honeymoon which took them to Tahoe (at last) and to Reno (Dick said she might as well make up her mind immediately about a divorce), to Virginia City, Carson City, San Francisco and Carmel. All in a week!

Now they are "at home" in Dick's hillside house above Hollywood, both shiningly happy . . . And this is the girl who said not six months ago: "To fall in love at this point would be very inconvenient. Let's be quite honest and admit there's no field worth playing right now."

To see her radiant face as she looks at the stalwart husband beside her you would say this was a typical British statement.

THE END

VIRGINIA MAYO, STARRING IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S TECHNICOLOR COMEDY "THE KID FROM BROOKLYN"

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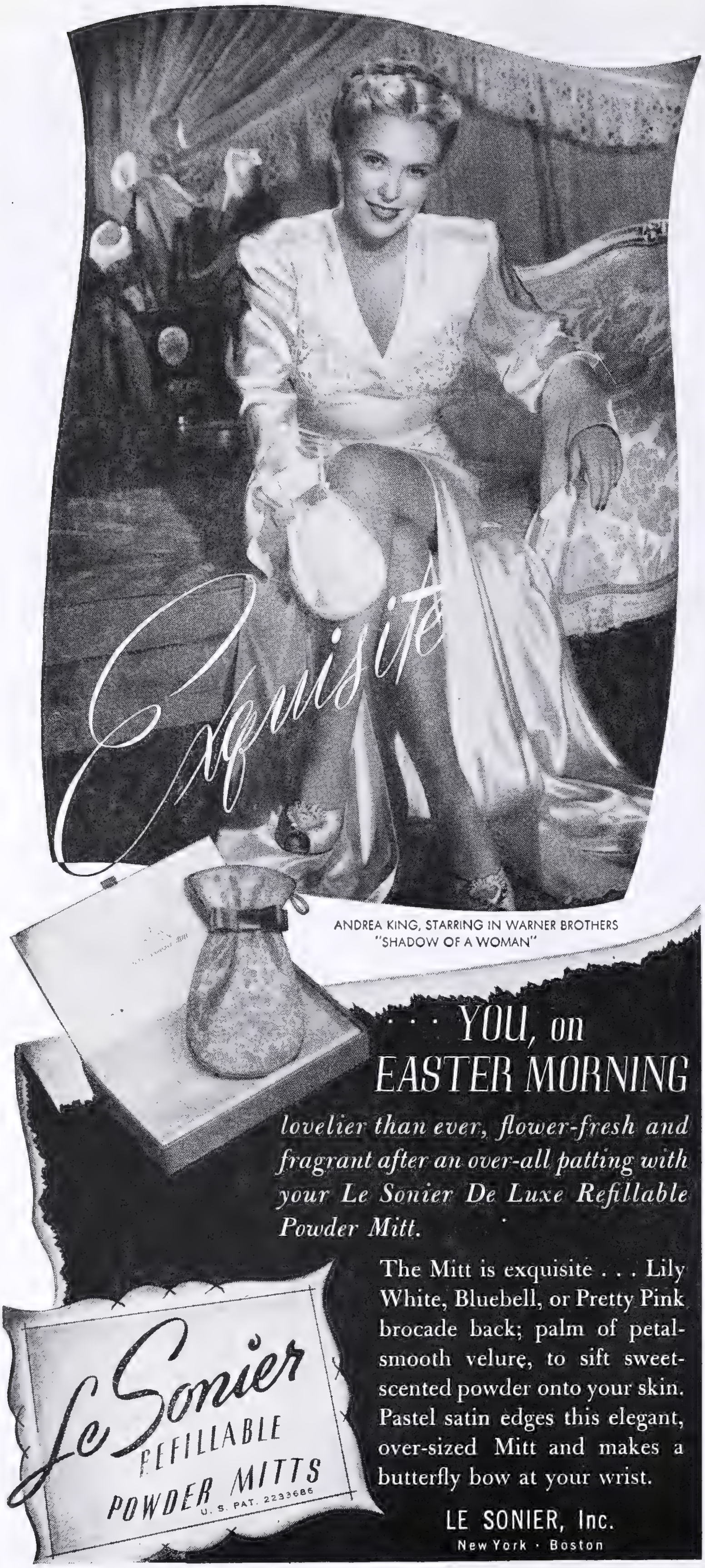

When the Man Is Milland

(*Continued from page* 51) occasionally, but I can't go there any more. Even the barkeep rolls a leering eye at me. Strangers nudge each other and mutter: 'There goes Milland, tying into another snootful.' Then they sit like buzzards, waiting, waiting for me to fall on my face."

Consider the letters he gets.

The first big crop of mail came from members of the United States armed services who saw the picture overseas, long before its domestic release. Twelve hundred men and women wrote confidentially to Ray Milland. These are possibly the most unusual fan letters any star ever received. Not one asked for a picture or an autograph. No one said that Ray Milland was his favorite actor. Many of them mentioned Ray not at all. They wrote about themselves, didn't give addresses in some instances, apparently finding relief in telling their story to someone they thought would understand it.

"I feel shabby about it, but I haven't answered those letters. I don't know how to answer them. From what little I do know, each case of alcoholism is individual. Generalities won't help these people. What do I do? They need help as much as any cancer victim ever needed help. Do you suppose Alcoholics Anonymous could take over?"

WITH all this on his mind, and with the feeling of responsibility this would inspire in any decent citizen, Ray also has to contend with the task of repelling gossip hounds who still want to insist that his married life is on the rocks. It is not on the rocks. It is about as happy an alliance as any two persons, male and female, ever achieved. What Ray wants to do is lead a normal life, to go skiing, to own a sixty-foot cruiser, to listen to good music, to see as much ballet as possible, to play with his five-and-a-half-year-old son Danny, and not to be bothered much. Especially, he doesn't want to be bothered much.

Ray walks by people on the Paramount lot, where he has worked for twelve years, and does not speak to them, more often than not. He was taken to task for this by a friend of long standing.

"I want to be nice to everybody," Ray said. "But I always wait for them to speak to me first."

The friend explained tersely that it was up to him to speak first, that he was the star, that he had to make the gracious gesture. Ray didn't accept this theory whole-heartedly, but he has been making a commendable effort lately. The smiling responses he gets rather astonish him.

He refuses to discuss his work seriously. Immediately after "The Lost Weekend" was released, there was talk about an Academy Award. Ray seemed rude when friends mentioned it.

"I was embarrassed," he said. "If I said nothing, people thought I was ungrateful, or dumb. If I got into a glow about it, people said, 'There goes Milland with his hand out already for the Oscar.'

"I wanted it, sure. Who doesn't? Ever stop to think, this is the only industry in the world that has an absolute pinnacle? You win that Academy thing, and you are *it*. Where else could you find a job in which that sort of thing could happen to you?"

What Ray Milland values more than awards or acclaim are opportunities to hurry up to Alta, Utah, for skiing or down to Balboa, California, for sailing and fishing. He doesn't go off those high jumps as a skiier, although he's pretty good. "Those leaps are for professionals. I'm neither a professional nor a nut. But the

whole family skis. Mal just won a silver star for it and Danny is learning, with lots of falling down."

He admits that he is a first-rate angler. Off Balboa, he goes after swordfish, tuna and deep-sea bass. He has owned a yacht but doesn't own one now—a sixty-foot cruiser is his chief ambition this side of Paradise. He can tell you precisely how a gasoline engine works, if you don't stop him. He is more than likely to tell you if you do stop him. He doesn't repair his own car.

"No fun. Too simple."

His recent and temporary separation from Mal was a heartbreak thing, but quickly repaired. Mal is an unusually beautiful young woman. She dresses smartly. Ray is proud of her and proud of her clothes. His best friends admit that sometimes he is a hard man to live with, Welsh and moody, and he confesses that this is true. But there is utterly no question about his devotion to his wife, or about her devotion to him.

The Millands live in a ten-room English type house in Beverly Hills. They are pretty quiet about it. They go out seldom. Friends who want to see them, come to them. Ray's best friends are Jerry Asher, a publicist, the Fred MacMurrays, Eddie Rubin and Roy Crane and Ann Sothern and it's hard to think of others. These people drop in at any time, mix their own drinks, do what they please. Ray may or may not pay much attention to them. Often as not, he is sunk in an armchair listening to a suite from Daphnis, or Swan Lake, or Chloe. At any rate, the music is likely to be ballet music.

He has a theory that his small son should be taught ballet because it would make him graceful, but Mal has successfully objected to this. Like all females, she considers it a miracle that her men-folks don't drown themselves. Danny always goes fishing with his father, and hasn't fallen overboard yet. Mal does not understand gasoline motors, either.

She approves of the skiing and the three thousand symphony records and of just about anything else that Ray Milland thinks or does.

RAY'S happiest experience, as he tells it, was in taking his wife on her first trip to Europe in 1936.

"I always took Europe for granted. I was born there. So I was astonished by her delight and her wonder. It was the swellest thing that ever happened to me. I have much more fun watching people have fun than in trying to have fun myself."

He is a work horse, actually. He immediately made three pictures on top of "The Lost Weekend." He has never complained about being used as leading man to introduce bevies, literally, of new Paramount girls. It was always safe to team them with Milland; he was a nationally advertised commodity, sure of an audience, and the girls always got a good start with him. The list of newcomers who made their debuts with Ray includes several notables, especially Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake; but if you should cast him tomorrow opposite Susie Appleblossom, he would take it in stride. He gets two weeks' vacation a year.

"That's normal, isn't it?," he argues. "Nobody but people in this fantastic business get any more. I am a lucky man. I work steady, don't I?"

He recalls hard times. He tried to be a Hollywood agent years ago, being out of work as an actor, and failed. He was enchanted to go to work for Paramount at $250 a week in 1933, and he could be happy today on less. He is a romanticist, as his preference for ballet vouchsafes, and he regrets that he did

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not arrive in New York aboard that happy craft, the *Ile de France* in the Nineteen-twenties, when the world was nonchalant. He is six-feet-two and lean. In his extreme youth, he served as a member of the British Household Cavalry, the King's personal bodyguard; when he donned tight pants to act in "Kitty," a costume picture, opposite Paulette Goddard, it was widely remarked that Milland could wear pretty britches as well as any man living. He never sat down as if he were afraid his seams would burst.

In his social moods Milland is quick, inquiring, polite, sarcastic, amusing. In his dark-of-the-moon periods he is as dour as a mortician at the Fountain of Youth.

"He has an inferiority complex," one of his close friends and admirers whispered confidentially, as if imparting the combination to Fort Knox.

An inferiority complex is something your psychiatrist says happened to you because you fell in love with your hobby horse at the age of four, or because you developed nausea over your grandmother's cooking. In Ray's instance, it is explained that he got an inferiority complex because he had two lovely sisters. He himself, according to this scientific gossip, was tall, awkward and suppressed. He became an actor as a defense mechanism.

Believe this if you like, consult a Viennese head-feeler or rub a crystal ball. It's fiddle-faddle. The guy has no more got an inferiority complex than Winston Churchill has mumps. An actor with an i.c. would be clamoring for flattery and avid for publicity. Milland has been a star for years. He knows his worth and he knows his job. His legs are long enough to reach the ground. He likes kudos but gets no more elated about it than, say, Sinclair Lewis gets excited when he finishes a new novel. He has no more pose than a country doctor.

Proof of this is that he doesn't go to the *poseur's* extreme, the "I want to be alone" stunt. Milland is available if you make sense and if you don't push him around.

But, as aforesaid, he won't play at being a motion-picture star, won't go night-clubbing, won't be lordly.

". . . A gasoline motor works on a very simple principle. You take the carburetor. . . ."

He isn't impressed because, after all, he made three distinct grand entrances into Hollywood, having crossed the ocean to make them, and failed twice. He takes his current fame in the stride of a businessman hurrying from one not-too-difficult appointment to the other. Unquestionably, Ray has glamour. The women say so. You don't stay up there as a major star for years if you haven't. He doesn't seem to notice that either. He is as casual with fame as a baby with a hundred-dollar bill.

Ray likes to argue, but he also has the sensationally charming habit of being a good listener. He is an ardent Californian, pointing out that merely to be allowed to live in a place where you can lie on a sunny beach getting tanned in the morning—and decide to go bobsledding in the afternoon, and *do* it, is the next thing to heaven on earth. Why knock yourself out making like a star? Engines, ballet, a small boy, a pretty wife, fish to catch, these are the important things—when the man is Milland.

THE END

LILLIAN GISH

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BONDS ARE BRACERS IN THE INFLATION DAM!
KEEP BUYING THEM!

Heart of a Yankee

(*Continued from page 43*) Broadway. But the fact remained—he didn't want to be a star on Broadway, he didn't want to go back on the stage. His whole ambition, his whole desire was centered, as it had been for years, upon the movies. And the long, lonely six months had added fuel to that flame. He didn't know anybody, he had nowhere to go, they wouldn't even let him in the actors' commissary at Warners most of the time, so he had spent afternoon after afternoon, evening after evening, at the movies on Hollywood Boulevard, the big palatial houses like Grauman's Chinese, The Egyptian, Warner Brothers and Paramount. He had a regular circuit of all the neighborhood houses, sometimes seeing again pictures he'd already seen, sometimes seeing anything of Garbo's three or four times.

"I was," Van told me with a grin, "undoubtedly Hollywood's most persistent fan. If they wouldn't let me on the screen, I could at least go and see them."

IN A long letter to his dad, Van had explained that he was on his way East.

"I just didn't make the grade," the boy from New England wrote, "and while sometimes I try to kid myself I never could kid you, Dad, and so you'll know how darn unhappy I am. I still think pictures are the one and only, I'd still rather be in them than anything else, and besides I've fallen in love with California. I had a little car—I've sold it now of course—and I did some driving around, down to the beaches and up to the mountains and this is a beautiful place to live. I've had that much out of it anyhow. I'm not squawking. I expect if I really had anything somebody would have spotted it. But at the same time, it doesn't seem like I've had quite a fair chance. Of course being in front of a camera for the first time I was so excited I nearly exploded. You know how it is, Dad. You dream about something and think about it and then it happens and you know it's true but you don't believe it just the same. There I was, and the lights and the cameras and the director and all the things—but I sure do look different than I expected, but partly that is because they made me dye my hair black, so probably if you ever do see it, which I don't think you will, you won't recognize me at all. I feel pretty low, but I'm glad I came. You remember how we used to talk and how I used to say someday I'd get to Hollywood. Well, I got here and now I'm going back and I think before I stop in New York and see about a job I'll come up and see you, so keep your eye peeled and I'll be along and lots of love from me, Van."

He had written his father a great many letters while he was in Hollywood—but up to that very last one they had all been hopeful. Even when things were toughest, even when he'd been taken over to Columbia for a couple of small parts and things hadn't gone so well.

But Van wasn't destined to make that trip back to New York, it would appear on the surface, because a certain group of people converged that night at Dave Chasen's. The cast that was to play destiny to Van Johnson consisted of a New York detective named Gorman, the then District Attorney of Brooklyn and now Mayor of New York, William O'Dwyer, that brilliant young actress Lucille Ball, and the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer casting director, Billy Grady.

Everything, Van says, happened at once. Gorman and O'Dwyer arrived and there was a shot in the arm, because O'Dwyer always makes everybody feel better just by being there. "And the point was," Van tells

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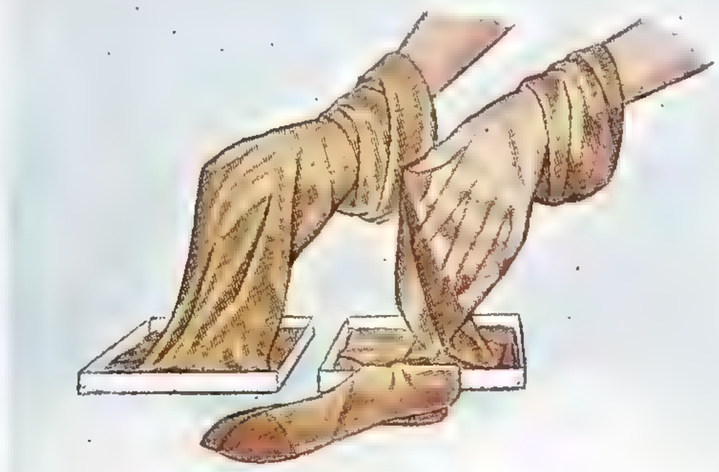

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it, "that when Billy Grady came in I wasn't sitting there with my tail between my legs and looking licked and forlorn, I was having quite a good time with a couple of very important guys." For Billy Grady came in just after Lucille Ball, and Lucille, who'd met the big blond boy from Rhode Island somewhere, called his attention to Van Johnson.

"I think he's wonderful," Lucille said. "Why doesn't somebody do something about it? Why don't you do something about it? Look at him. Look at that smile."

Bill Grady looked—and when he looks he sees. Not just what's there, but what might be there, which is why he is tops as a casting director. He didn't say anything, he didn't tell Lucille Ball and he hasn't told many people that he'd seen Van Johnson in "Pal Joey" in New York when the boy had a bit part a little better than a chorus man. That he'd suggested then he come to Hollywood, but somehow the deal got mixed up with this and that and Van went to Warners.

So he strolled over and said, "What are you doing? It's funny you wouldn't look me up." But to me the other day Grady said, "I knew why he didn't. It was pride. He has a lot of pride, that boy. He didn't want to admit he was licked because he was too young to know that everybody gets licked sometimes and it doesn't matter."

Van said he was going back to New York the next day and Billy Grady said, "Oh, I wouldn't do that. You better come out and see me first. Maybe you're ready to learn the picture business now."

IT was, Grady told me, nobody's fault exactly that Van Johnson had failed in those first attempts. "Inexperience," he says, "that's all. You may have the greatest personality on earth, but you have to know how to put it over. I figured this boy had the most likable personality I ever saw—and if he was willing to learn the tricks of his trade he'd be important."

Next day, Van Johnson went out to M-G-M and that was the beginning of the greatest success story of modern motion pictures.

They brought him along slowly, carefully. They eliminated that awe of the camera and managed to keep the thrill and excitement that motion pictures are and I think always will be to Van Johnson. If you enjoy seeing his pictures, he enjoys making them even more.

"The War Against Mrs. Hadley" introduced him to a public that reacted with violence and he was beginning to be talked about as M-G-M's coming "bet" when the all-but-fatal accident happened.

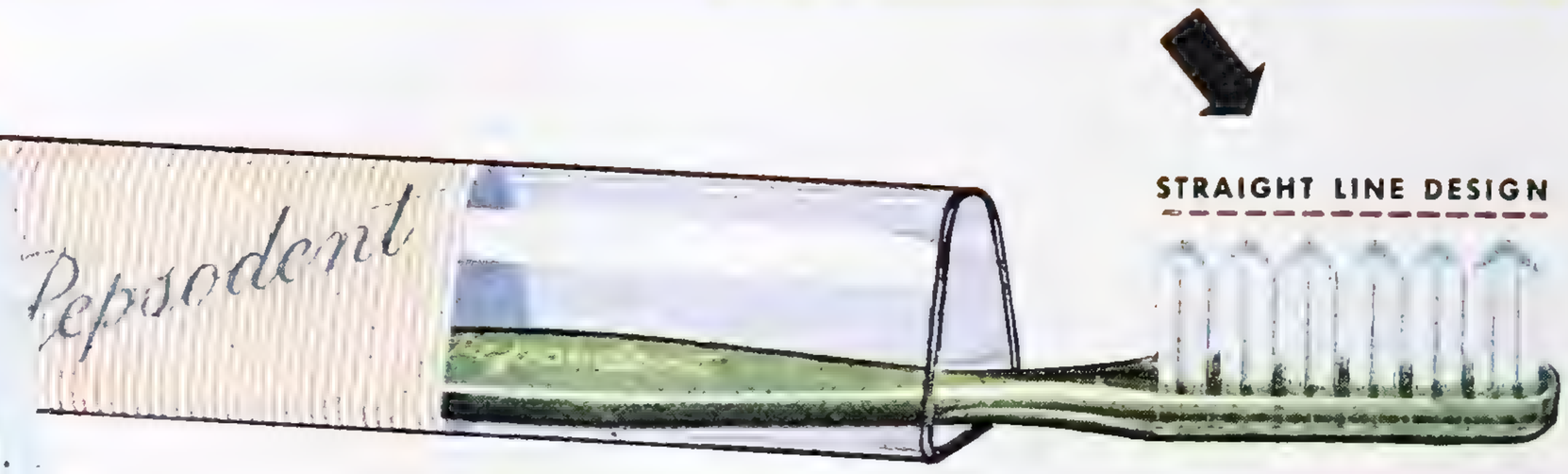
A routine—for Van—trip to the studio one night where they were going to run a Spencer Tracy picture for him. He was driving—his own car now—and with him were Keenan and Evie Wynn, his two closest friends in Hollywood. Crossing a main intersection a car didn't stop for a red light—and the spectacular career of Van Johnson almost ended. The fight for his life went on for days and they held up the picture in which he gave his first great performance, " A Guy Named Joe." And in those days and nights in the hospital he faced death quietly and without fear and something at the core of him became strengthened.

From there on, his work moved on and up and you know it all as well as I do—"Two Girls And A Sailor," "Dr. Gillespie," "30 Seconds Over Tokyo."

But of the personal life of Van John-

Straight Line Design

cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1



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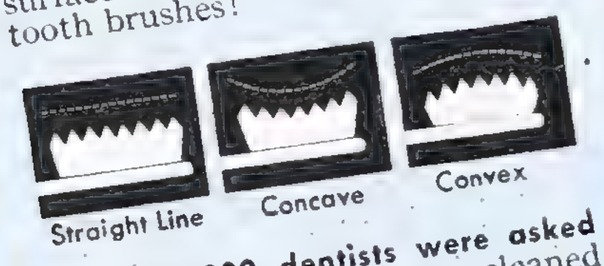

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son, the things which this swift and incredible personal triumph (for there has never on the screen been a triumph more directly connected at all times and in every way with sheer personal charm and magnetism) not so much is known. And that, you see, is because you can take a man out of New England but you can never take New England out of a man. He is still the boy who was brought up with all the rigid and almost austere formulas and manners, the self-respect and reserve, the lack of easy familiarity of a small New England town.

Now, he lives in a large and exclusive hotel—and hankers with all his being for a home.

"Then why in the world don't you buy a house?" I said to him one day when we were seeing some tennis matches in company with a group of other tennis enthusiasts.

For a moment, Van watched with awe and admiration the perfect technique of Bill Tilden defeating Les Stoefen, and then he said simply, "But what would I do? I never had a servant in my life, I wouldn't know how to give orders, I wouldn't know how to run a house."

Which brought us, naturally, to the subject of marriage, for a man who admittedly wants a home, and doesn't know how to run one, needs a wife.

There are a number of reasons, I find, why Van Johnson hasn't married. The most important is, of course, that he hasn't found the right girl, hasn't been swept off his feet by anyone so that the old, old feeling of having to marry her takes possession. He is still thinking of marriage with his head, not his heart. During his five years in Hollywood Van Johnson has liked a lot of girls, gone out with them, had fun with them and ended up being their best friends and prospective uncle to their offspring. Gloria De Haven was his favorite dancing partner until she got married, you often saw him with June Allyson at the movies, the two of them laughing their heads off like a couple of carefree children, occasionally he managed a dinner date with Lana Turner and then there has been the slightly spectacular friendship with Sonja Henie, the ice queen.

All too obviously, his heart has never been broken by any of them and he has grinned his way cheerfully through their marriages and wished them luck.

Here Comes The Marine

Tyrone Power

Back in civvies

Back in Hollywood

With

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Telling you

The kind of a guy

He is today

in May Photoplay

There exist great friendships between Van and Irene Dunne, whom he frankly worships off as well as on the screen, and Joan Crawford, and his dramatic coach, Lillian Burns.

"I want to get married," he told me, seriously, "and I hope it will be a non-professional. I'd like children. My father and I mean so much to each other, naturally I want a son. Maybe I'm wrong—maybe I'm selfish—but it seems to me I'd like a wife who made that her all-time job."

The second reason he doesn't buy a home and goes on feeling restless and unsettled in a really beautiful hotel apartment is that even yet he doesn't feel secure in Hollywood, he still wonders if Van Johnson has come to stay, his ambition and real desire to be a fine actor is so great—that he can't quite be sure it's all true.

We were talking about this incredible swift rise to fame and fortune one day in my library. Van was wandering around, poking among the books.

"Have you read all these books?" he said to me, finally.

I said, "No—not all of them. You get sets of authors like Meredith and Hardy and Wells and half of their work is magnificent and the rest you don't bother with."

He took down a volume of Dickens and said, "But you've read all these."

"Oh—Dickens," I said. "Of course you read all of him over and over. And Mark Twain and Jane Austen."

He was examining my complete Jack London in a dozen different bindings and he said, "I've only read 'Call Of The Wild' and 'The Sea Wolf.'"

"It took me years to get that set," I said, "picking up a volume here and one there. It seems strange that they make pictures about him and they publish sets of him in Russian and French and everything else, but we haven't a real set of London in English. You can borrow 'The Star Rover' if you'll bring it back."

With dignity he said, "I always return books." (He did. He was crazy about it.)

WHEN he sat down and curled his long legs over the arm of my biggest leather chair, I asked him what had been in my mind for some time. I asked him if he could himself define the results upon him, on his emotions and character and growth, of this sudden thing which had happened to him, this success so far beyond even his wildest dreams in the old days when he wanted to get into the movies.

That, it seemed to me, was the basis of any future, of the whole story of Van Johnson. Here, broken down into simple terms, was an ordinary good-looking, American boy, brought up in a small town, going to a regular high school, living in a two-family house, slated to be a bookkeeper in his Dad's real estate office, by all the rules never to be known outside a reasonably small circle of his friends and perhaps never, like his father before him, to go outside the state of Rhode Island in which he was born. Instead within five years he had become one of the most famous young men in the world, he had achieved great renown in his profession, his earnings were more per week than he had normally figured to make in a year and opportunity lay golden ahead even from there.

Van looked a little pitiful when I put the question to him.

He said, slowly, "I don't think anybody can answer that. You feel just like yourself inside, except you begin to get scared part of the time and excited and triumphant the rest of it. You feel humble and pray to be worthy and do a good job and then you feel proud and want to get on with it and do more and more and better

and better. I figure that while I didn't get into the service, I've practically got enough points to get out because in the movies I've been in uniform all the time. I wish it had been on the level because I'll always feel funny about not having been in, but I wasn't, and I couldn't help it and so now I'm getting out of my war years, too—and my accident, and the trial trip as a movie star. Now—I've got to make good. Really make good. I thank God often, every Sunday in church, because people have been so kind to me. I look at myself every morning when I'm shaving—you have to look at yourself then—and I say to myself, 'Johnson, you are a lucky stiff.' But from here on the going gets tough, the way I figure. I've got to justify what's happened to me, I've got to be a better actor and do finer pictures all the time and I've got an awful long way to go.

"I would like to make Clark Gable my model in everything."

He stopped and took a long breath, for usually he isn't much of a talker, while I thought that every actor in the business except Clark Gable makes Gable his model and ideal.

I heard my granddaughter outside the door, coming for her afternoon visit, and Van went out and got her.

He stood there a moment with her in his arms, and then he said slowly, "When you write this story—this biography as you call it, let's remember I'm twenty-nine. In a sort of way that's too young to have your biography written."

Kristie chortled at him and he said to her, "Let's get your grandma to do us a favor. Let's ask her to call this the first chapter—and then ten years from now when you're old enough to know, she can write the second one and see if I lived up to the chances I've got—and then by that time we can wait another ten years for the last chapter if I'm still around and *you* can write that one, Miss Kristie."

Maybe he is right.

Ten years from now I'll maybe do that second chapter—he'll be only thirty-nine then. So we'll just call this the opening volume.

THE END

HE'S COY

HE'S JOHNNY

HE'S NEWS

And

He's in May Photoplay

in a gay story

about this terrific

dancer

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"When you put Pepsi-Cola in the picture, Sam, you got the happiest ending ever filmed in Hollywood."

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 66) She had been married once before and was given a raw deal, and now that I'm married to her I find that I'm not happy. She is a very sweet girl and very much in love with me.

To be very truthful, Miss Colbert, my trouble is that I've decided a guy of twenty is too young to be married. I'm not ready at all to settle down; I want to be free to do all the things a single guy has a perfect right to do. For this reason I think it is unfair to this girl to stay married to her, but I'm afraid to explain, as I don't want to hurt her.

Would like to hear what you would do if you were a guy in my position.

Don K.

Dear Mr. K:

When I first started to conduct this column, I was receiving literally hundreds of letters from both men and girls, asking for my views on wartime marriages.

I sometimes sat at my desk in those days and wondered what would become of the service men and their girl friends who were rushing into ill-considered matrimony. And now my mental question is being answered in every delivery of mail.

I'm sorry to say that, in my opinion, it is too late for you to decide that you are too young to be a married man. You should have reached that decision before the ceremony took place. Marriage isn't a pleasure trip to be taken for a week or a month, then to be ended and written up as an interesting experience.

Aren't you lucky to have this girl deeply in love with you! You should read the letters from service men who would give a great deal to be in your shoes. And what do you mean by saying "I'm not ready to settle down"? Apparently your idea of marriage is a union of boredom with deadly calm. What is there to prevent you and your wife from enjoying all the young occupations—dancing, skating, bowling, theater-going, tennis, even traveling? Why not have fun together?

I don't think you have given marriage a chance. I think you should attempt to be a good husband to your wife, and to keep your marriage as a fine and permanent thing.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Here is my problem: Maida and I have been friends for a long time. At first she was sweet and nice, but all of a sudden she has become bossy and mean. When we go out together, she definitely chooses the time and place, and I have nothing to say on the matter. If I do make a suggestion, she flares up and an argument starts. She always says, "Do you want to start something?" or "Listen, who do you think you are?"

Sometimes I have a good notion to tell her off. I think if two girls are going to be friends, they should talk over their plans instead of having one decide what she wants to do and forcing the other to do it.

What do you think?

Alice Jean T.

Dear Miss T:

I think you should look around among your school friends and find another chum. Don't fight with Maida, and don't terminate your comradeship suddenly. Simply drift away.

Find another nice girl and invite her over to your home for dinner, and take the initiative in suggesting a movie on the weekends, or a study session during school days. In other words, don't confine yourself to one or two friends. Have as large a group as is possible for you to see with regularity and enjoyment.

Sadly enough, there are some people in the world who can't be happy unless they are giving orders; when you encounter any of those constitutional fuehrers, the thing for you to do is to get away and leave them to give their orders to the breeze.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm nineteen and very much in love with a paratrooper, who is still overseas. We plan to be married when he comes home.

Before going overseas, he suggested that I go out on an occasional date, just as long as I remembered that we were in love.

However, I didn't go out on dates until about a month ago when a man in the office asked me to see a movie with him. I had six or eight dates with him when I learned that he juggled the truth. He is thirty-two, not twenty-four as he had told the office people; he was not a discharged veteran as he had said, and he was working under an assumed name.

When I put all this together, I refused the next time he asked for a date, and when he demanded a reason, I said I disliked phony people.

At which point he blurted out that he is divorced, he was expelled from college, he has spent seven years in the penitentiary for counterfeiting. He has been out on parole for a year which ends soon. He

told me that as soon as he is no longer on parole, he is going north to get even with a man who had double-crossed him.

I am heartsick. He has my name and address in his address book, so I might innocently become involved in a scandal.

Should I explain this whole thing to my fiancé now, or should I wait to see if something happens?

Nadine R.

Dear Miss R:

By all means tell your fiancé the full story now. If your fiancé is the sort of person you believe him to be, he possibly will be very upset with you for a few days, then he will probably understand and sympathize.

Actually, I can't see that you are at fault. This sort of thing might have happened to anyone, and when you terminated your friendship with this man, you acted wisely and with decision.

It is too bad that your name and address have been placed in his datebook, but if he makes his threat good (which he probably won't, you know), the most unpleasant thing that could happen to you would be a routine police investigation during which you would be asked a few questions, then excused without prejudice.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married eight years to a man who has never been dependable, a good provider, or a nice human being. I married him when I was eighteen; he was an itinerant construction worker, so my life became a confused jumble of hunger, no work, frequent moves, sudden flashes of prosperity, and constant mental and physical brutality. Finally he went to Alaska, leaving me destitute during the winter with an eleven-month-old baby to support.

I had met and grown to like his mother, so she and I made a home. I went to work while she cared for my daughter, and our existence became pleasant. My husband finally grew homesick and wrote that he was ashamed of himself and was coming back to make it up to me.

When he returned, he stuck to that resolve for about six months, then the old routine began again. But by that time I had begun to study and go to night school. I took my daughter and moved to another town, where I secured an excellent job, a good woman to keep house for us, and a foothold on a really fine future.

There I ran into a boy from my home town. He was an officer in the Army and I realized after several months of pleasant, casual friendship that I was in love with him. I promised to get a divorce from my husband, then this man went overseas.

When I filed suit for divorce, my husband came to me, claiming that he realized his mistakes and wanted another chance. He appeared so heartsick and so sincere, he was broke and out of a job, that I decided to give our marriage one more chance. I wrote and told the boy overseas exactly how I felt—that I had obligations—then stopped writing.

Now, as in the past, it becomes apparent that my husband is simply a ne'er-do-well. He hasn't kept a single promise that he made me. There is only one thing of which I am positive: He loves our daughter devotedly, and she adores him. He is that frequent combination, an utterly useless man with immense charm.

Now, I have learned that my overseas man is coming home. In a town as small as this, I am certain to see him, so I am faced with a decision. Should I take my daughter and leave town, starting out on my own to build a business career for myself, as I now know I can do; or should I renew my romance with the soldier, divorcing my husband?

Harriet B.

Dear Mrs. B:

It is always easy to be a second guesser; it is always easy to look back and point (when the specific spot has been passed) to the best possible time for decision—in the past. When you first decided to free yourself of this obviously weak and improvident man, you should have clung to your resolve.

To judge from the letters I receive, it would seem that there is almost as much misery caused in this world by failure of one of the persons in a controversy to make up his mind, and then to stick to his decision, as is caused by downright meanness or feckless folly.

Having left your husband twice, but having reconciled with him on both occasions, only to discover that it is almost impossible for an adult man to change his basic nature, it would appear now that you really have no choice except to try to make the best of your bargain.

You have suffered a great deal, it's true; and unless you can make up your mind to hurt someone else, you are going to continue to be the pawn of a ne'er-do-well.

This is a situation where I'm afraid Solomon himself would be inspired to say, "Only you can help yourself; make up your mind once and for all— then stick to it, and be as happy as possible."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Our problem is that of most teen-age

"Who says who is funny?"

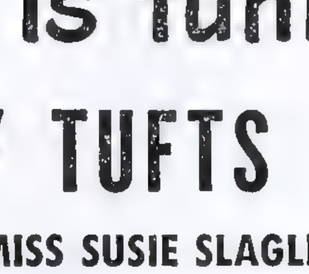
asks SONNY TUFTS

starring in the Paramount film **"MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S"**

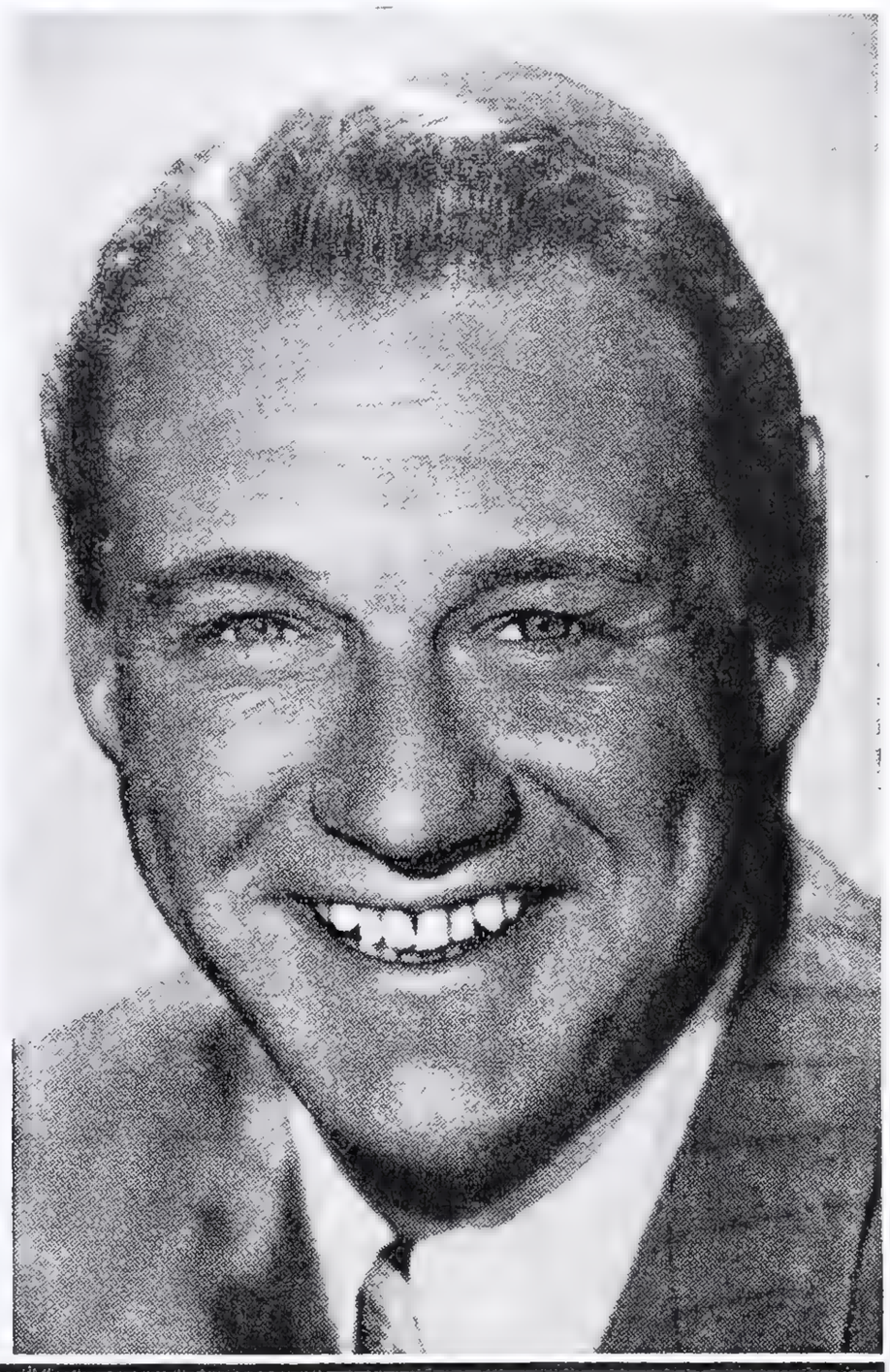
"If people *don't* speak English, does that make them dumb? Or, if they don't dress like we do, are they queer?

"No matter where they live or what they wear all people understand mutual respect and willingness to help each other. For the love of Peace, let's try to *know* our new world neighbors."

(One of a series of messages presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding.)



FLEER'S is the delicious candy-coated gum, with the *extra* peppermint flavor. It's attractive to look at, delightful to chew. Five cents for twelve flavorful fleerlets that pop out one at a time from the handy package. You'll like Fleer's ... Try it today!



Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., MAKERS OF FINE CHEWING GUM SINCE 1885

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

deprives a girl of glamour . . . and dates!

Medical Science says: Thousands who have pale faces—whose strength is at low ebb—may have a blood deficiency.

SO MANY girls are "too tired" to keep up with the crowd—watch romance pass them by because they haven't the energy to make them attractive!

Yes, girls who are often fatigued and colorless may find that a blood deficiency is cheating them of beauty and sparkle. And medical studies of large population groups reveal that up to 68% of women—countless men—have a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

It's your blood that releases energy to every muscle and fibre. Your blood is the supply line of your pep. If there is a deficiency in your blood—if the red blood cells aren't big and healthy enough—you can't feel alert, "alive."

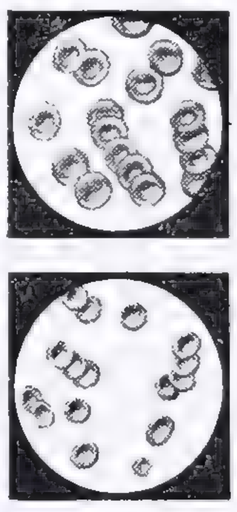
You can't have full health and energy if you have Borderline Anemia. Borderline Anemia means that your red blood cells are below-par.

Build up your Energy
by Building up your Blood

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly.

But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast helps build up blood and energy.

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS

boys: Girls. We have a club house—and by "we" I mean a nice gang that my brother and I pal with—and we would like our girls to come down to this club house to play cards, play Ping-pong, sing songs around our raspy old piano, and in general, have fun.

Our problem is the simple fact that our parents disapprove of females. They won't even allow our sisters to come to the club house.

We are a decent bunch of boys and are willing to stick to any advice from you about getting our girls to join us when we would like to have them around.

Tom and Pat I.

Dear Tom and Pat:

Thank you so much for sending me such a happy little problem, and one that can be solved so readily! Most of the woes brought to this department are staggering.

Isn't there, in your school, a young married teacher who could be at the club house when the girls are going to join you for Ping-pong or a community sing? After all, you really don't want the girls dropping in, unannounced, whenever the notion strikes them. That would spoil the purely masculine pleasure you take in having a meeting place.

If, at those times when you wish to extend the hospitality of your club to the feminine gender, you will tell your families about it and make arrangements for a chaperone—everything will go well.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married Tommy when we were both young. Not until after marriage did I realize that Tommy was a drinker. He would go out with men friends, get drunk, come home and beat me. I left him, then found out that we were going to have a baby, so I had to come back. He sobered up, after the doctor read him a penny lecture, and was fine until I was in the hospital, then it all started again.

Once again he beat me, so I decided to leave. I put the baby in a nursing home and went to work as a waitress. Well, Tommy kept hanging around, saying that he was broken-hearted, so I took him back and we had another baby. And then the same routine. That time I left for good, I swore.

But Tommy got picked up for drunk driving and a serious accident and was sentenced to five years in prison. I went to him and had a long talk, and agreed to be true to him.

Well, about ten months ago I went to a movie with a girl friend of mine and met her brother who is a really fine man. He loves the kids and is as good as gold to me. I wrote Tommy, telling him I was going to get a divorce.

A week ago a man from Alcoholics Anonymous called on me and assured me that he thinks his group can bring Tommy out of his bad habit and rehabilitate him. He asked me to stand by and help.

I'm still in love with Tommy, even if he is pretty useless, but I know that Edgar would be the finest husband a girl could want. Do you think I owe the greatest responsibility to trying to make a man of my husband and risking the welfare of my two babies, or to making a good home—of which I am sure—with Edgar?

Gladys F.

Dear Mrs. F:

No matter how much you admire and respect a man, you shouldn't marry him unless you are really in love with him.

I'm certain that you revere Edgar; but I'm also very much afraid that you are still in love with Tommy. In that case, there is nothing for you to do but

to wait for him to be released from prison, then try to work out a salvation for yourselves.

The organization of Alcoholics Anonymous, incidentally, has done very fine work—it may be that in your case, as in many others, it will rehabilitate and make a constructive citizen of your husband.

Claudette Colbert

From Somewhere on Guam
Dear Lady:

After reading your column in Photoplay—a very dog-eared book by the time we got it—we decided that perhaps you would have the answer to our melancholy mood.

Though we haven't got pink toothbrush, excessive scalp problems, or scaly skin, we find much to be desired in our social life. Most of us have been out here at least twelve months and we haven't even had one date, yet we *do* want to be popular, really we do.

We have consulted our friends and find that many of them have the same trouble. Those who do not have the same trouble are happy talking to mosquitoes.

It has been suggested that our social failure is due to the fact that there is a great local scarcity of girls. Do you feel that to be the truth, or is somebody just trying to make us feel better? Please be frank with us, as we want to know.

Joe—A.M.M. 1/c

P.S. Well, we have to do *something* for a laugh.

Dear Joe:

Thank you for giving me something over which to chuckle.

Don't judge the extent of your social success until you land in San Francisco—at which time I'd like a report.

The best of everything to you!

Claudette Colbert

(In order to clear old business from the "books" of this column, I wish to publish excerpts from a group of letters which were received in response to the complaint against American girls lodged by "Five Gunners" and printed in the December, 1945, issue of Photoplay.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I went out with GIs quite a bit when I first came here but I soon found out that most of them had just one idea. Therefore, I stopped having so many dates and found new interests, working in a hospital, taking sewing lessons, going to night school in addition to my job.

I wonder if you will write to the five gunners and tell them that there are still some girls who haven't gone "khaki wacky," no matter what they hear.

D. M. W.

Dear Miss Colbert:

The girls are not the only ones at fault. Several of the girls in the office in which I work have met boys under proper social conditions, and have dated these boys from four months to a year before discovering that the boys were married and even (in several cases) had children.

I'd better stop before I go off the deep end, but I'm getting sick of girls getting "kicked around" when it's the boys who need a good swift kick. Let them stop screaming about the injustices done to them, and correct some of their own mistakes.

Pat L.

Dear Miss Colbert:

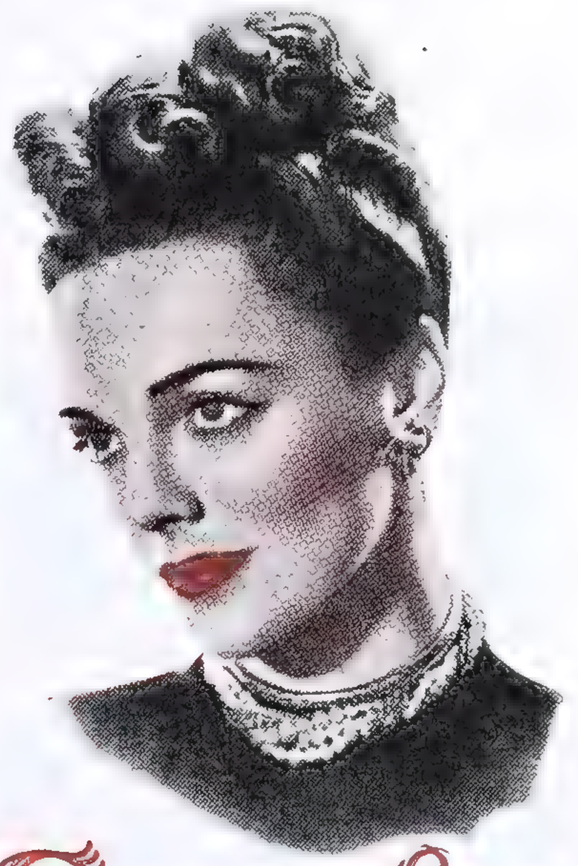
My sister's fiancé wrote her a "Dear John" saying that he was sorry, but he had found a nice little English girl whom he loved and was going to marry, so he thought he should break his engagement.

My own boy friend, not in front-line

Valerie's Boss led her quite a mad chase

— But GAYLA HOLD-BOBS kept her hair-do in place!

● Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.



Gayla
HOLD-BOB
BOBBY PINS THAT HOLD

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WALTER HUSTON

is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

Made by SELZNICK *in* TECHNICOLOR

service, has written me letters about all the different girls he has met; English, French and now German. He blames his "fraternization" on homesickness—which excuses everything, I presume.

For some odd reason, men seem to expect to have a rare old time, butterflying around the world, but they expect girls to sit at home being *Penelopes* like mad. And if the girls don't—then we're a lot of disgusting trollops. It is to laugh.

Nan G.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm a college girl and here's what happened on our campus: There were about six girls to every boy, so the boys (mainly 4Fs) became unbearably conceited and demanded all manner of things from the girls they dated. Some girls put up with this sort of thing, but most of us simply called a date strike. We kept busy with studies or war work in the hope that the men who return from overseas are not going to be like those we have seen during the past few years. Tell those five gunners, please, that it is always the loud minority that gets the publicity, but that if returned service men will look around with some discrimination they will find truly clean and worthwhile girls.

Phyllis C.

(That should take care of that. And we hereby declare this particular controversy closed. C.C.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

In the January, 1946, issue of Photoplay, I became interested in the letter of "Belinda P." the secret widow of an officer killed overseas.

Perhaps I may have the privilege of being helpful. This young widow is entitled to a fifty dollar per month widow's pension, a death gratuity and all arrears of pay coming to her deceased husband.

If she has her marriage certificate, or can secure certification of her marriage she should notify the Veterans' Bureau in Washington. They will send her the necessary forms to be filled out.

It is likely that her husband had made her beneficiary of his insurance. The marriage may have been secret from his parents, but I doubt that it was a secret from the Army.

I believe this whole matter might be handled in such a way that the boy's parents would never know of the marriage. She sounds as if she could use the pension to which she is entitled. I have written in an attempt to be helpful.

A Veteran's Widow

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

BLONDES!

—Watch His Eyes Light up at the Gold in Your Hair!

• You can be in a room full of pretty girls. But if you are the one whose hair glistens with lovely blondeness, *you* will attract his instant attention!

Smart girls know that using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is the easy, modern way to keep their hair beautifully blonde!

You see, the *new* Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is not an expensive "treatment." Carefully perfected by experts in hair care, it's complete in itself for use at home. What's more, it lets you achieve the *exact degree* of lightness you desire!

Whether you're a blonde, brunette or redhead—if you want to lighten your hair a trifle or make it several shades blonder—Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is just right for you. Incidentally, you'll like it for lightening arm and leg hair, too! Try it *today*.

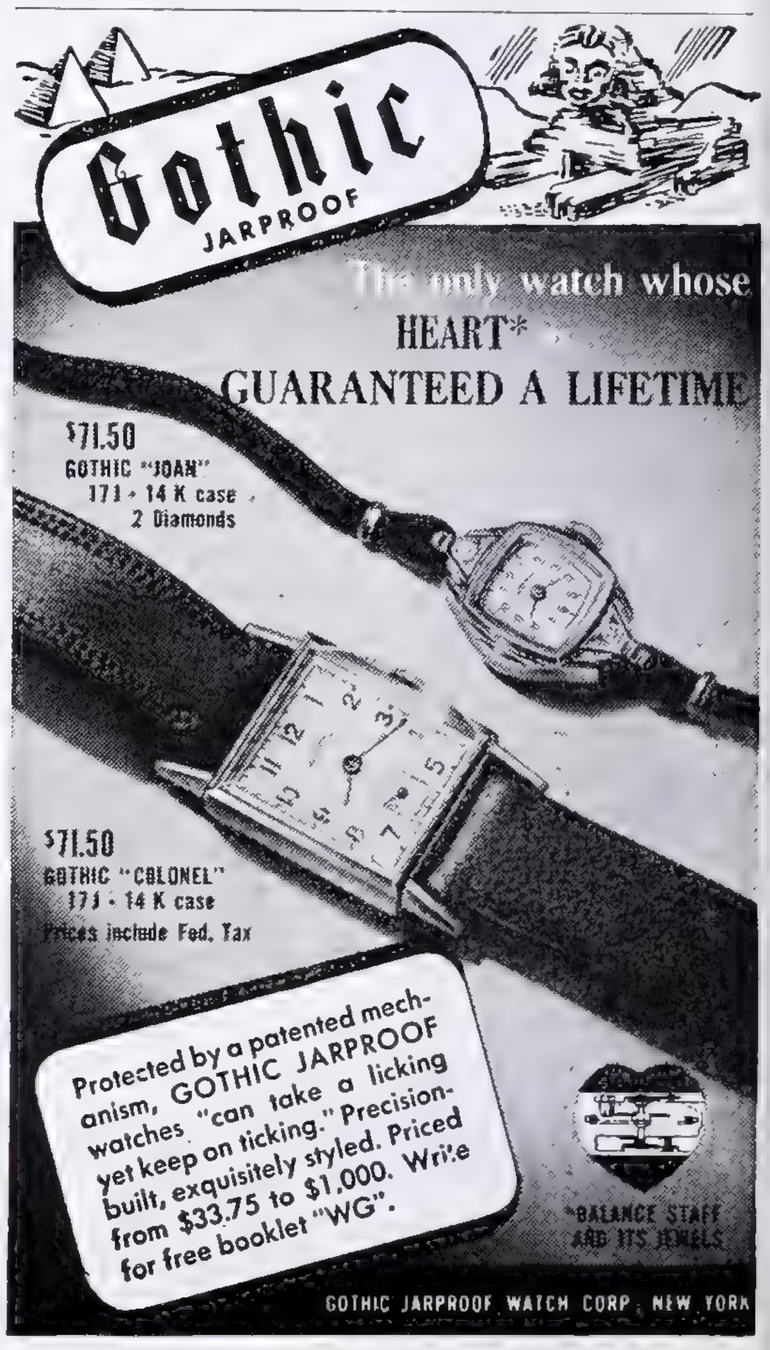
EXTRA MONEY for YOU

Sell GREETING CARDS and Personal Stationery

Take easy orders from friends, neighbors. Sell beautiful $1.00 All Occasion Assortment. Costs you 50c up per box. Also Birthday, Baby Congratulation, Gift Wrapping, Humorous, Scripture Text assortments 35c up. Up to 100% profit. Extra Bonus. Request $1.00 Everyday assortment on approval and Free Stationery portfolio. Special Offer.

Elmira Greeting Card Co., Dept. M-39, Elmira, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLES Name Imprinted Stationery



Beauty Spots

By Mary Jane Fulton

WHEN MARY ANDERSON, rising young film actress who plays in "To Each His Own," visited her folks in Homewood, Alabama, she was a glamorous blonde. But because her dad didn't like her hair that way, instead of waiting for it to grow out to its natural color, she had it tinted back to its original soft brown. You'd never guess it because as her hair grows out from the roots it's the same shade . . . Mary's skin, ivory colored and as lovely as an old cameo, looks best, she says, with a powder that matches. Most of it she brushes off with a powder brush . . . *To make her lips soft and luscious looking, using a lipstick brush, she first outlines her mouth with a dark shade of lipstick, then fills in with a pinkish shade. When finger blended, the effect is dreamy* . . . Mary always carries with her, and uses, smelling salts! She claims a whiff now and then is head clearing and invigorating . . . Because she has fun using all kinds of bath luxuries (bubble bath, bath salts, bath oils), brother Jimmy, just returned from four years' service in the South Pacific area, once gave her a celluloid fish for Christmas!

JOAN CAULFIELD feels she's lucky. (We think she has plenty of initiative!) When on her way to the dentist's she saw George Abbott's name on the building directory and on a hunch stopped in to see him. That's how she became the original "Kiss And Tell" girl, and wound up in Hollywood in "Miss Susie Slagle's," "Blue Skies" and "Monsieur Beaucaire" . . . This slender, blonde and blue-eyed beauty with the cute freckles is charmingly unaffected. She dislikes anything conspicuous. A woman appears most glamorous, she says, when dressed simply and with natural-looking make-up. *Joan recommends the bright, joyous new spring lipstick and nail polish shades which have the feeling of Victory.*

GINNY SIMMS, stunning radio and screen singing star, offers this beauty tip: Instead of sprinkling a blouse or a slip with plain water, mix a little cologne with the water, so that the article will smell sweet after being ironed.

ROSEMARY DE CAMP, in "From This Day Forward," brushes her way to beauty! . . . She owns a hair brush, two toothbrushes (one for morning, and one for night), complexion, powder, lipstick and eyebrow brushes; an eyelash brush for applying mascara; a nail brush; a brush for coats and dresses; one for hats; a sturdy one for tweeds; a steel brush for suede shoes; different brushes for her various colored shoes!

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU CAN POWDER YOUR NOSE

Something new has happened to deodorants . . .
a super-fast cream deodorant that *stops perspiration troubles faster than you can powder your nose.*

Try new ODORONO Cream Deodorant today—works better because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords many other greatly needed blessings too—really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

It's excitingly different. It's the wonderful, new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant.

NEW, *Superfast*

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CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢

P

Men Do Not Forget!

"Our Thrilling First Anniversary"

"When Dick came home with orchids, I was glad I was using the same brand lipstick that I wore on our first date . . Don Juan. Its stay on qualities were put to an even sweeter test a year after our marriage.

"My lips survived our anniversary . . . because I applied Don Juan Lipstick as directed. And if you do that, Don Juan will stay on . . . your lips stay lovely . . . no matter how enthusiastic your man may be.

"Don Juan Lipstick is smoothly applied, is not drying or smeary, and stays on when you eat, drink or kiss. Use Don Juan and see!"

Don Juan

THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON

For the ultimate in beauty . . . a really lovely complexion . . . get Don Juan matching powder, rouge and cake make-up. Sold in Canada, *too*.

In Style Shades
Try new Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other shades, too.

Tall and Tawny

(*Continued from page* 65) Daniel O'Shea. They grabbed a cab and within an hour Guy was back again in Janet Gaynor's dressing room with a contract to sign.

It was his typical American appeal that caused Selznick to write the special role into "Since You Went Away" for him, and to buy the Niven Busch book, "They Dream Of Home," with Madison in mind. When he turned the property over to RKO on a story deal, it was with the understanding that Guy was to be starred in it with Dorothy McGuire. No Madison—no deal.

Guy has a great sense of gratitude towards all who helped him. But he's especially grateful to Dore Schary, and to Henry Willson, who has given him the affection and advice of an older brother. "You just *have* to have two people who have faith in you, who have confidence and stand behind you, backing you up," says Guy. "And you can't let them down."

"Till The End Of Time," as it has been newly titled, covers the problem and adjustments of returning GIs, but the star of the picture has been going through more adjustments in Hollywood than any of them face. He's being rehabilitated into something he's never even been. And running into problems no GI Bill of Rights could ever solve. It's confusing enough, after three years in the Navy, to be wearing suits with pockets in them again, to be walking around without a little white cap on his head. It's confusing to bridge the gap between his former life 100 miles over the Ridge Route mountains to Bakersfield, and the new one on the opposite side of the Ridge. It's extra-confusing being changed from a sailor into a movie star.

A SOMEWHAT naive Madison who says what he means and vice versa, can't always understand the Hollywood humor, superlatives and double talk. The yukety-yuk-yuk gags leave him cold. He can't compete at the big parties where guests all but knock themselves out trying to top each other with gags. He usually freezes at big gatherings anyway. The other day his steady girl, Gail Russell, who once went through the same thing, got the solution. They would get themselves a joke book and study it, she said. Then they'd take their share of the spotlight too. "Whenever you crack a joke I'll listen for it and I'll laugh—and loud. And you can do the same for me." So now they tell you, "We're always the two characters at a party laughing all by ourselves."

Being a movie star is the hardest work Guy's ever done—including the berry-picking he did in Bakersfield for seventy-five cents a week at the age of thirteen, and the stretch he did as a telephone linesman when he was nineteen years old.

Yet, in many ways, his present "job" is harder than any of these. He's on the screen all but two minutes of the picture. And he worked seventy-four out of the seventy-six shooting days. Without any more dramatic experience than the lessons he used to hitchhike up from Dago to take, he's emoting opposite one of Hollywood's most established stars. He has worried about this, about the big money put into the picture and how much of it all hinges on him. "You can see it in their eyes when you foul a line up," he says. He rehearsed his lines day and night, working and studying very hard. During the lunch hour he was fitted for clothes or something. And at night he learned to ice skate and jitterbug for his role.

The jitterbugging proved mighty tough duty. He started practicing it on a deserted sound stage, rehearsing with little pert brown-eyed Jean Porter, with whom he

really cuts a rug in the picture. And a perplexed dance director found that the only tune Guy could keep time to was "Anchors Aweigh." He'd beat out the march in a jive off-beat and Guy would get into step, then he'd switch to a hot record and it was no go. Madison is probably the only hepcat in history who can do a perfect Lindy to the strains of "Anchors Aweigh."

On the surface he appears phlegmatic, and unemotional—almost nerveless. Which was exactly Dorothy McGuire's impression of him the night they made their first test together. It was a very dramatic love scene that would have given the most experienced actor a little trouble. Guy had come up from Banning that night to do it. He'd just gotten out of the hospital and it was the third trip he'd made to Hollywood that week. He was dog-tired and very nervous. But the crew on the sidelines marvelled at his wonderful control and "ice box nerves." Unless he's told them, they still don't know that he was almost ill just from sheer reaction the next day.

His natural reserve is often taken for conceit. Which Gail will tell you is far from right. "He thinks he's the dullest thing in the world," she says. Guy doesn't worry particularly about the interpretation people may or may not put on this reserve. As he says simply, "If they're going to be friendly, they'll stick around and figure you out."

Friendship is a very serious deal with him. In his home town of Bakersfield, for instance, he counts off just three real friends, by his rules. His best pal, Danny Shull, who's now in the Navy stationed around China, Simon Santiago and Eldon Setterbalm. An Irishman, a Spaniard and a Swede. He mentions two buddies in the Navy "who were on my side 100 per cent." One of them is the son of a rubber mattress manufacturer. "They always thought I'd make out in Hollywood," he says.

HE has no use for intolerance or discrimination among groups or races, but he does believe in individual discrimination. And he picks his people carefully for what's inside them, one by one.

He isn't bitter over the fact that he was always an outsider in the popular clique of kids in Bakersfield, with whom you had to own a jalopy, wear snappy clothes and not be averse to taking a drink out of ye flask to be "in." He simply doesn't go for people who think like that. Coming from a large family, with his father's salary as an engineer with the railroad having to be split up many ways to get around, Guy didn't have the jalopy or the clothes . . . "oh maybe three or four shirts, shoes and one pair of pants." He couldn't take part in football or school athletics because he had to work before and after school. He worked out in the gymnasium at school a few minutes whenever he could, swam in the irrigation ditches, and hunted rabbits with his bow and arrow. He never was welcomed by the snobby gang who got together in the evenings at their regular hangout, the town's best pool hall. "I just wasn't in," he says.

Today when he could be, but definitely, "in," he still has no use for cliques of any kind.

One of his most loyal friends in Hollywood is Loren Tindall, another ex-Navy man, a talented concert pianist and Columbia Pictures star, now on loan-out to RKO for "Till The End Of Time." It was through Loren and his crowd that Guy met the smoky beauty Gail Russell, who forthwith became his first serious Hollywood date. Usually all the gang, Gail, Henry Willson, Diana Lynn, Guy and whoever else happens to be around, gather out at the home of Virginia Smith, a secretary at Columbia,

Antonia Drexel Earle

High-spirited, and strikingly attractive with heavy-fringed gray eyes and jet black hair, Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is very popular in Philadelphia's young social crowd. To help keep her fair, fine-textured skin looking its loveliest, Mrs. Earle has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times a week. "It's my favorite beauty pick-me-up," she says. "I can see the results right away!"

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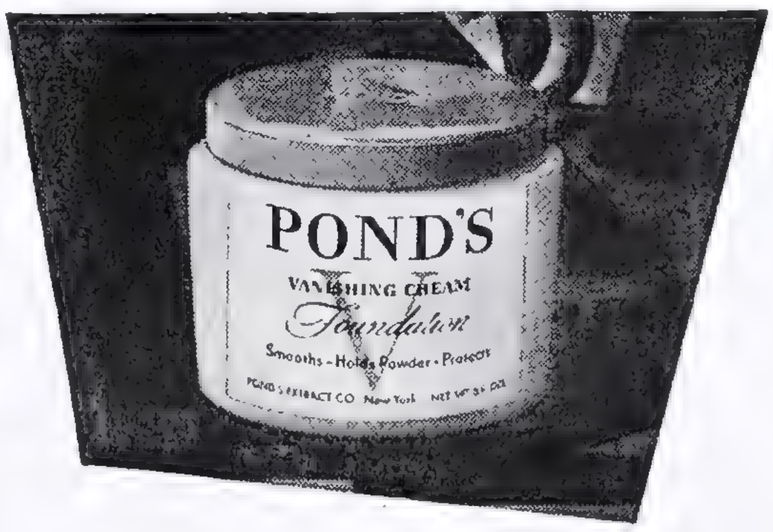

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P

a hospitable soft-voiced woman, who hails from the South, and at whose home Loren Tindall stays. Virginia fixes a midday breakfast for all of them, and they spend the day talking, laughing, lunching and listening to Diana or Loren play the piano.

On these Sundays you'll usually find Guy, in khakis and sport shirt, stretched out in front of the fireplace with his shoes off, listening very quietly while Loren plays his own "Concerto," or another of Guy's favorites, "Claire de Lune."

"I love it," he says frankly, in connection with Loren's classical offerings and especially Claire-de-Lunish stuff. "Music stirs your emotions," he goes on seriously. "It helps to bring things inside of you out to conclusions you otherwise wouldn't reach."

Those who think of Guy Madison as being unemotional and certainly don't associate him with "Claire de Lune," should be around when he's talking about his family, his friend Danny or his dog "Discharge," the half-pointer half-police dog given him by a buddy in the Naval Hospital at San Diego the day Guy was discharged. He shows you proudly the sleeping bag Danny sent him from China for Christmas. And which he keeps on top of the studio couch in his Beverly Hills apartment in a sort of double-deck bunk effect. "I can sure use this little baby," he says, flopping down on it, trying it out.

ASK him what Hollywood means to him and he says, "At first I'm afraid it was just mercenary. I thought a lot about the money in it. About what I can do with it for the folks. Help buy them a ranch, or get them some of the things they've always worked for. If I can fix them up so they'll really enjoy the rest of their lives . . . that's something I'd really like to do." Adding, "Of course that's really selfish in a way, because of the satisfaction that I'll get from doing it too. But it would sort of help pay them back for the things they skipped to give things to me. Not that they would think of being paid back," he breaks off quickly, "but well—I just want to anyway."

He's been doing a lot of thinking lately about the good that a motion-picture star can do. "I think that you can give something to people through motion pictures," he says seriously. "I think God has given you the ability, the chance. And that you should enlarge on it. Develop it."

Honesty is a "must" for Madison. He doesn't mind your knowing that he wants to improve his vocabulary, that he's eager to get better acquainted with the classics, with the ballet, with everything he hasn't been exposed to in large quantities before. He spends hours pouring over stacks of news magazines, chiefly because at any gathering where they start discussing the political situations, "I feel like a dope."

Guy has a two-room studio apartment in a private home, a big white house with green shutters on a palm-lined street in Beverly Hills. He keeps the attractive apartment with its gabled ceiling, antique maple furnishings and green carpets, very spic and span. And he makes his own bed the Navy way, drawing all corners of the white candlewick spread very neat and tight. Neatness and cleanliness are a mania with him.

He doesn't go for girls who are always putting on acts. "I just don't think it's necessary," he says. He likes a natural beauty, not too much make-up—and that's a good description of Gail.

He doesn't like off-color stories, doesn't approve of drinking to excess and doesn't like to hound the night clubs.

He feels more at home in khakis and jackets and likes to get out of formalities like ties and shoes just as soon as it's socially possible, no matter where he is. Henry Willson is never surprised to bring some guests home with him and find a

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visiting Guy stretched out on the divan with his shoes off. While over at Gail Russell's home these evenings, a typical evening for these two is to sit in front of the fireplace with their shoes off, listening to recordings, watching the flame.

Guy is always happiest when he can be out of doors. He has a yen for sail boats, and likes to sail over to Catalina in the sixteen-footer a pal of his owns, taking along his bow and arrows to hunt goats and wild boar in the mountains on the isle.

He loves to go off alone to the beach, to swim far out, or maybe just lie on the sand soaking in the sun. You'll usually find him, winter or summer, along the more isolated stretch of beach called "Castle Rock," because of the gray hulk of rock that juts out towards the ocean there. It's pretty deserted there in the winter.

Guy used to dream about being a commercial fisherman some day. And if he doesn't, as he says, "make out in Hollywood," he still may become one. He'd rather be a motion-picture star than anything and intends to work like all get-out to make the grade. "But if I don't, I won't worry too much. I'll just do something else. Get some other kind of a job. I can do lots of things. Maybe go to South America. I'd like that.

"Don't misunderstand me," he breaks off. "Movie making is a mighty fine business. It would be hard to leave. And certainly there's more money in it than most anything else. That's what scares some people when they think they're slipping on the screen or just aren't going to make a go of it. The money they can make here. That's why they forget what they once believed in sometimes, and do things—well . . . that they wouldn't otherwise do . . . just to hang on and stay.

"It would be so easy to change and not even realize it here. To lose what you started out with and to forget what you meant to be and do. That's not for me."

What he means is that if becoming a success in Hollywood ever conflicts with any of his own ideals, then he'll sail off in a boat and sell fish.

He looks at you with that suggestion of a chip on his chin. "This is the straight stuff. This is how I am. You wanted to know. . . ."

Yes, it's the straight stuff. And we thought you'd want to know this golden Guy.

THE END

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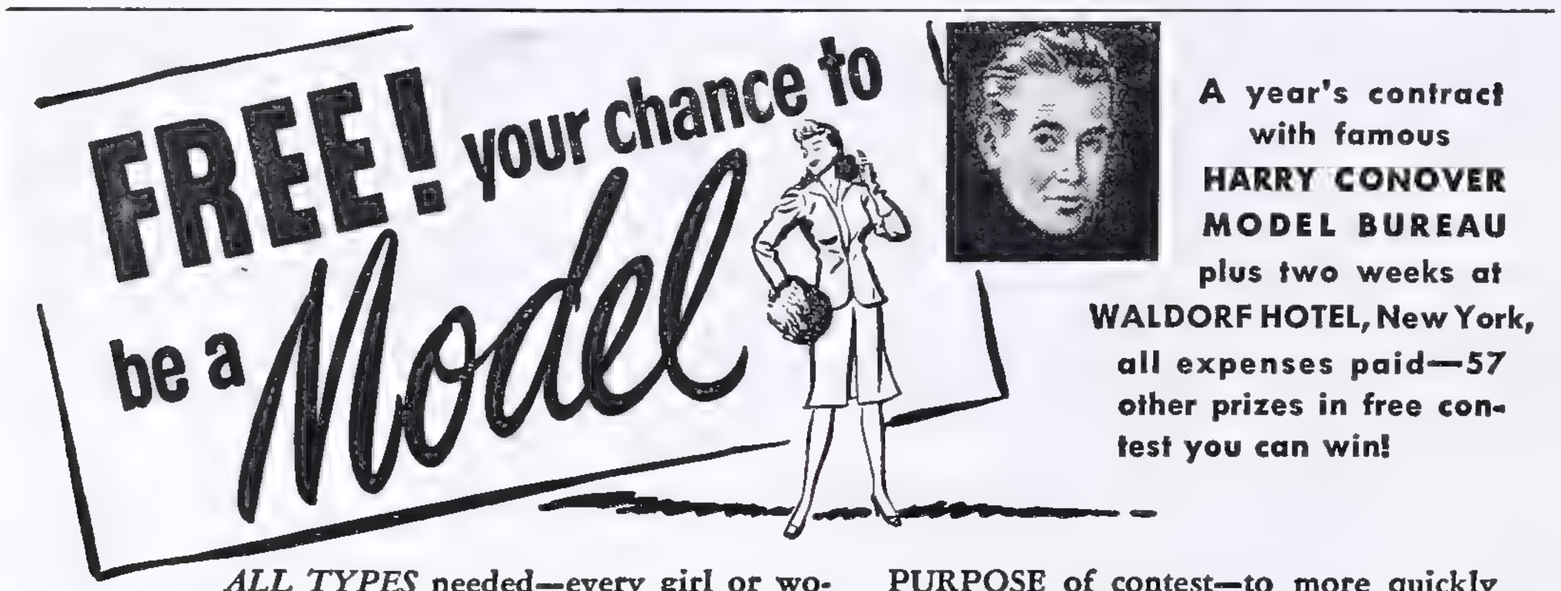

Heel or Hero?

(*Continued from page* 33) and politeness when he was spoken to. Certainly there was nothing of the brash show-off about him to substantiate the story that people on the Warner lot ran a mile when he appeared on the scene. "Hmmmmmm," I said to myself.

"Come and sit by me," I invited the next time Dane wandered in my direction and I patted the spot beside me on a divan in a quieter corner of the living room. He looked a little surprised—but not half as surprised as he was to appear a second later.

"Why did you strike an extra man on the lot? You should pick on somebody your own size," I said. I have never been noted for my tact but even I realized that this was a tough way to start a conversation. If I had hoped to catch him off guard, I had succeeded.

Dane didn't have time to "assume" an expression. The hurt and reproachful look in young Clark's eyes showed an honest astonishment. "You, too, Miss Parsons," he said. I had the uncomfortable feeling that I had just slapped an innocent boy across the face. I was sorry and I said so. You have to be an awfully small potato not to admit it when you really feel you have wronged someone.

"All right, Dane," I said with much more sympathy in my voice, "tell me about it."

"I can only think," he began, "that there's a systematic campaign going on against me. I think I know who has started these stories which are whispered to two or three people and then suddenly like an oncoming storm, grow louder and louder.

"At first," he went on, "I didn't pay any attention. Then I realized I had to defend myself as best I could. I could no longer ignore the letters I was getting from people who read in the columns that I was no good—that nobody liked me—that Warners should get wise to themselves. I didn't want my bosses to hear all this and think that I was difficult or that I didn't appreciate the chance that had been given me."

"BUT *why* should these stories start?" I pried.

Dane replied, "I'll tell you this much: I am convinced they came from someone in my own profession—on the very lot where I work."

"Jealousy?" I asked.

"Could be," he answered, "but it is better for me not to make any guesses and just do my best to live down the bad reputation these falsehoods have given me.

"The story that hurt the most," he continued, "was the one that I am battling with my wife and that we are planning to separate. We have been married five years, Miss Parsons, and believe me we are very happy. Why, we have just bought a home—our first real home. Margo is a lovely person and I would be the biggest cad in the world if I didn't appreciate all she's done to help me get started. I wouldn't be out here today if it weren't for my wife.

"I wish you knew her," Dane continued with real enthusiasm. "Her name was Margo Yoder and she is Pennsylvania Dutch. She has more persistence and more courage than anyone I know, man or woman. You see, I had studied to be a lawyer and while I never felt I would be a good one, law was the only thing I knew.

"One day, Margo said to me, 'You'll never make a lawyer. Forget it. Don't be afraid to turn over a new leaf and make a fresh start. I think you have a natural ability for acting. Why don't you try Hollywood?'

"That scared me. I knew she was right—it was my private dream—and yet we were almost broke. For myself—I honestly didn't have the courage to try to make a brand fresh start.

"It was while I was straddling the fence between law and a couple of shows I did on Broadway that Margo finally made up my mind for me about Hollywood," Dane said. "Frankly, I hadn't set New York on fire with my acting talents, either. But at least I was happy just trying to be an actor—and I had never been happy trying to be a lawyer. But Margo was insistent and she kept after me until we took our last cent out of the bank and headed for Hollywood without even the hint of a job in sight. All we owned in the world was our old jalopy."

Dane laughs when he says that he was one of the few actors who ever appeared on Broadway who did *not* have a talent scout seek him out for a test.

"I couldn't even go to the studios and say, 'Your representative approached me on Broadway.'" So Dane represented himself and got in—small parts in such pictures as "Sunday Punch" and "The Glass Key."

"Then one day I presented my face at the Warner studio," he laughed, "and asked for a job!" He got the job, but it was a struggle—first in a small part in "Rear Gunner" which didn't help much, and then a battle to be cast in "Action In The North Atlantic." The critic acclaim started with the release of this picture. Warners were smart enough to see what he had and forthwith put him in "Destination Tokyo," "The Very Thought Of You," "Hollywood Canteen," "God Is My Co-Pilot."

In this movie business of ours, it is the young people who name the favorites. And in "The Very Thought Of You" the youngsters went for Dane hook, line and sinker.

On the screen he registered a real charm. He wasn't too handsome. But he was real in the way lots of girls' sweethearts and brothers are real.

I believe in my heart, after talking with him, that Dane never meant to be difficult off the screen. He admits his mercurial disposition; he's up one minute higher than the proverbial kite and down in the dumps the next. Naturally his manner reflected his moods and he probably was short with people time and again, but that doesn't mean the stories were true.

However, it was enough to get them started.

TO INDULGE in a little character reading, I think he must have been headstrong and spoiled as a child. It is pretty obvious that he does not like to be crossed. I think now he is going to take a lot of guiding. He has real charm—but he is going to have to learn to watch his tongue. He is completely lacking in tact. If he likes you, he'll tell you. If he doesn't—he's equally frank. While I don't advise Hollywood newcomers to be insincere, I do say that tact and a little blarney sometimes pays—or as some sage said, "You can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar."

I can understand how Dane could have antagonized some people—perhaps an older, more experienced player on the lot who may have misunderstood his candor for brashness and freshness and reacted accordingly.

"I'm not trying to pretend that I have never made any mistakes," Dane told me very friendly. "When success comes as suddenly as it did to me, you wouldn't be human if it didn't catch you a little off balance. I had no idea I would ever have anything like this—the hundreds of letters from strangers, the interviews and write-ups."

He has a sense of humor because he added with a laugh, "Some of the write-ups haven't been so hot. One was so unkind I tried my best to keep it from my wife. She likes me," he said, "and she wouldn't like to know that she was married to such a heel!"

Well, I like him, too—darned if I don't.

"Maybe getting off on the wrong foot could be due to your youth," I told Dane. I thought him very young. He looks about twenty-three or four.

He grinned. "Thanks for the 'out,'" he laughed, "but I'm not so young. I was graduated from law school, remember? I'm thirty-one."

"Better not tell," I smiled. "Remember lots of kids who go for Dane Clark are just in their teens."

"Well, they'll have to like me in spite of my advanced years," he was quick to say. "That's one thing I don't intend to lie about."

From here on in, I am going to watch the career of this boy with a real and personal interest. He's too intelligent not to realize any mistakes he has made and to rectify them. He has brains and he has the background of a good solid education. And he knows how to work. Success did not come to him the easy way or because he had pull.

My money says that Dane Clark is here to be a movie hero for a long time—that he was never a "heel." And here's a little toast that he'll never make me sorry I said it!

THE END

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Saga of Liz

(*Continued from page* 48) as the view forward. Six months make a difference in any gal's life and in the movie world the difference is both amusing and awesome. Her second picture, "The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers" (now completed), was, of course, not nearly so tense an experience as her first.

"In a way, that breathless feeling inside was exactly the same. If I have one thing, it's a great belief in myself—but stepping in front of the camera for 'You Came Along,' I knew I was still an unproved quantity. I felt sensitive—imagining I saw dubious looks on everyone's face. I know now that the feeling of having to make good occurs with every role but I began 'Martha Ivers' with the knowledge that others now had a little belief in me too."

She feels her two pictures have definitely added to her education. Already she has learned that no two directors, or no two leading men are alike. Directors, as the public knows, are sometimes more colorful than the people they guide through the reels. John Farrow, first megaphoner in her life, is a "rather austere gentleman" never without his cane which he leans on, waves like a baton, or uses like a teacher's pointer. Lewis Milestone, her second director, is an afternoon tea enthusiast; "any scene, no matter how important, is stopped for tea and chatter every afternoon promptly at four. It's very stimulating.

"I like to discover the varying traits and mannerisms of different people. What's most important, however, is the basic integrity of a person and I was fortunate in having two very fine directors. The difference was that Mr. Farrow felt he had to explain everything to me carefully and in detail—because it was my first picture, of course. Mr. Milestone has a way of saying 'Go ahead and do it your way—I'll watch.' It helped my ego, I felt I had definitely progressed!"

HOLLYWOOD is never without its rumors and a current one hints at a rift between Lizabeth and Bob Cummings, starred in "You Came Along." Anyone wanting to check on the gossip won't find confirmation in Lizabeth's conversation:

"If anyone helped me through those first sensitive days, it was Bob Cummings. Between scenes he'd sit and tell me funny stories about his Army service, or maybe about the new home he's planning to build. Nobody could stay too tense with that wonderful sense of humor of his around.

"Our first clinch—and my very first screen kiss—was hurried through one morning because he was about to be married that afternoon. 'Couldn't you have waited until the picture was done to be married?' I asked him. I was afraid he'd have a hard time keeping his mind on his work, but it turned out quite satisfactory—"

When Van Heflin, fresh out of uniform, turned up as her second screen love, she began to feel like a welcoming committee for returned fighters. The welcome was not quite so warm, however, because there was only one embrace in the script. "Just a brief, tender kiss—a kiss of appreciation really, but something new for my repertoire. Van is such a wonderful actor he's really an inspiration."

Add educational data gleaned from "Martha Ivers": The fact that you can appear on the screen with an actress you've always admired and scarcely get acquainted with the lady—Lizabeth and Barbara Stanwyck played their scenes with male leads Heflin and Kirk Douglas, and only one brief scene together.

The course of fan worship is something Liz is also beginning to enjoy. Shortly

after her first picture was completed but not released she made a personal appearance trip back East. The clamoring autograph-hunters left her not too elated:

"They hadn't even seen me—they couldn't possibly have any real regard for me as an actress—so it all seemed a bit insincere. More of a tribute to my publicity campaign than a compliment to me—"

Recently she did a broadcast in Hollywood and the fans waiting outside tore the belt and two buttons off her suede coat. It made her very happy:

"They knew me when they saw me, this time—and it was a fine, bracing feeling. I'll admit it scares me to have people want anything I have—an autograph or a button—so badly. But I've had such a great desire to have people *like* me, it's good to know that they do."

She's a collector of "good luck" pieces, which she carries in a small leather case in her purse. Originally there was just a Blessed Cabrini medal sent her by an aunt who is a nun, and a small white opal ring given her by her mother. "I was nine years old when Mom bought the ring and I've had it made larger so many times I finally decided to carry it." The first fan gift was personally presented by an Indian prince visiting the set of "You Came Along." It is a rare sixteenth-century coin issued by the Emperor Shah Jehan in commemoration of the building of the Taj Mahal.

"It will bring you nothing but luck," its royal donor told her. "The Taj and the coin were both created by the emperor in commemoration of his love for his beautiful wife—it has to be good, because love is good."

"The luck started almost immediately," says Lizabeth. "It was on the day Mr. Wallis was to view the rushes from my first scene and I was terribly nervous. At Warners, where I made my first test, they had plucked my eyebrows, made my mouth all over and given me a fancy hairdress. Mr. Wallis, when he brought me to Paramount, had said, 'They did the wrong things to her—I want her just as she is, hair down, eyebrows and mouth natural and so on—' I was so worried that perhaps when he saw me 'as is' on the screen he might be disappointed. Just a few minutes after I got the lucky coin the entire Wallis staff came over to say they'd seen the rushes and 'Congratulations'!"

Another piece she values greatly is a tiny silver gremlin sent her by a Polish flier. "He'd carried it with him on forty-nine missions and come back safely from every one. Believe me, Gremmy is now my constant companion."

LIZ is quite a fan herself and, the feminine public will be interested to know, a fervent subscriber to the Van Johnson craze.

"I'm simply mad about his sweetness and his sincerity. I've always been convinced that anyone who had what it took to make kids adore him must be a very fine person. I like the way Van takes an interest in everybody and everything—I watched him at the broadcasting studio talking to the station employees. How was Joe Doke's baby doing, and did Mrs. Smith get over her cold—he remembers everyone and is really concerned about them."

Introduced to Van during rehearsals for their broadcast of an air drama together, Lizabeth reacted in typical fashion. "I simply lo-ove you," she said frankly and emphatically. Came the night of the broadcast and came orchids from Van. "I love you, too," said the card, and she's still tempted to frame it.

Her gay side reveals itself in a passion for color—red, orange, green, plaids and stripes "do things" for her. During those days when she was understudying Tallulah and because of the Bankhead vitality never getting a chance to step in front of the footlights, she used to "window-shop" for all those luxurious clothes and accessories she'd buy when she became a star.

Now that luxury is within her reach, she still window-shops "but just to admire—I've gotten over that frustrated longing to possess them." When she buys, it's something tailored "and not over-designed." She's "demented about cotton shirts" and buys them by the half-dozen in percale and broadcloth to wear with wildly colored skirts.

One of her special dresses is made from a Mexican fabric which designer Edith Head imported for her own use.

"Every time I'd go into her office I'd stand and look at it longingly, until finally, I guess, she just couldn't stand it. One day she called me over and said the material was mine—I'd never really asked for it, but Miss Head is a rarely understanding and generous person."

The house she will either build or buy will have plenty of color, of course. "I want it to have feminine charm and masculine solidity. I've moved three times since I've been here and always into a small apartment that didn't seem quite like home.

"I'm practically being evicted now. My apartment building has been sold—and maybe it's a good thing because my glass animals were beginning to crowd me out of the place anyhow. I never knew it could be so much fun to collect anything. People were always surprised that I didn't have a hobby of some sort so I asked myself what I'd like and settled on glass. I'm going into blown glass dishes next."

The house will have ground around it, rioting with highly colored gardens and a tangled mass of trees. "When I was small I used to visit an uncle who called

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his grounds 'The Jungle'—and that's what I want, a perfect conglomeration of trees. And I'd like my house to be high up on a hill, so that when I come home at night I can see it a mile down the road. When I get there I'll walk in and light up all my fireplaces—"

Recently Liz vacationed at Palm Springs—for three whole days before the studio called her back. "I don't know how I stood it even that long. The first day I settled down into an ecstacy of rest and relaxation—and by the second day I was wondering 'How long can a vacation *be*?'" So far, she hasn't had "too much time to romp about town," which is all right, because she saw plenty of night clubs as a New Yorker. A favorite pastime is reading, settled in a deep chair with her feet over the arm. Current literary rave is "This Is My Beloved" by Wolfe Mann, who has "an amazingly poetic soul." Her musical taste is symphonic, with Shostakovich recently having been replaced by Delius, "whimsical and fanciful, the notes are like fairies and elves in the air."

Periodically Liz goes on a French pastry binge, letting herself go on a "Lost Weekend" of eclairs and such—"and coffee—lots of coffee, with a disgraceful amount of cream. A bad cup of coffee makes me very unhappy, so I like to brew my favorite brand at home. I never go back to a restaurant which serves me a poor cup of it—"

SHE likes tea, but mostly for teacup reading. "Maybe it's my fantastic imagination, but lately I've been seeing a lot of turbaned Indians and Chinamen in my cup—it means I'm going to travel. Wish I'd see something about the Bahamas, because I want to go there, too."

After the mink coat, the house and the husband are all accomplished, step number four will be a family—no special number of children but "as many as the Fates see fit to bestow." They won't have to be beautiful children, she'll take them fat or thin, short or tall, because "I think individual defects are a definite part of personality—the most charming woman I have ever known had a large mole on her chin."

Meantime, "I think of my acting career as a circle surrounding all the other things I hope to do. I don't particularly care what my roles are, just so I can make good in them. I hate it when people write me when I've only had one picture on the screen and say, 'I've seen you in innumerable pictures and you were fine in them all.' I'd so much rather they'd criticize me—it would be sincere and very helpful if they'd be *honest* with me!"

That's Liz—*honestly*, it is!

THE END

Lizabeth Scott is a Van fan. Here they do "You Came Along" on a CBS broadcast

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BLONDES
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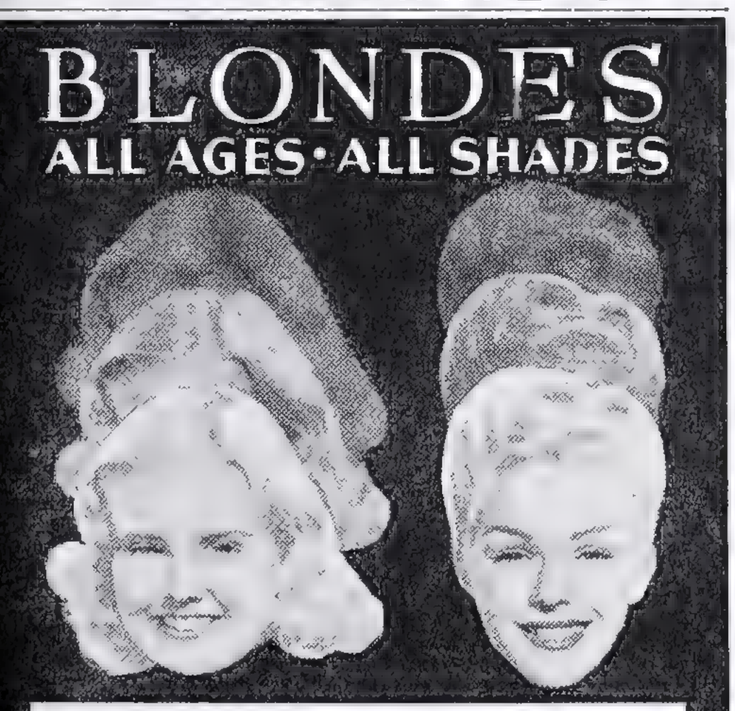

New Shampoo Made Specially For Blondes Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

Triangle

(*Continued from page* 58) he loves, and a woman he loves. He is capable of loving the woman only if he has the self-respect that comes from doing his job well. . . . And here's the rub—many women think of a man's job as a rival; they work hard to undermine it, to belittle it, to hurt it; and in the end they kill everything—the man, the man's job, and love."

With typical sincerity he doesn't pretend to have figured the problem out from the woman's standpoint—what the answer is for career women, actresses, for example. But he does speak with conviction about his own career woman.

"Button wants to quit being an actress eventually (she's making 'Till The Clouds Roll By' now) and work only at being my wife—and the mother of as many children as we can get. Button," he said with fervor, "is quite a gal. She's a wise little thing. She has a basic understanding of me that I never thought I'd find in anyone, especially in a kid of twenty. When I'm sick she doesn't drive me mad with attentions; she knows I just want to be alone and wallow in bed until I'm well.

"And she has a sense of the times, especially so far as children are concerned. She's aware that the present, after what's happened to the world during the past five years, is a time of insecurity for youngsters—that if ever they needed parents with a sense of responsibility, a knowledge of the world and—and *strength,* it's now. And she's satisfied with me." He laughed. "Who was it said, in effect, 'Genius is fine, but give me a dependable man'?"

YOU couldn't help thinking how greatly he had changed from the bewildered, indecisive chap of four years ago, when he was still asking Anne for dates, intermittently shutting himself up in his beach house for long periods of solitude and then barging all over Hollywood and New York with an assortment of girls. He had been at odds with his career, he couldn't decide which branch of the service he wanted to join . . . Anything, that is, but a "dependable man."

The one thing he had seemed to do with assurance and infinite care was to be a father to little Julie, during the three months of every year that the divorce settlement allowed him custody. And, if you knew his own childhood, you could understand why this was so. He had been the shy, rather reserved child in a family of uninhibited, friendly people. He had gone off on solitary expeditions with his dog, tramping the fields and woods of his father's Virginia estate while his brothers played group games with neighboring children. John's great friend and confidant was a clergyman named Dr. Carl Block, who taught him tolerance and answered his questions with a quiet humor and wisdom.

Some of these teachings were manifest twenty years later in a sun-soaked Santa Monica yard when a little blonde girl of about three summers came running out of the house accompanied by an equally small chocolate-colored contemporary with red satin bows in her kinky pigtails. The enchanting little blonde was John's and Anne Shirley's daughter; the cute kid with her was the brown hope of next door's cook.

"Nurse says," Julie told her dad, "that we can't swim today. Can we?"

"Why did nurse say that?"

"We have a cold."

"Then you can't."

There was a pause. Julie raised her right foot up to eye-level, thoughtfully regarded the large toe, put it all down

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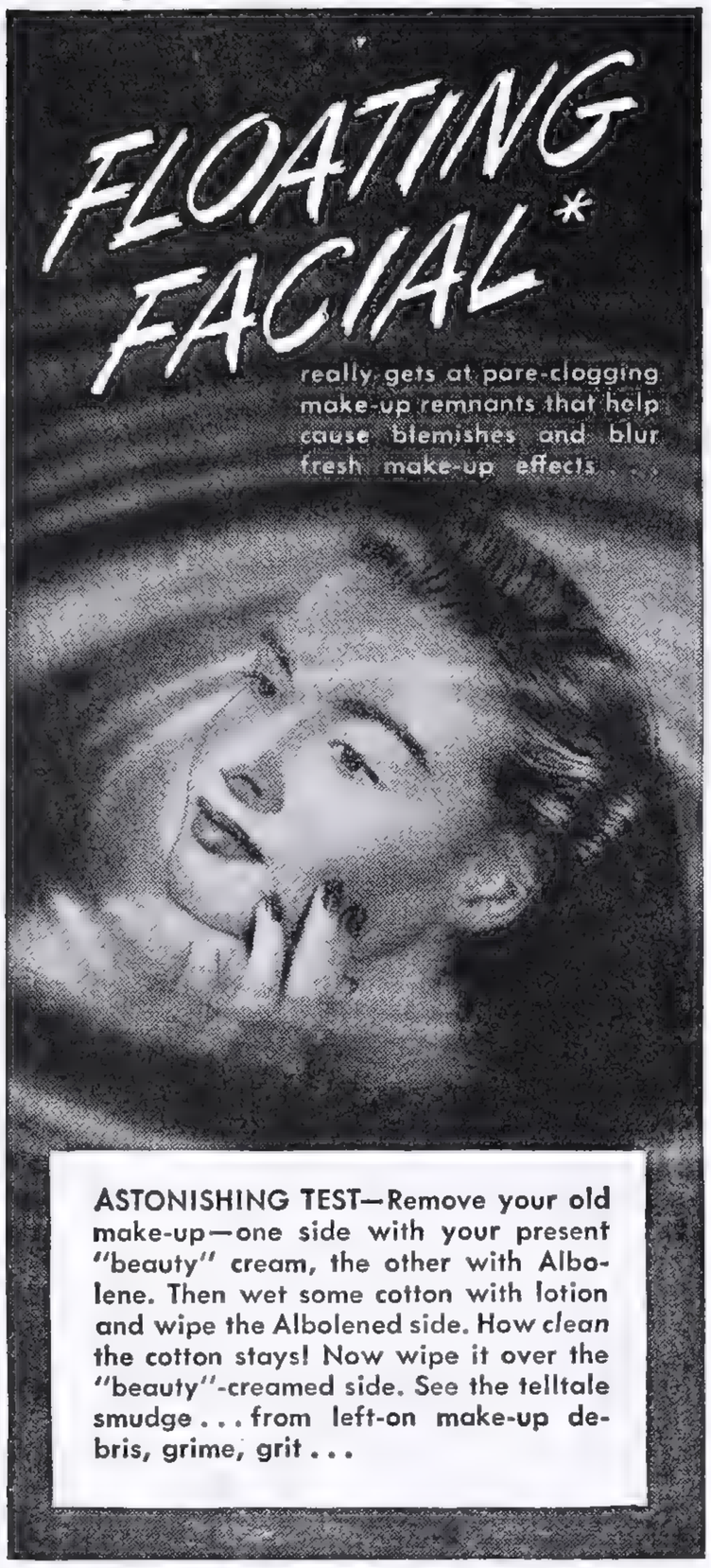

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—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

again. "Okay," she said. The two infants went bobbing off to a nearby toy-littered square of sand where they became part of the scenery, relatively quiet.

"But Julie hasn't a cold," remarked a friend who had witnessed the incident. "I've never seen a healthier child."

"Her pal has the cold. It wouldn't be fair for Julie to swim and leave the other kid sitting on the beach."

"Democracy?"

"Well, yes. That, and just plain manners."

And out of his own childhood John learned something else that was to help him to be a wiser father. The lad found great companionship in his dog, a Dane that weighed 160 pounds. During one of their hikes the dog bounded away on a sudden scent and didn't come back. That evening there was a telephone call to the house. The game warden had caught him worrying a deer and had used his gun.

No one had prepared John for rank injustice, for hurt that had no reason behind it. But the incident and the whole pattern of his childhood taught him that life is a series of crises and that a child must not be spared tragedy in a brief, informing shape if there is anything to be learned from the experience that will help it to meet tragedy again with eyes that are unafraid. There was the time when Julie's cat crossed the street in front of her house and, immersed in cat thoughts, did not look up soon enough to avoid the grocery truck.

Julie did not cry that day. But when she went to bed her father came to pull the blinds against the too-bright moon and to wish her good dreams; he knelt beside her bed and, suggesting a topic for her prayers, said, "Bless the children all over the world tonight, Julie."

She didn't speak for a moment. Then she said, "No. I don't know them."

The war was still going full blast. He said, "You know what the war is. A lot of children will lose their fathers and mothers tonight. Bless them, will you, Julie?"

Her lower lip crept out, her eyes hardened. "Kitty died today . . ." She could say no more.

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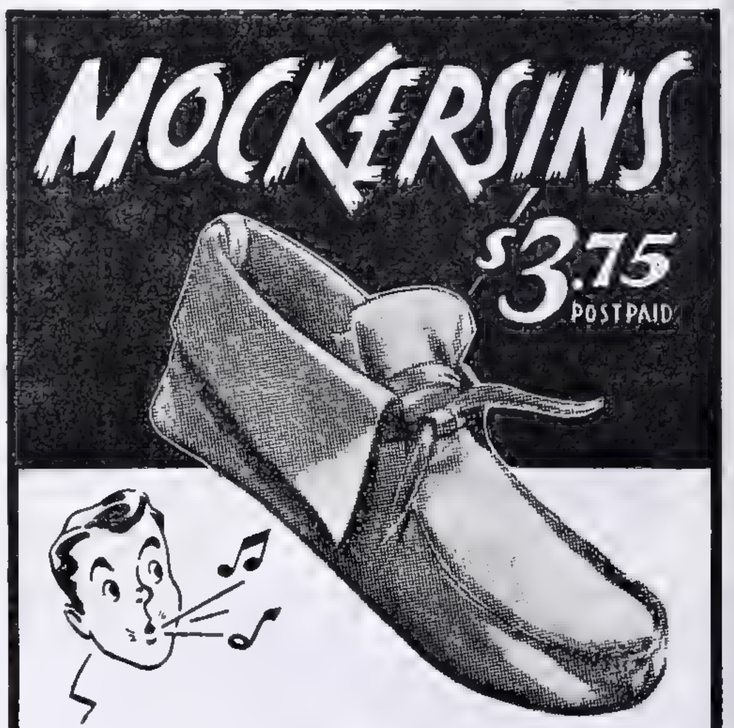

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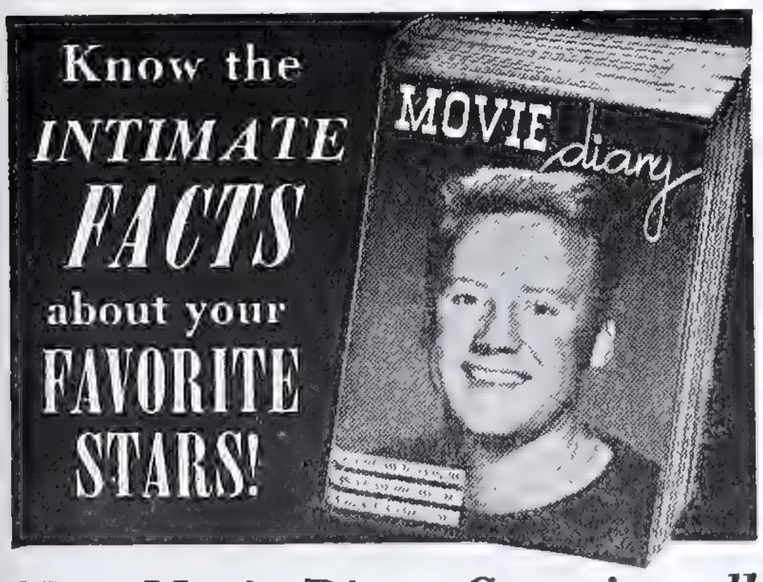

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Out of the impasse he said suddenly, "All right. Suppose I'd been killed in the war? What would you do?"

She looked up at him. "I'd live with Mommy."

"And if Mommy . . ."

That did it. She cried a brief moment, for the cat. Then she prayed for all the children in the world, as earnestly as possible.

STILL, it must have taken the two years he spent in the Air Force to make what amounted to a small miracle in his personality and character, so that when Gloria De Haven passed by he was able to recognize in her the answer to his dream. Sitting on an Army bunk after supper, listening to the other fellows talk about their girls, he began to see a common denominator in this whole business of romance and marriage. There was the young chap with the picture of a girl who was waiting for him at home, and whom he would marry as soon as the war was over so they could begin a family; there was the married man with the snapshots of his wife and children on the shelf above his bed; and there was the wolf, busy at his trade. The only neurotics in the outfit were, John discovered, the wolves. They were the ones who so often sat drearily, staring into space, and who shouted in their sleep.

So he came home, finally, knowing what he wanted. It was not solitude, and it was not half a dozen girls ready and eager; it was peace, hard work, a home, a wife in every sense of the word—and children.

That, after all, is why a blue-eyed, black-haired little mite with every prospect of being beautiful and every chance for happiness was born last New Year's Day in St. Vincent's Hospital.

For John, Kathy embodies a personal, rewarding thing. She is his future and she is all his, *every* month of the year. In her he can watch a part of his own personality emerge from the initial chrysalis and grow, because of his watchfulness and help, without too much of the frustration and pain he knew as a child, but with all the hope and imagination he can engender in her developing mind. Because of her, if a silly quarrel or even a major difference should endanger the security of his marriage, he will think thrice, work triply hard to hurdle the obstacle and maintain what is, so soon after its beginning, a genuine home.

THE END

You Never Come Back

(*Continued from page* 55) "Although McCallister may not have too clear an idea of what he wants out of life, he knows pretty well what he doesn't want!" Those words were very true—two years ago. I can now tell Thornton I know much of what I want out of this new era and what—with an intelligent approach—I intend to get. . . .

FOR instance, a private life: Everyone says it is impossible. Motion-picture stars don't have, can't have, private lives. That is one of the first fallacies I intend to disprove—primarily for my own happiness, which may be very small on my part but very wise, I feel. It can be done. And during the next few years many of the younger actors and actresses will, I am sure, prove this theory.

Also there are times when a private life must be completely private. To the point where even one's family is at times excluded. This again is a normal reaction from barracks life—this desire for complete independence from parental domination, which is wonderful during the

formative years but must be overcome if the full development of a man's character is to be achieved. I have reached that point in my life—and rather late, I might add. There must be thousands coming home with the same thoughts and the same problem to face: How are you to leave the fold and yet prove to your family that your love has not diminished? It is a difficult but certainly not an impossible challenge. It is a necessary change. These words will not enhance my popularity with parents, unfortunately, unless they happen to be very liberal, understanding parents. But this is what I believe.

ABOUT education: It seems important to me that we continue to learn. Not necessarily in the classroom, though competitive thinking and discussion with intelligent students is a help, but also through lectures, concerts—definitely through motion pictures of value. I am returning to college on the GI Bill of Rights this month. Not that a degree inspires me; it is rather the chance for self-betterment and the ability perhaps someday to intelligently assist people less fortunate than myself. I will be twenty-two and a sophomore, which probably makes me sound rather stupid. But there are millions of fellows returning with the same problem, so in one way the age difference cancels itself out, for our schools this year and the next and the next will be filled with returned veterans. I hope the professors will be ready for worldly freshmen.

ABOUT a way of life: I do not want to hurt people in any way. (A typical post-war reaction.) But I am equally strong in my desire not to be hurt myself. I have many faults which only time and education will right. There are moments now when I am accused of being too outspoken, but if my accusers can't criticize constructively then I do not think they rate recognition. Hollywood—like every city—unfortunately has too many important and unimportant people willing to criticize destructively. These are the ones I will fight. In the past I have been too passive for my own good, perhaps I should say for my career's good. Now that I am back, I already have the reputation of being "difficult," but at least I am difficult with only those supposedly above me in the industry.

ABOUT friends—and a thing called tolerance: If a man is truthful with himself there are always several qualities of which he is invariably proud. I might as well mention mine for I'm sure no one else will.

Lon McCallister with his pet rooster who is his camera subject here

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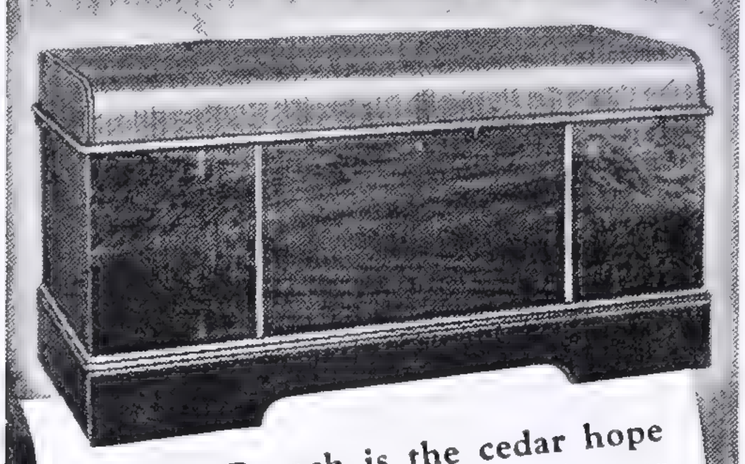

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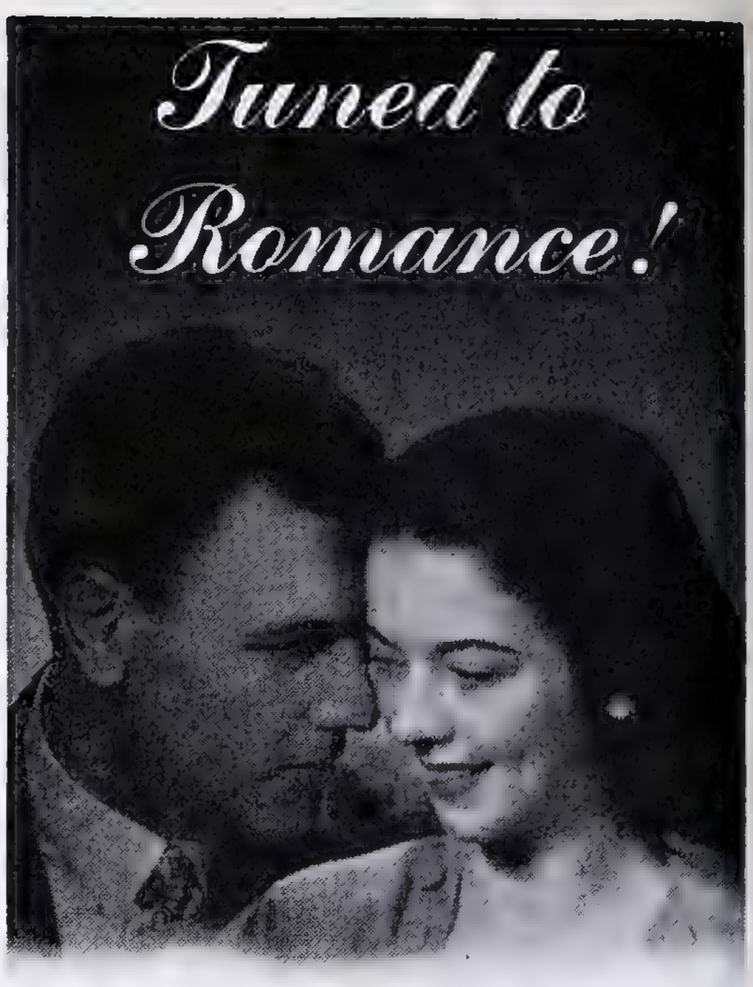

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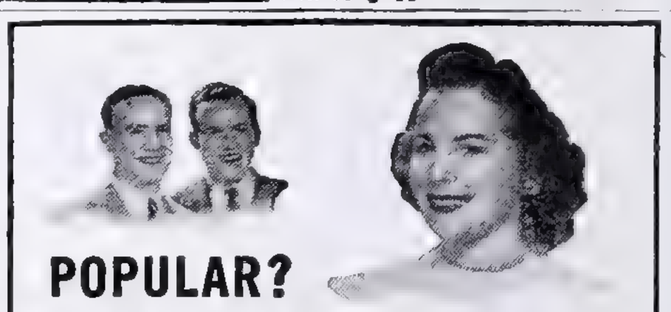

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I am most proud of my real friends. They are actually few, the close ones, but sincere and good. Surely good fortune is present as long as good friends are present. A balancing fault is my possessiveness in friendship.

Another good quality is my tolerance. The equality of men, which I believe in sincerely, and the recognition of intelligence and talent over color and race. I can remember, and not proudly, when I was much younger all the unkind jokes we children would make about any and all minorities.

Today I've come a long way from that ignorance. I've learned that races and national boundaries don't make any difference to many of us—all over the world—who understand each other through thoughts.

I have found it true of my Russian friends made in Alaska—young men filled with a sincerity of purpose and a feeling for friendship which goes beyond a difference in language. They are a happy people, sometimes loud with laughter and rough at play, but there is always a look of "wanting to be friends" in their eyes. In Fairbanks we American soldiers liked them and they liked us. But it seems to me that elsewhere in the world we have given them little opportunity to understand, much less like, Americans. The only remedy, regardless of so many newspaper editorials, is a mutual understanding and trust and a belief in the goodness of other countries and not just in our own righteousness.

Many books will be written about the problem of the Japanese in America and what I want to say is of little importance, but here it is. During the war no magazine would allow me to mention my Japanese friends in articles—even my college friends and fraternity brothers were excluded from print. Here in the West we accept the kids with the yellow tinge to their skins as Americans, for their minds think as ours, which is the important thing. They are as much—and many times, I feel, more—a part of the American tradition as the "little legionnaires" and small minds in America who condemn them for color rather than credo.

Of one very important thing I am positive: Our new one-world policy will be successful because so many of us understand each other.

Life today goes far beyond the making of pictures, or the city of Hollywood, or even these United States. For within our lifetime we shall probably someday escape our World and reach another planet. We have that seemingly distant possibility and so many others, and I for one have no desire to be left in the backwash of a stagnant, middle-road, non-imaginative mind.

SUMMARY: Thank you very much for remembering these past few years the little soldier named *California* and the horse-loving *Sparky*. I hope the McCallister recently returned will be as acceptable in his new ways. Like all returning fellows I will do my best to be worthy of everything the politicians and the finest writers in the land said we were fighting for. I don't believe any of us wants something that is not coming to us rightfully. All we want is a chance. And if some Gertrude Stein of the '40's decides to label our generation with an honest adjective, let her call us the "regained generation." For as the young men and women of the first world war were tagged "lost," let us—with all our potentialities—move forward with the combined idealism-realism which these past years have given us. And which we will make full use of in the days to come.

THE END

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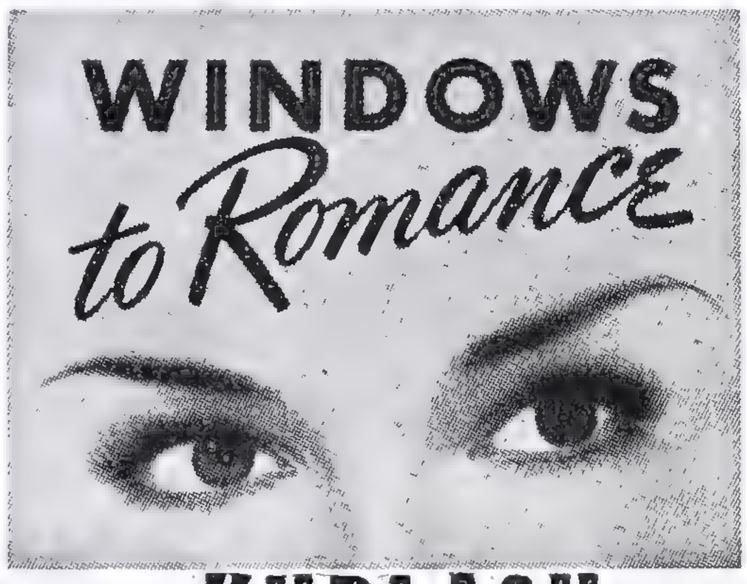

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DUEL in the SUN

Made by

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What about Tommy?

(*Continued from page* 29) the damage done by these gangster films to the young men and women of our country.

Now it is happening again. Not long ago a film was released with one of the most notorious criminals of all time as the principal character. Because this gangster-hero met his end in the last reel the picture pretended to be "moral." But in the other seven reels he was portrayed as a fearless, handsome desperado, whose power attracted beautiful women and subjugated strong men. What do you think Tommy's reactions were when he saw this film? Do you think he left the theater with the lesson that "crime does not pay"? I don't think so. I think Tommy remembered only the romance and danger and excitement that the racketeer enjoyed before he made his final mistake.

The popular box-office success that this film has had alarms me. I wonder how many Tommys watched this picture with mounting interest and found in it some sort of answer to the emptiness in their young lives. I wonder how many more young criminals our theaters will breed before we all wake up to what is happening.

I have already tried to bring before the attention of all Hollywood producers our obligation not to exploit and glorify the very worst element of our society. But you, as fans and film-goers, must also do your part. Your support is needed if we are to succeed in discouraging another wave of gangster films and, with them, another gangster era. It is up to you to stay away from such films. If these movies are not patronized you can be sure they will not be produced.

Crime films do not pay. Remember this the next time you go to the movies. Remember what happened before. Remember Tommy. He needs our help too.

THE END

That's Hollywood for You

(*Continued from page* 63) unwilling audience, but listens because he believes he will get a larger tip . . . There is the "Good-time Charlie" who is just delighted that he ran into you, didn't know you were in town, and you two must get together. Give him a ring, any time. He doesn't give you his phone number and it isn't in the book . . . Then there is the director who acts out all the scenes for his players, despite the fact that he only turned director because he was a flop as an actor . . . Of course there is the casting director who says you are not the type, after having turned down an Englishman for an English part, a native of Russia for a Russian, and a French actor for the role of a French soldier . . . And there is the guy who is always at the preview, and after the showing, joins the sidewalk conference and says, "Darryl, you did it again." But he never tells Darryl what he did . . . All these types, and many more, are part of the Hollywood scene.

* * *

I believe that the distinction of being the most beautiful woman on the screen is a contest between Hedy Lamarr and Maureen O'Hara, especially when they are showing off in Technicolor. And what a contest! . . . I would say that there is no actress on the screen who is as sexy—in a nice, pure, refined way—as Ingrid Bergman . . . It was Marguerite Chapman who during a discussion said that a temperamental actor is a fellow who's trying to get his profile into the camera while you're trying to get yours in. And that's Hollywood for you!

THE END

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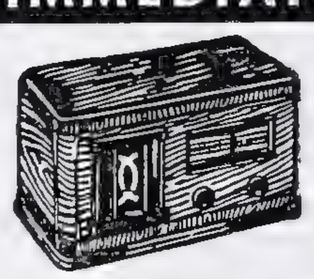

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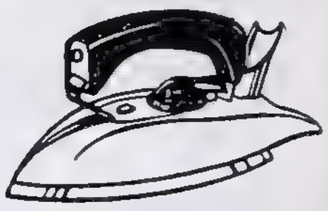

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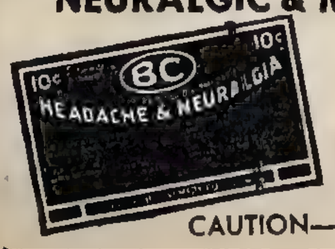

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 26)

✓✓ A Walk In The Sun (20th Century-Fox)

HERE is an example of a really fine picture, realistically and honestly set forth to the best of everyone's ability, but one that we feel will sell slowly at the box office. First, because it's a war story and the public seems to want lighter fare. Second, because the theme is not new nor the action gigantically colossal. And yet we, as a reviewer and picture fan, think it a most touching and beautiful story of our own boys and of one incident in the hardships through which they endured, suffered, lived, hoped and died, even without leadership. To us who feel it a privilege to share vicariously these experiences, we think it a fine picture, though we can almost predict its future with movie-goers eager to be rid of memories.

Outstanding in the cast is Nick Conte, a brash, glib machine-gunner who admits he couldn't shoot a target at Coney Island and yet handles his weapon of death with deadly skill. Dana Andrews as the sargeant who takes over when the lieutenant is killed on a landing barge and the ranking sergeant cracks up is plain wonderful. Scared, sick and at times unsure of his next move, Andrews is our idea of how a lad under such stress and strain behaves. Casual and easy conversation goes on between members of this lone platoon that sets out to take a farmhouse in Italy and takes it. Perhaps GI's who really know will disagree with the dialogue and attitude of the men. We only know it seemed real to us.

George Tyne, John Ireland, Lloyd Bridges, Sterling Holloway, Norman Lloyd, Huntz Hall and others round up a cast that's hard to beat.

Your Reviewer Says: It went to our heart.

Best Pictures of the Month

"My Reputation"

"Tomorrow Is Forever"

"Because Of Him"

"The Blue Dahlia"

Best Performances

Barbara Stanwyck in "My Reputation"

Orson Welles, Claudette Colbert in "Tomorrow Is Forever"

Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton in "Because Of Him"

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My Reputation (Warners)

THIS is by far Barbara Stanwyck's best performance since "Double Indemnity" or even her unforgettable "Stella Dallas." And this is by far one of the most civilized, intelligent and adult pictures to hit the screen.

This picture is the story of an attractive young widow and mother of two boys, living in a convention-bound community and overwhelmed by a strait-laced mother. It is told with dignity and a well-bred forthrightness that will appeal to every adult-woman especially, since it deals with a woman's emotions.

George Brent, too, seems inspired by Barbara's performance and as *Major Landis* with whom she becomes involved, he couldn't be better.

Her mother, who still wears widow's weeds after twenty-five years, is played, and played understandingly, by Lucile Watson. The sons, played by Scotty Beckett and Bobby Cooper, keep right up with the older members of the cast in delivering fine performances. In fact, we couldn't find a flaw in the entire engrossing, well-directed and produced film.

Warner Anderson as the attorney, Eve Arden and John Ridgely as Barbara's friends also handle their roles in an expert manner.

Your Reviewer Says: Here's what we consider an A picture.

They Made Me A Killer (Paramount)

THIS is another Pine-Thomas release, and the boys have a neatly done-up package with a well-developed, melodramatic story.

Of course it wouldn't be complete without cops and robbers and exciting chases in hopped-up cars, but actually it all makes sense.

Robert Lowery is the proud owner of a car he can make do 120 mph. The car is used by a bunch of gangsters, among them Edmund MacDonald and James Bush, to make a getaway, and Lowery is innocently implicated in the robbery. Right then you find yourself rooting for him, caught as he is in the clutches of circumstantial evidence.

He and his girl, well played by Barbara

Look closely and you'll note that both Gig Young and Errol Flynn would have to plead guilty for sneaking a peek

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Britton, they try to clear his name, tracking down their small list of clues. There is a scene of good suspense in a roadhouse, with Miss Britton waitressing and Lowery in the clutches of the bad men for the second time.

Lola Lane is the girl in the gang and you will also see Frank Albertson and Elisabeth Risdon. We don't say this is an A picture by any means, but it's carefully made and a good second feature.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad at all.

Deadline At Dawn (RKO)

AGAINST a background of murder and the necessity of solving it before dawn, a tender and charming little love story develops between Bill Williams, a sailor on his last night of leave, and Susan Hayward, taxi dancer.

Bill gets drunk with Lola Lane and when he comes to on the street, he finds he has a roll of bills that doesn't belong to him. He persuades Susan Hayward, whom he meets in a dance hall, to go with him to return the money to Lola, but when they get there they find her dead, with suspicion resting on Bill. His leave is up at dawn, so they have to find the murderer by then, and the search leads them to a lot of strange characters.

Paul Lukas is a philosophical taxi driver who discovers what they're up to and helps them in their efforts. Joseph Calleia is Lola's gunman brother, Marvin Miller her blind ex-husband and Jerome Cowan a theatrical producer. You'll like Bill Williams as the innocent, honest young sailor and he gives charm and sincerity to his role. Susan Hayward is very good as the girl who feels he's too helpless to face his plight alone and Paul Lukas, as always, turns in a polished, finished performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Love and murder get entangled again.

Breakfast In Hollywood (Golden-UA)

IF you're a woman who listens to Tom Breneman's "Breakfast In Hollywood" radio show, you'll want to see this in-the-flesh portrayal, but if you aren't, we don't think you'll exactly be enchanted. The story of how the heart-of-gold master of ceremonies finds time to be kind to old ladies and patch up romances in the midst of his other jobs and radio work is a little on the syrupy side, but you'll no doubt enjoy seeing Hedda Hopper wearing a few fantastic hats, Spike Jones crash out with two numbers, Andy Russell sing "If I Had A Wishing Ring" and the King Cole trio score a hit with "It's Better To Be By Yourself." Bonita Granville and Eddie Ryan are the cute romancers and Beulah Bondi, Billie Burke and Zasu Pitts the women whose lives are also influenced by going to the broadcast.

Your Reviewer Says: For "Breakfast" radio fans.

Detour To Danger (Planet)

PLANET Pictures does not pretend to be a wholly professional organization, as they make their features on 16 millimeter color film which is in demand particularly by small clubs and foreign markets. Their aim is "good clean entertainment" and as such, "Detour To Danger" fills the bill nicely. The story is about a vagabond, John Day, who gets involved with gangsters at a swank summer resort, falls in love with the proprietor's daughter, Nancy Brinckman, and saves the day for them both. The sound and photography are a little indistinct in places, and the music

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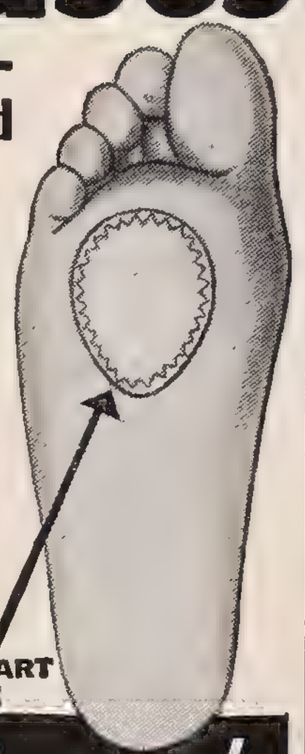

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did not seem to be synchronized, but at the preview it was announced that the film was uncut, so perhaps that will be remedied before general release. Planet may someday emerge as a fine service to small organizations.

Your Reviewer Says: Best wishes.

Abilene Town (Levey-UA)

THIS movie with the odd name, unless they change it from "Abilene Town" to something else before it hits the marquees, reminds us of a tobacco store Indian—so wooden, so unemotional. Everything seems to be happening with all sorts of friction between cattlemen and homesteaders, merchants and saloon keepers (this is back in the 1860's, folks).

Scott is the marshal (don't touch that gun, Clem, unlessen you wanta be drilled) and Ann Dvorak the barroom queen with the heart of gold who sings and sings and sings while people get killed and cattle are driven crazy. Come to think of it, in the story the whole town of Abilene was divided into two parts—the merchants on one side of the street and the saloons on the other. Sadly we admit there was more fun on the saloon side. Edgar Buchanan and Rhonda Fleming were somewhere in the middle.

Your Reviewer Says: Do they mean abalone?

✓✓ Tars And Spars (Columbia)

THE Coast Guard, bless its heart, comes into its own in a pretty good musical that features the marvelous dancing of Marc Platt, the singing of Janet Blair and Alfred Drake (of the New York stage play "Oklahoma") and the bright behavior of Jeff Donnell and Sid Caesar.

The story is cute, too, and goes into a Spar-and-Tar romance that begins when Drake meets Janet the day she replaces him at his communications desk. Drake was released to become the object of an experiment (testing a vitamin gum, of all ridiculous things) while anchored off shore in a life raft. Janet is given the impression he's a shipwrecked hero and goes for him. The two of them put over the hit songs, "I'm Glad I Waited For You" and "Life Is A Merry-Go-Round" (no wonder we're a waltzing mouse) in right perky style. Caesar is amusing in his take-off description of a war picture and that Jeff Donnell so very cute. Platt, whom you enjoyed in "Tonight And Every Night," should go even farther than Columbia has shoved him, to our way of thinking, because he not only dances like a dream but acts too. In fact we think the Coast Guard boys will approve every gay minute of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Hat's off!

Alfred Drake, original Broadway "Oklahoma" star, is taken in tow by Janet Blair in "Tars And Spars"

✓ The Virginian (Paramount)

UNFORTUNATELY this remake of the classic Western isn't as good as the original was, but it's still romantic and fairly exciting and the Technicolor scenery is beautiful.

Joel McCrea is the Virginian, the cowboy who falls in love with pretty Barbara Britton, the Easterner who's come West to teach school. Brian Donlevy is the rustler who's been getting away with everyone's cattle until McCrea goes out after him, and Sonny Tufts is very good as Joel's weak pal who gets involved with Donlevy. Fay Bainter and Henry O'Neill are excellent, and the supporting cast all do pretty good jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasant fare.

Woman Who Came Back (Republic)

OH dear! Poor Nancy Kelly, surviving a bus wreck, returns to her old family homestead in Massachusetts believing she has inherited an ancestor's curse of witchcraft. Nobody, not even her doctor fiance John Loder, can talk her out of it. When the doctor's small niece comes down with a mysterious ailment and his sister all but attempts suicide, the talk around Massachusetts is that Nancy is indeed a modern witch and something should be done about it. Finally long-buried papers hidden away in a church clear the mystery and Nancy is freed of her obsession. Ruth Ford and little Jeanne Gail both do good jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Which is witch?

✓ I Ring Doorbells (PRC)

THOSE who read press agent Russell Birdwell's book, "I Ring Doorbells," will think movies rang the wrong bell so far as any similarity to the book is concerned. Fortunately it turns out a fair enough little picture, strictly grade B of course, with Robert Shayne playing the reporter and Anne Gwynne the girl friend. The newspaper office setting provides Roscoe Karns, John Eldredge, Pierre Watkins and Harry Shannon with ample opportunity to display their talents and yelp their (at times) talky dialogue. While it isn't a big picture, it still carries enough value to keep one fairly interested.

Your Reviewer Says: Ring again, mister.

✓ Whistle Stop (Nero)

HERE are plenty of gloomy doings for you if you want to wade knee-high in them. And in a little whistle-stop community, too, where you wouldn't think a firefly would glow out of focus. And yet when Ava Gardner returns to the town she finds George Raft still a saloon loafer and a general no-good dressed to the teeth. So Ava gives her attention to Tom Conway (out of his *Saint* role for the picture) and Raft, piqued and ruffled, goes to work. Then Conway frames Raft on a murder charge and just when it looks like curtains for Georgie, his pal Vic McLaglen clears Raft of the charge and takes the rap himself. And incidentally, that sunset George and Ava walked off into (unless they've eliminated it by now) was whipped up by the local union of sunset builders number 241, without a doubt.

Ava is beautiful, of course, and the cast fair, but the overhanging gloom is hard to take.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy, heavy, what hangs over?

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The Shadow Returns (Monogram)

ANOTHER bright boy continues to astound, bewilder, confuse, belittle and mystify the police who seemingly can't solve a murder if they try with both hands. This time it's Kane Richmond, nephew of the police commissioner (his own uncle yet) who assumes the "Shadow" disguise in order to prove people are not leaping off balconies wholesale but are being shoved off. He proves it, too, we guess—proceedings being a little confused at moments.

Barbara Reed is the object of Richmond's affections. Tom Dugan isn't.

Your Reviewer Says: "I have a little shadow. . ."

Portrait Of Maria (Mundales-M-G-M)

LOOKIE, Mexico sent us a good-will picture with Dolores Del Rio playing an Indian girl who really meets a tragic end. Pedro Armendariz plays her Indian lover who fights to save her from the far-from-merry villagers who are an unholy lot if you ask us.

It seems Miss Del Rio is ostracized for her mother's sins and when she poses for an artist who attaches her face to a nude painting—well, the villagers will have none of it.

The actors are made to speak English through dubbing. It's wonderful how well the lips and words are synchronized, but who thought up that English, we wonder. It's plain silly in spots.

Anyway, it's all pretty depressing but maybe those lovers of foreign films will think it is wonderful. It's a cinch we didn't.

Your Reviewer Says: *Mucho gracias* just the same.

Behind Green Lights (20th Century-Fox)

THIS is a nice little B picture, but you have probably seen many like it and won't have much trouble guessing how it's all going to end. Nevertheless, William Gargan gives a good portrayal of a hard-boiled yet honest police officer with a kind heart, trying to get along with politicians in addition to doing a good job at his detecting. Carole Landis is the chief suspect in the murder, who falls in love with Gargan.

Olivia de Havilland looks over the sweater difficulties of Lieut. Sonny Tufts in "The Well-Groomed Bride"

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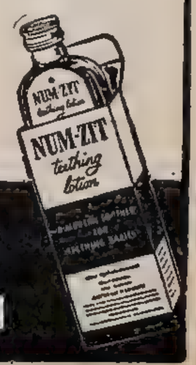

NUM-ZIT
TEETHING LOTION

Mary Anderson's talents we felt rather hidden in an incongruous bit as the gangster's wife, and we wish she could be given better parts.

The story deals almost exclusively with one night's routine in the police station, and the excitement that comes along in between.

We don't guarantee you'll like it, but we've seen worse.

Your Reviewer Says: Melodrama in a police station.

Swing Parade Of 1946 (Monogram)

IF you can manage to ignore the tired plot, all about a girl who wants an audition and a boy with money who wants to open a night club and his father who tries to prevent it because he wants the son to enter his business, you may get a good deal of enjoyment out of Gale Storm's singing and dancing, especially one number which she does with dance director Jack Boyle.

You'll also like Connee Boswell singing the new hit, "Just A Little Fond Affection," and "Stormy Weather." There's lots more music, too, with Louis Jordan's tympany five and Will Osborn's orchestra. Completing the cast is Phil Regan, who makes a personable appearance, and the Three Stooges.

Gale Storm, incidentally, has been improving rapidly with each new picture and we like her.

Your Reviewer Says: This is just another musical.

A Guy Could Change (Republic)

WELL, we're sorry, but we don't think much of this one. The hero, Allan Lane, becomes embittered at his wife's death in childbirth and allows the child, Twinkle Watts (a little smarty-pants if ever we saw one), to languish without care while he "tries to forget" in chasing after women. The heroine, Jane Frazee, works at a drive-in and, although she loves Allan, she walks out when she realizes his low motives. It's an overly sentimental and corny story, but if you're in the mood for a tear-jerker, here it is. Added to the sob stuff is something about a convict Jane

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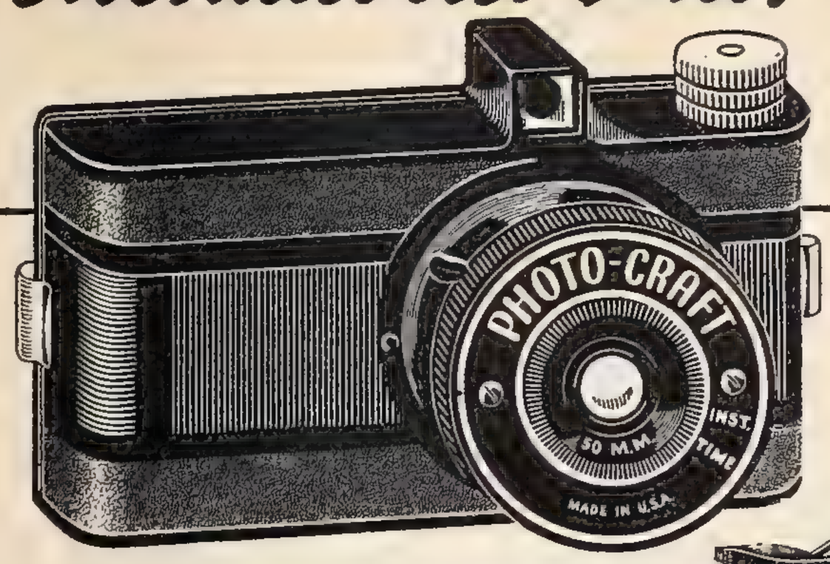

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had testified against who tries to murder her, and an eleventh-hour rescue for anti-climax.

Your Reviewer Says: This guy could stand a lot of changing.

✓ Diary Of A Chambermaid (Bogeaus-UA)

THIS harks back to the days of heavy musk rather than Chanel No. 5. In fact, both musk and mustiness cling to the story which has a sort of highbrow-pink family journal feeling about it.

Paulette Goddard is the vivacious chambermaid who comes to the home of Reginald Owen and Judith Anderson in nineteenth-century France. Miss Anderson, playing a dour woman who has broken the lives of those around her, tries to tighten her hold on her son, Hurd Hatfield, who hates her, by throwing the chambermaid at him. Francis Lederer is the embittered valet who also falls in love with her, but he has dire ways of expressing his devotion.

A third suitor is Burgess Meredith who is not only producer and author of the screen play, but who enacts the role of the crazy old neighbor who eats flowers—yes he does—and makes passes at Paulette the while he capers like a Punch and Judy show.

Despite the hodgepodge this presents, the picture, due largely to its excellent cast, has moments of mounting excitement. Also, thanks to Jean Renoir's direction, it has a new kind of romantic element personified in Hurd Hatfield. Let the current lovers look to their laurels—here comes Hatfield!

Your Reviewer Says: "Chambermaid" will appeal to the parlormaid in you.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓✓ *ADVENTURE*—M-G-M: Even if this is not the best vehicle in the world for the return of Clark Gable, it is one you won't want to miss, for Gable is as wonderful as ever, with Greer Garson as his leading lady, a librarian intellectual who falls hard for the tough seafaring guy, and then changes her mind twice. Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell give fine support. (Mar.)

ALLOTMENT WIVES—Monogram: Kay Francis tries very hard to be a bad lady racketeer out to trim service-wives of their insurance and allotments, and Paul Kelly of Army Intelligence poses as a newspaperman to track her down. You might like it—it's also got Otto Kruger, Gertrude Michael and Teala Loring. (Feb.)

ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL—Republic: Music is crowding the old Western right off the screen, but with Roy Rogers doing it, fans won't mind, though our guess is the kids would prefer more action. Dale Evans sings, as does Estelita Rodriguez and, of course, Gabby Hayes is present. (Mar.)

ANGEL COMES TO BROOKLYN, AN—Republic: The travel between heaven and Hollywood is quite busy lately, and this particular musical fantasy didn't quite strike our fancy, though it might yours. The spirit who tries to help some kids crash show busi-

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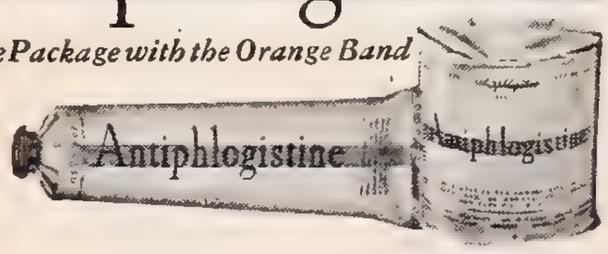

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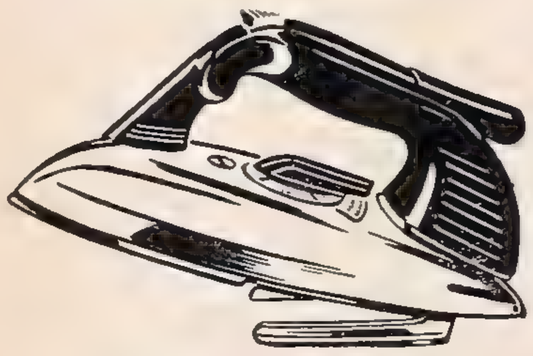

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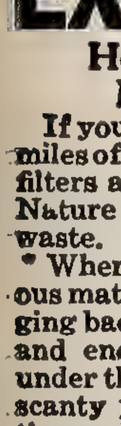

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City.....State.....

ness is Charles Kemper. Kaye Dowd, Robert Duke and David Street are the kids. (Mar.)

✓✓*BELLS OF ST. MARY'S, THE*—RKO: Another "Going My Way," not quite as good, perhaps, in plot, but crowded with tenderness and gentle humor. Bing Crosby scores again as the priest who takes over the run-down parish school guided by Mother Superior Ingrid Bergman, and the solutions to their everyday problems brings warmth and pathos to the screen. Aided beautifully by Joan Carroll, Martha Sleeper, Bill Gargan and Una O'Connor. (Feb.)

✓✓*BLITHE SPIRIT*—Two Cities-United Artists: Noel Coward fans will greet and love again this gay satirical tale of a jealous ghost, Kay Hammond, who for a time completely bewilders her ex-husband, played with marvelous British humor by Rex Harrison, and also his second wife, ditto by Constance Cummings. But the outstanding fun is supplied by the local seance-er, Margaret Rutherford, who induces the ghost to return from the spirit world. (Feb.)

CAPTAIN TUGBOAT ANNIE—Republic: How *Annie* has changed since Marie Dressler first brought her to the screen with Wally Beery! She's pretty mellow now, and Jane Darwell does the best she can with the sticky story, but it doesn't seem like *Annie* any more. With Edgar Kennedy, Charles Gordon and Pamela Blake. (Mar.)

CLUB HAVANA—PRC: Plots and counterplots are all over the place, with Tom Neal and Dorothy Morris in love, the romance of Margaret Lindsay and Don Douglas gone askew, Paul Cavanagh and Renie Riano a twosome, and Isabelita and Eric Sinclair making eyes at each other. (Jan.)

✓✓*CORNERED*—RKO: Dick Powell in his second tough-guy role gives a convincing portrayal, not helped greatly by the story, which, however, has plenty of action to make up for it. We guarantee at least two scenes will make your spine tingle in Dick's search (as a discharged British flier) for the Nazi responsible for the death of his French wife. Walter Slezak's villainy and Micheline Cheirel's motives will have you guessing too. (Feb.)

CRIMSON CANARY, THE—Universal: Murder and music get mixed up in this slight story of five ex-veterans who form an orchestra but must disband when the girl singer is murdered. It's not very good, but Lois Collier, Noah Beery Jr. and John Litel are in it. (Feb.)

✓*DAKOTA*—Republic: The good old Wild West is here again with John Wayne encountering swindler Ward Bond, and loved by his true-blue beautiful wife Vera Hruba Ralston. We've seen more rugged Westerns, but we think you'll like it if you're in the mood, especially since Mike Mazurki and Walter Brennan help out. (Feb.)

✓*DALTONS RIDE AGAIN, THE*—Universal: Those bad *Daltons* ride high with Alan Curtis as a *Robin Hood* sort of character stealing only for noble purposes. Martha O'Driscoll supplies the romantic interest, and the good little cast is rounded out by Kent Taylor, Lon Chaney, Jess Barker and Noah Beery Jr. (Feb.)

DANNY BOY—PRC: *Danny Boy* is a dog who returns from war with battle fatigue only to encounter a meanie civilian and an even meaner rancher, so when he escapes he naturally attacks his persecutors. Robert "Buzzy" Henry is the dog's owner, and Ralph Lewis a Marine veteran. An overdose of sentimentality creeps in every now and then, but it's a fair picture of its kind. (Jan.)

✓*DETOUR*—PRC: A pretty good little picture about a boy who tries to get to his sweetheart a continent away only to be buffeted by fate in a most unusual way. Tom Neal is fine, and so are Ann Savage and Edmund MacDonald as Neal's opposition. Has a definite appeal. (Mar.)

DICK TRACY—RKO: If it isn't the most popular comic-strip detective (if not quite as square-jawed), brought to life by Morgan Conway! We loved Mike Mazurki as *Splitface,* and Anne Jeffreys tries to make ever-faithful *Tess's* patience believable. But we warn you not to have such a concrete idea of *Dick's* appearance that this will disappoint you. (Mar.)

✓*DON'T FENCE ME IN*—Republic: Dale Evans goes west for her magazine to discover whether a certain desperado really died as reported, and almost steals the picture from Roy Rogers who gets involved in her search. Gabby Hayes, Robert Livingston, Marc Lawrence and Lucile Gleason add to the old-time Western stuff. (Jan.)

✓✓*FALLEN ANGEL*—20th Century-Fox: Dana Andrews is a rolling stone who falls in love with money-minded waitress Linda Darnell, so in order to get cash he marries the local rich girl, Alice Faye. Then comes Linda's murder and Dana finds himself in a trap. The picture's an intriguing one, with provocative situations. (Jan.)

FEAR—Monogram: What a lot of awful things can happen from an innocent little check! The moneylender being killed and the depicting of Peter Cookson's resultant mental torture is all right, we suppose, but why, oh why, don't the movie-makers stop trying to solve things by dreams? (Mar.)

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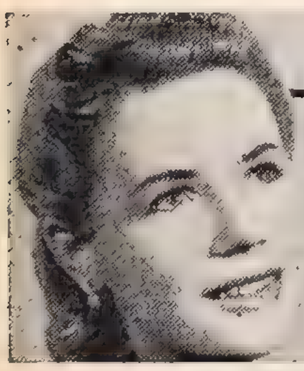

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FRONTIER GAL—Universal: Another good old Western, but this was almost too much for us, with more crockery thrown and broken than we've seen yet. We do like Rod Cameron and Yvonne De Carlo but don't think they're either quite ready to star, especially without anything sensible to do. But lots of people will love it. (Mar.)

✓*GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER*—Small-UA: Dennis O'Keefe as a dumfounded scientist trying to keep his pretty wife Sheila Ryan from knowing about his mix-up (quite innocent of course) with Marie McDonald (*Gertie* of the garter) is not very funny but then, we hear the story shocked our grandmothers, but it didn't shock us. (Mar.)

✓✓*HARVEY GIRLS, THE*—M-G-M: When a Harvey Restaurant opened in the West in 1860, Judy Garland took the same train as the pioneer-waitresses to marry her correspondent fiance. Discovering John Hodiak wrote the letters as a game, Judy joins the girls and has all sorts of experiences before her feud ends in true love. The music is wonderful and the people fun. They include Angela Lansbury, Preston Foster, Virginia O'Brien, Ray Bolger and Kenny Baker. (Mar.)

HOW DOOO YOU DO—PRC: Of all the silly claptrap and ridiculous goings on, this takes the prize! Bert Gordon, the mad Russian, isn't funny to us, nor is the music fun, nor the cast very lucid—which also includes Harry Von Zell, Cheryl Walker and Ella Mae Morse. So, frankly, we can dooo without it. (Feb.)

JEEP HERDERS—Planet: When a returned GI finds his father about to be driven off his Western range, he calls on his soldier buddies for help and they arrive and take over like a motored division. June Carlson, Johnny Day, Pat Michaels and Steve Clark are the principals involved. (Jan.)

✓✓*KITTY* — Paramount: This rags-to-riches, Pygmalion story, set back in an Eighteenth century of striking contrasts, stars Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland, both finely cast. There is intrigue and lavishness to delight the senses and the eyes; the story-interest holds to the end. You will also like Patric Knowles, Cecil Kellaway and Constance Collier. (Feb.)

✓*LAST CHANCE, THE*—Praesens: A story of refugees and prisoners of all nations, speaking in many tongues, fleeing the Nazis is this out-of-the-way film made in Switzerland, important in its appeal for racial tolerance. It is different and artistic, and has English subtitles to help you along. John Hay, Ray Reagan and Luisa Rossi are good, though unknown to American audiences. (Feb.)

✓✓*LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN*—Fox: Readers of Ben Ames Williams's book will like this faithful transition to the screen, enhanced by color. Gene Tierney does the best job of her career as the psychologically over-possessive woman who disarranges so many lives. Cornel Wilde and Jeanne Crain are excellent. An outstanding treat. (Mar.)

✓*LETTER FOR EVIE, A*—M-G-M: Marsha Hunt, a shirt factory secretary, slips a note in a large-sized shirt, envisioning a big handsome soldier. The note reaches Hume Cronyn by mistake, a very funny yet

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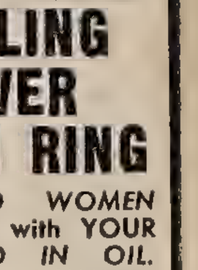

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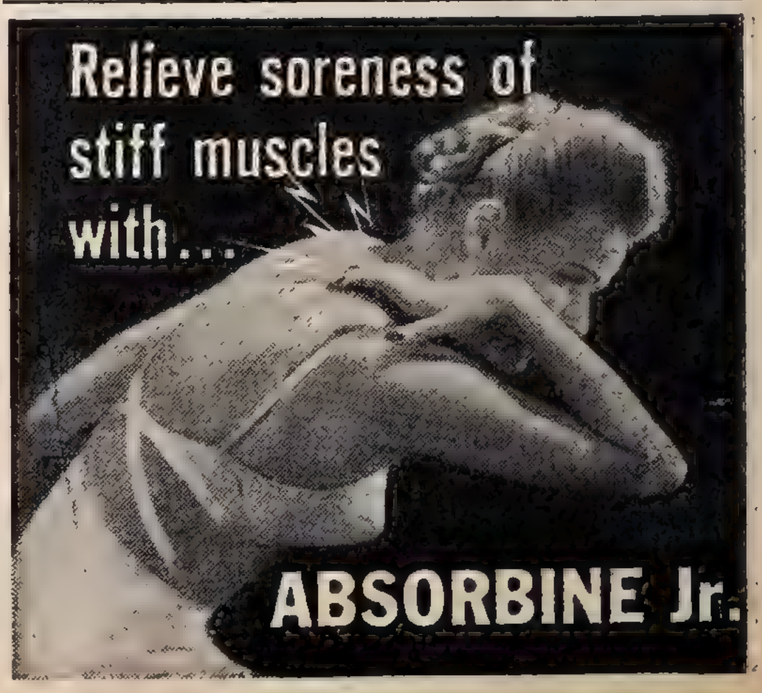

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pathetically timid little GI. Pamela Britton is Marsha's roommate and John Carroll the soldier for whom the note was intended. It's cute. (Mar.)

MAN ALIVE—RKO: Pat O'Brien forgets his wife's birthday, so he gets very drunk and exchanges clothes with a fellow drinker who promptly dies, leaving Pat's wife, Ellen Drew, believing herself a widow. So Pat heeds Adolphe Menjou's advice and continues to play dead while Rudy Vallee courts Ellen. The cast is too good for this sort of thing. (Jan.)

MASQUERADE IN MEXICO—Paramount: Well, we didn't like Arturo de Cordova or Patric Knowles, we thought Dorothy Lamour and Ann Dvorak miscast, everybody seemed to be whirling with inactivity, and the music, singing and dancing were only fair. Outside of that the Mexican setting, we're happy to admit, was interesting. (Mar.)

✓✓*MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S*—Paramount: This interesting and unusual picture is the story of inter woven lives, held together by a woman (played by Lillian Gish) who runs a boarding house for medical students. It's tender and emotional, and you'll like Sonny Tufts in a new kind of role, Billy de Wolfe, Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield. (Mar.)

✓*OUTLAW, THE*—Howard Hughes: At long last Jane Russell's first picture appears, and we're sorry but we were disappointed. We liked her leading man Jack Beutel (who could be another Alan Ladd) much better. The picture is a unique kind of old West tale and has a strange, fascinating attraction despite many ridiculous moments. Walter Huston turns in a brilliant job, and Thomas Mitchell is in it too. (Feb.)

✓*PEOPLE ARE FUNNY*—Paramount: Packed with radio personalities, this has Art Linkletter as emcee of the air show and Rudy Vallee a fussy sponsor determined to land Jack Haley for his show. Frances Langford sings, Philip Reed and Helen Walker are the romancers, and Ozzie Nelson, the Vagabonds and Bob Graham pop in and out of the affair. (Jan.)

PILLOW OF DEATH—Universal: *Inner Sanctum* comes to movies with ghost-ridden houses, seances, murders, and Lon Chaney a very suspected attorney. Brenda Joyce is his pretty secretary, J. Edward Bromberg a spiritualist and Rosalind Ivan a delight as an Englishwoman. The pillow, incidentally, was used for smothering. (Mar.)

✓*PURSUIT TO ALGIERS*—Universal: Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, inevitably *Sherlock* and *Watson,* this time sacrifice a vacation (they never get one, do they?) to escort a monarch safely back to the Balkans midst villains and impostors, but of course everything finally comes out all right. (Mar.)

✓✓*ROAD TO UTOPIA*—Paramount: Bing and Bob have never been so relaxed and enjoyable, as a pair of vaudeville hams headed for Alaska where Dorothy Lamour has gone to reclaim her father's mine. The boys pretend to be crooks while chasing the villians, Douglas Dumbrille and Jack LaRue. We howled with laughter. (Mar.)

✓✓*SAILOR TAKES A WIFE, THE*—M-G-M: Cute as anything, but sometimes too cute. June Allyson as the bride-in-a-hurry and Robert Walker as her eager groom are just right for their roles, and are amusing in their first experiences with marital bliss. The film just misses being a tremendous hit, but it's still cute. (Mar.)

✓*SAN ANTONIO*—Warners: Errol Flynn in another Western is his usual charming self, turning out a nicely restrained performance as the fearless, cleverer-than-anybody hero, tracking down cattle rustler Paul Kelly and winning beauteous Alexis Smith. And all in Technicolor, too. (Feb.)

✓✓*SARATOGA TRUNK*—Warners: Ingrid Bergman shows how complete and superb an actress she is by giving us an entrancing *Clio,* emotional, beautiful and a hussy. Gary Cooper plays the Texas cowboy whom Ingrid tries to renounce for a marriage of wealth and revenge. The story is unbalanced, but colorful, and if you don't care for Flora Robson in it, you won't be able to help admiring Florence Bates's characterization. (Feb.)

✓✓*SCARLET STREET*—Universal: The same characters from "Woman In The Window" try it again, and it's still good but not quite. Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, Dan Duryea and Rosalind Ives make the dark tale live, and we think you'll be intrigued, fascinated and repelled at the same time. (Mar.)

SCOTLAND YARD INVESTIGATOR—Republic: Erich Von Stroheim is the latest movie art thief who tries to steal the Mona Lisa, which leaves Sir C. Aubrey Smith in one heck of a mess. Doris Lloyd and Forrester Harvey are outstanding as finaglers, and Stephanie Bachelor and Richard Fraser play the romantic interest. (Jan.)

✓*SHE WENT TO THE RACES*—M-G-M: Three men and a beautiful woman professor, Frances Gifford, bet on the horses in order to advance science, and naturally science gets lost in the running as Frances applies her betting tactics to winning James Craig away from Ava Gardner. Edmund Gwenn hasn't nearly enough to do, and Sig Ruman and Reginald Owen contribute to the fun. (Jan.)

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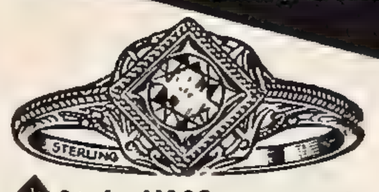

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✓✓*SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES*—Columbia: How tired we are of women psychiatrists, career women trying to avoid love, and Rosalind Russell (who can be so good) acting coy. Nevertheless, this may intrigue you, and we promise you'll like Lee Bowman, Adele Jergens and Charlie Winninger. It could be better, but we've certainly seen worse. (Mar.)

✓*SING YOUR WAY HOME*—RKO: This little movie mainly has Marcy Maguire, a peppy youngster, singing her way home to America from liberated France, Anne Jeffreys for romantic interest, Jack Haley for comedy, and Donna Lee, a fifteen-year-old prima donna. (Feb.)

✓✓*SPELLBOUND*—Selznick International: You'll be spellbound through most of this picture in which Ingrid Bergman is a doctor of psychiatry who falls in love with Gregory Peck. But Gregory has lost his memory and is wanted for murder, so Ingrid helps him escape the police and then comes her desperate effort to bring his memory back. (Jan.)

SPIDER, THE—20th Century-Fox: Nick Conte is very good as the detective who gets involved in a lot of killings, and Faye Marlowe shows promise as the girl who involved him. Kurt Kreuger and Martin Kosleck are on hand. (Jan.)

✓✓*SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE*—RKO: This exciting murder mystery has a wonderful cast, headed by Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire and George Brent. The story doesn't always hang together, but what mystery does? The psychological twist in this case is a murderer who can't bear physical imperfections in people. Elsa Lanchester, Sara Allgood and Kent Smith lend good support. (Mar.)

✓✓*STORK CLUB*—Paramount: Betty Hutton is loud but not terribly funny as the Stork Club hatcheck girl who gets established in a swanky hotel suite with bills paid by an anonymous admirer. When Don DeFore returns from service he suspects the worst. Barry Fitzgerald is very good and Andy Russell in his screen debut is sure to click. (Jan.)

STRANGE CONFESSION—Universal: Brenda Joyce, who wants some easy money, lures her husband Lon Chaney into hurrying through a medical discovery, so he goes to South America for a certain herb. He returns when he learns the uncompleted drug has been given his ailing son who dies because of its imperfection, and then he goes berserk. (Jan.)

STRANGE VOYAGE—Signal: Eddie Albert and some service men formed Signal Pictures to make an independent production and we respect their effort. This is about a curious adventure, a boat, and death. We thought Eddie good, and the picture interesting though not a strictly "Hollywood" job. (Mar.)

SUNBONNET SUE—Monogram: Gale Storm sings new and old ditties in her father's bowery saloon until his society relatives manage to get it closed because it'll ruin their social position. So Gale moves in with the swanks in order to get it opened again. Phil Reagan loves Gale. Minna Gombel, Charles Brown and Alan Mowbray are in it too. (Jan.)

✓✓*THEY WERE EXPENDABLE*—M-G-M: A little late and a little too long, this is nevertheless a fine picture with many gripping action shots of the gallant job the little PT boats did in the war. John Wayne and Robert Montgomery are perhaps somewhat too noble, but as history this film is great. Also with Donna Reed and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

✓✓*THIS LOVE OF OURS*—Universal: Sentimental melodrama, this, with Merle Oberon as a dancer who marries Charles Korvin, has a daughter and then is deserted by him. She spends years searching for her child before she and Korvin meet again, and then comes the readjustment with her daughter who has believed her dead. With Claude Rains, Carl Esmond and Sue England. (Jan.)

TIGER WOMAN—Republic: Kane Richards sleuths Adele Mara, who killed her husband for his insurance and then her boy friend Robert Fraser because he tried to back out. It resembles "Double Indemnity" and isn't so bad. (Mar.)

✓*UP GOES MAISIE*—M-G-M: Ann Sothern continues her good-hearted blundering, this time as secretary to personable George Murphy, inventor of a helicopter. Hillary Brooke is the villainess. *Maisie* is always welcome with us. (Mar.)

✓✓*VACATION FROM MARRIAGE*—M-G-M: Quite the cutest thing to come from London, produced by Alexander Korda, is this story of a rather dull English couple who become worldly wise through their separate services in the Navy, and of their comical reunion after three years apart. Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr are delightful. (Mar.)

✓✓*WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE?*—M-G-M: That delightful corporal and his fast talking pal, respectively played by Robert Walker and Keenan Wynn, are back to bring you an hour of chuckles and laughter, especially in the boys' frustrated attempts to get to Paris. Jean Porter is the French girl, and Chill Willis the sergeant. (Feb.)

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF—M-G-M: With elaborate color, a gay locale and bright stars, this still isn't a good picture. Heiress Lucille Bremer is so outlandishly naive that she actually believes it when Fred Astaire tells her he's her guardian angel. Fred and Frank Morgan are confidence men who are out to get her money. (Jan.)

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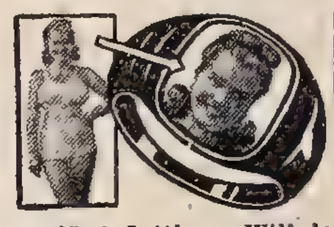

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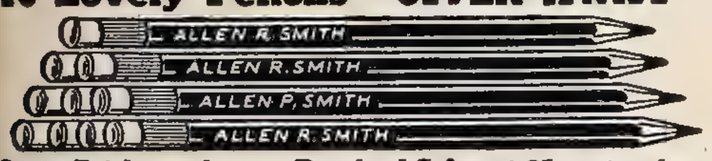

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BECAUSE OF HIM—Universal: *Kim Walker,* Deanna Durbin; *Paul Taylor,* Franchot Tone; *Sheridan,* Charles Laughton; *Nora,* Helen Broderick; *Charlie Gilbert,* Stanley Ridges; *Martin,* Donald Meek; *Mr. Dunlap,* Charles Halton; *Head Nurse,* Regina Wallace; *Samuel Hapgood,* Douglas Wood; *Martha Manners,* Lynn Whitney.

BEHIND GREEN LIGHTS—20th Century-Fox: *Janet Bradley,* Carole Landis; *Sam Carson,* William Gargan; *Johnny Williams,* Richard Crane; *Nora Bard,* Mary Anderson; *Detective Engelhofer,* John Ireland; *Arthur Templeton,* Charles Russell; *Max Calvert,* Roy Roberts; *Flossie,* Mabel Paige; *Ruzinsky,* Stanley Prager; *Ames,* Charles Tannen; *Zachary,* Fred Sherman; *Dr. Yager,* Don Beddoe; *Bard,* Bernerd Nedell; *Metcalfe,* Tom Moore; *Kaypee,* Harry Seymour; *King,* Jimmy Cross; *Wintergreen,* Charles Arnt; *Brewer,* Lane Chandler; *Radio Operator,* Russ Clark; *Webster,* Jack Davis; *Dr. Halliday,* William Forrest, Jr.; *Morgue Attendant,* Steve Olsen; *Ambulance Officer,* Larry Blake; *Crematorium Attendant,* Harry Tylor.

BLUE DAHLIA, THE—Paramount: *Johnny Morrison,* Alan Ladd; *Joyce Harwood,* Veronica Lake; *Buzz Wanchek,* William Bendix; *Eddie Harwood,* Howard DaSilva; *Helen Morrison,* Doris Dowling; *Capt. Hendrickson,* Tom Powers; *George Copeland,* Hugh Beaumont; *Corelli,* Howard Freeman; *Leo,* Don Costello; *"Dad" Newell,* Will Wright; *The Man,* Frank Faylen; *Heath (Gangster),* Walter Sande.

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—Golden-UA: *Tom Breneman, Hedda Hopper, Andy Russell,* Themselves; *Dorothy Larson,* Bonita Granville; *Annie,* Beulah Bondi; *Ken Smith,* Edward Ryan; *Mr. Cartwright,* Ray Walburn; *Mrs. Cartwright,* Billie Burke; *Elmira Spriggen,* Zasu Pitts and Spike Jones and his City Slickers and the King Cole Trio.

DEADLINE AT DAWN—RKO: *Alex,* Bill Williams; *June,* Susan Hayward; *Gus,* Paul Lukas; *Romano,* Joseph Calleia; *Edna Romano,* Lola Lane; *Milton,* Jerome Cowan; *Sleepy Parsons,* Marvin Miller; *Helen,* Osa Massen; *Mrs. Myers,* Constance Worth; *Babe Dooley,* Joe Sawyer; *Man with White Gloves,* Steve Geray.

DETOUR TO DANGER—Planet: *Steve,* John Day; *Mary,* Nancy Brinckman; *Speedy,* Britt Wood; *Barton,* Eddie Kane; *Walt,* Si Jenks; *Kelsey,* Fred Kelsey; *Gerald,* Edward Parker; *Limey,* Ashley Cowan; *Mac,* Bud Wolfe; *Joe,* Ken Terrell.

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID, THE—Bogeaus-UA: *Celestine,* Paulette Goddard; *Mauger,* Burgess Meredith; *Georges,* Hurd Hatfield; *Joseph,* Francis Lederer; *Mme. Lanlaire,* Judith Anderson; *Rose,* Florence Bates; *Louise,* Irene Ryan; *Marianne,* Almira Sessions; *Lanlaire,* Reginald Owen.

GUY COULD CHANGE, A—Republic: *Mike Hogan,* Allan Lane; *Barbara Adams,* Jane Frazee; *Nancy Hogan,* Twinkle Watts; *Alan Schroeder,* Bobby Blake; *Bill Conley,* Wallace Ford; *Grace Conley,* Mary Treen; *Bernice,* Adele Mara; *McCarthy,* Joseph Crehan; *George Cummings,* Eddie Quillan; *Eddy Raymond,* Gerald Mohr; *Gus,* George Chandler; *Hank Krane,* Wm. Haade; *Information Girl,* Betty Shaw.

I RING DOORBELLS—PRC: *Brooke,* Anne Gwynne; *Dick,* Robert Shayne; *Stubby,* Roscoe Karns; *G. B. Barton,* Pierre Watkin; *Shannon,* Harry Shannon; *Ransome,* John Eldredge; *Tippy,* Harry Tyler; *Yvette,* Doria Caron; *Helen,* Jan Wiley; *Clyde,* Joel McGinnis; *The Inspector;* Charles Wilson; *Mr. Bradley,* Hank Patterson; *O'Halloran,* Eugene Stutenroth; *Willie,* Roy Darmour.

MY REPUTATION—Warners: *Jessica Drummond,* Barbara Stanwyck; *Scott Landis,* George Brent; *Frank Everett,* Warner Anderson; *Mrs. Kimball,* Lucile Watson; *Cary Abbott,* John Ridgely; *Ginna Abott,* Eve Arden; *"Hank" Hawks,* Robert Shayne; *Anna,* Esther Dale; *George Van Orman,* Jerome Cowan; *Kim Drummond,* Scotty Beckett; *Keith Drummond,* Bobby Cooper; *Riette Van Orman,* Leona Maricle; *Mary,* Mary Servoss; *Mrs. Thompson,* Cecil Cunningham; *Baby Hawks,* Nancy Evans; *Gretchen Van Orman,* Ann Todd; *Penny Boardman,* Janis Wilson; *"Droopy" Hawks,* Darwood Kaye.

PORTRAIT OF MARIA—Mundales-MGM: *Maria Candelaria,* Dolores Del Rio; *Lorenzo Rafael,* Pedro Armendariz; *Artist,* Alberto Galan; *Priest,* Rafael Icardo; *Don Damian,* Miguel Inclan; *Lupe,* Margarita Cortes; *Jose Alfonso,* Julio Ahuet; *Woman Reporter,* Beatriz Ramos; *The Healer,* Guadalupe Del Castillo.

SHADOW RETURNS, THE—Monogram: *Lamont Cranston,* Kane Richmond; *Margo Lane,* Barbara Reed; *Shrevvie,* Tom Dugan; *Insp. Cardona,* Joe Crehan; *Commissioner Weston,* Pierre Watkin;

(*Continued on page* 152)

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LOOK LIKE SPRING—

Banish your winter face! The cold has roughened your skin, left dead cells. Brush them away with a stiff brush and soap and water; soften the skin by cream patted in briskly to increase the circulation; keep it glowing with a brisk face tonic and ice-water packs. Banish the blackheads, too, but never by squeezing them—use a prepared mask, leave it on for the required number of moments, then rinse it—and the blackheads —away. Watch your powder—spring calls for a powder change, so be prettily extravagant, throw out the old, introduce a new shade with a rosy cast as its flattering base. June Haver says: "*Your face has a frame—your hair; keep it in shape by constant brushing, by getting it out into the springtime sun. Use a tonic on your hair, too.*" And this is important—watch your diet. Fats are necessary in winter to give heat; but concentrate now on green vegetables and fruits. Make a pledge to drink a glass of cold water every time you think of it—and think of it often.

BE A SCENTED BEAUTY—

"*Turn over a new spring leaf and stop hoarding perfumes and colognes,*" June suggests. To be used properly they must be used in quantity—cologne sprayed over the body after the bath for that exhilarating fresh feeling; perfume used not a drop here, a drop there, but applied on wrists, behind ears, in the hollow of the neck . . . perfume on bits of cotton tucked into the neck of your dress, into the band of your new spring hat, into your purse, sprayed on your hair. Remember, left on the dressing table, they only end up as unpleasant alcohol. Most of all, remember the little deodorant bottles and jars, for without them all the scents in the world are useless.

BE SMART ABOUT THE LITTLE THINGS—

Spring calls for crispness, for fresh feminine beauty unmarred by chipped nails and rough hands. Watch the little things you must—at the first sign of a rough nail edge, file immediately with your emery and you'll save your nail. Should the nail tear, keep a piece of mending tape handy, cut it to the shape of your nail, press it on, clip the excess. Then cover the nail with colorless sealer before you apply the polish. Nails chipping, no time for patchwork? Then remove all the polish, for nothing is more detrimental to beauty than chipped nails. A quick cure for rough hands: Hand lotion or cream and the proverbial pair of white cotton gloves. "*Wear the cotton gloves over the cream or lotion for at least an hour,*" says June. "*They see to it that the oils are absorbed, will give you pretty white hands in half the time.*" Be well groomed and be as happy as that trilling robin outside your window—and keep that way through spring.

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(Continued from page 149)

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SWING PARADE OF 1946—Monogram: *Ca Lawrence,* Gale Storm; *Danny Warren,* Phil gan; *Moose McGraw,* Edward Brophy; *Marie Fin* Mary Treen; *R. J. Bascomb,* John Eldredge; *P Warren,* Russell Hicks; *Pete Warren,* Leon Balas *Windy,* Windy Cook and the Three Stooges, Con Boswell, Louis Jordan and His Tympany Five, W Osborne and His Orchestra.

TARS AND SPARS—Columbia: *Christine Br ley,* Janet Blair; *Howard Young,* Alfred Dra *Junior Casady,* Marc Platt; *Penny McDougal,* J Donnell; *Chuck Enders,* Sid Caesar; *Lieuten Scully,* Ray Walker; *Chief Bosun Mate Gurn* James Flavin.

THEY MADE ME A KILLER—Paramount: *T Durling,* Robert Lowery; *June Reynolds,* Barba Britton; *Steve Reynolds,* Byron Barr; *Jack Chan* Edmund McDonald; *Frank Chance,* James Bus *Betty,* Lola Lane; *Ma, Elisabeth* Risdon; *Al,* Fra Albertson; *Roach,* Ralph Sanford; *Lafferty,* Ja Harmon; *District Attorney,* Paul Harvey.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER—International: *El abeth (MacDonald) Hamilton,* Claudette Colbe *Erich Kessler and John MacDonald,* Orson Welle *Larry Hamilton,* George Brent; *Aunt Jessie,* Luc Watson; *John Andrew (Drew),* Richard Long; *M garet,* Natalie Wood; *Cherry,* Joyce Mackenzi *Brian,* Sonny Howe; *Drew, as a baby,* Micha Ward; *Dr. Ludwing,* John Wengraf; *Charles Ha ilton,* Douglas Wood; *Norton,* Ian Wolfe; *Pud* Tom Wirick; *Secretary,* Lane Watson; *Butl* Henry Hastings.

VIRGINIAN, THE—Paramount: *The Virgini* Joel McCrea; *Trampas,* Brian Donlevy; *Ste* Sonny Tufts; *Molly,* Barbara Britton; *Mrs. Tayl* Fay Bainter; *Nebraska,* Tom Tully; *Mr. Tayl* Henry O'Neill; *Sam Bennett,* Bill Edwards; *Hon Wiggen,* William Frawley; *Shorty,* Paul Guilfoyl *Pete,* Marc Lawrence; *Baldy,* Vince Barnett.

WALK IN THE SUN, A—20th Century-Fox: *S Tyne,* Dana Andrews: *Rivera,* Richard Conte; *Frie man,* George Tyne; *Windy,* John Ireland; *Sgt. War* Lloyd Bridges; *McWilliams,* Sterling Hollowa *Archimbeau,* Norman Lloyd; *Sgt. Porter,* Herbe Rudley; *Tranella,* Richard Benedict and Huntz Ha James Cardwell, George Offerman Jr., Steve Brodi Matt Willis, Chris Drake, Alvin Hammer, Vict Cutler, Jay Norris, John Kellogg.

WHISTLE STOP—Nero; *Kenny,* George Raf *Mary,* Ava Gardner; *Gitlow,* Victor McLaglen; *L Lentz,* Tom Conway; *Fran,* Jorja Curtright; *Jos* Jan Nigh; *Mollie Veech,* Florence Bates; *Erni* Charles Drake; *Sam Veech,* Charles Judels; *T Barker,* Jimmy Ames.

WOMAN WHO CAME BACK—Republic: *D Matt Adams,* John Loder; *Lorna Webster,* Nan Kelly; *Reverend Stevens,* Otto Kruger; *Ruth Gi son,* Ruth Ford; *Noah,* Harry Tyler; *Peggy Gigso* Jeanne Gail; *Bessie,* Almira Sessions; *Sheriff,* Farrel McDonald; *Dr. Peters,* Emmett Vogan.

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